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THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

To which is prefixed,

A COPIOUS MEMOIR OF

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

"Succeeding generations justly revere the urn of the Poet, whom the Muses themselves inspired to teach the world innocence and virtue. His fame survives when the trophies of the conqueror are mouldered into dust."

Vol. 1, p. 8.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ALBION PRESS PRINTED:

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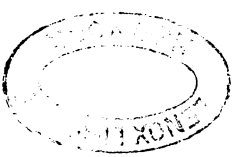

TRANSLATOR's

PREFACE.

FEW writers have experienced a fate so singular as the amiable author, whose works are comprised in these volumes. Treated with neglect by the nation in whose language he wrote, it was reserved for foreigners to appreciate his merit, and to crown him with that reputation which his distinguished talents deserved. It was in the French capital, the seat of refinement, gaiety and vice, that the amiable simplicity of this poet of nature was first felt and admired.

Scarcely any production of the last century has been so generally popular as the Death of Abel, by which Gessner is more particularly known in this country. Of this performance two English versions appeared about the same time, one in verse and the other in prose. The former I never was so fortunate as to meet with, and am inclined to suppose that it has sunk into merited oblivion: the latter, executed by Mrs. Collyer, was very ill calculated to give the reader an idea of the manner of the author. Its unnatural contortions and inversions, the motley mixture

of affected elegance, vulgarity and common-place to be found in almost every page, together with the liberty so frequently taken by the translator of adding to, or retrenching from the original at pleasure, have, in my opinion, done no small injury to Gessner's fame in this country, and contributed to sink him to a much lower place in the public estimation than that which he ought to hold. To this cause it was probably owing, that, though other portions of his works gradually appeared in an English dress, yet till within these three years no complete translation of them was published.

The productions of Gessner's muse form the second link in the grand chain of foreign classic writers. I shall not enlarge here on the amiable simplicity, the tenderness, sensibility, and moral purity which pervade every part of his pleasing performances; I shall not insist on the admirable precepts inculcated in some, and the social virtues exemplified in others; nor shall I bring forward the character of the excellent author to give additional weight to the principles he studies to instil. Some notice of these subjects will be found in the succeeding memoir of his life, and besides, his works are before the reader, and will best speak for themselves.

Instead of attempting to embellish my author, I have endeavored to retain, as much as possible in these volumes, the dignified simplicity by which Gessner is distinguished. I have aimed at

giving a faithful, but not a servile translation ; the contents prefixed to each book of the Death of Abel, which it is hoped will add to the general utility and convenience of the work, are the only innovation that I have permitted myself.

Very few of the compositions which Gessner submitted to the public were in verse ; all these I have rendered in the same metre as the original. However humble may be these my first attempts at versification, I flatter myself they will be found to contain some portion of the spirit and manner of the author, which could not have been so well expressed in prose.

The materials for the biography of the author are principally taken from the account of his life published in 1796, *by M. Hottinger. This gentleman, who was Gessner's fellow-citizen and intimately acquainted with him, was not only assisted by the verbal communications of many of his friends, but enjoyed free access to all the written sources of information in the possession of his family.*

MEMOIRS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER.

THOUGH we are justified in expecting in the life of the hero or the statesman a succession of brilliant actions and extraordinary events, yet the reverse is the case with regard to many great and distinguished characters. If the lives of authors in general are barren of historical details, still more so is that of the poet in particular. Accustomed to the contemplation of the beautiful, his soul chiefly lives in an ideal world, and revels amid the beauties of its own creation, of which he very rarely finds resemblances in common life. Hence he shuns the busy crowd, whose foolish wishes and whose vain pursuits have no charms for him; and with nicer discrimination chuses his occupations and amusements. Far from withdrawing, however, from the sacred obligations of duty, he fulfils them, to the best of his ability, but without bustle and without ostentation. He loves to retire from the tumult of the world into the narrow circle in which his soul finds more congenial commerce; and his sweetest hours are those which are spent in the con-

templation of the beauties of nature, or are devoted to the muses, to friendship, and the enjoyment of domestic felicity.

Such a man was Solomon Gessner. His actions are contained in his immortal works, and afford few materials for history. The events of his life will not reward the eagerness of mere curiosity; but the philosophic observer will with pleasure contemplate his moral and intellectual character, and trace the gradual developement and cultivation which his genius and talents received either from his own efforts, from accident, or exterior circumstances.

Solomon Gessner was born at Zurich, on the first of April, 1730. His father, Conrad Gessner, was a member of the great council of that canton, and his mother was of the respectable family of Hirzel. The name of Gessner was already known in the walks of literature, and many members of the family had been eminently distinguished for their talents. Conrad Gessner, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and acquired the name of the German Pliny, raised himself, by means of the most indefatigable application, and in spite of indigence and every species of affliction, to the rank of one of the most celebrated literary characters of his age.* With the name of this great

* This author is by Boerhaave emphatically styled *monstrum eruditionis*, a prodigy of learning. Mr. Coxe, in his Letters on Switzerland, justly observes: "Those who are conversant with the works of this great scholar and naturalist, cannot repress their wonder and admiration at the amplitude of his knowledge in every species of erudition and the variety of his discoveries in natural history, which was his peculiar delight. Their wonder and admiration is still farther augmented, when they consider the gross ignorance of the age, which he helped to enlighten, and the scanty succors he possessed to aid him in thus extending the bounds of knowledge; that he composed his works and made those discoveries which would have done honor to the most enlightened period under the

man, no small portion of his talents was in later times inherited by one of his descendants. The naturalist, John Gessner, who died a few years since, is indeed better known through the friendship and esteem of a Haller, and the admiration of those who enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the extent and profundity of his knowledge in various branches of literature and erudition, but particularly botany, than by the small number of his works. The merits of his brother, Jacob Gessner, are known to all the lovers of numismatic science.

Compared with men of such distinguished talents, the slender progress of our author in the early period of youth, was not calculated to produce a very favorable opinion of his genius. Unfortunately, obstacles of considerable magnitude, opposed the early developement of his youthful mind: the care of his education when at home was confided to an ecclesiastic alike deficient in mental attainments and exterior accomplishments; and in the public schools which he also attended, the instruction was confined to the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages, and the method, still following the ancient practice, had less of accuracy than of stiffness and pedantry. The memory was burdened with words and phrases, and tormented with rules whose meaning the teacher never took the trouble to explain, or whose necessity he never illustrated by the simple principles of thinking and speaking.

A method so defective could not be productive of much benefit to those whose imaginations possessed equal power with their understandings. As the true without the beautiful, ideas without imagery have no charms for them, they are never tempted to supply the deficiency in the mode of

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complicated evils of poverty, sickness, and domestic uneasiness." He was born at Zurich in the year 1516, and died in 1564.

would grant success to crown his efforts in the present instance. With this paper in his pocket he fell cheerfully to work. Unfortunately however, his bill on heaven came back protested; his theme swarmed with blunders, and a severe chastisement terminated the drama of which Gessner had expected a very different conclusion.

His French biographer asserts that even Bodmer himself, who awakened the genius of so many men of talents, and whose company was so much sought by the youth of his native town, was mistaken in his opinion of Gessner. The father of the latter, he asserts, took his son to his celebrated fellow-citizen, intreating him to try whether he could elicit from him a spark of dormant talent. After a short examination Bodmer sent back the boy to his parents, with the melancholy assurance, that there was no ground to hope he would ever learn more than to read and write and the first rules of arithmetic. This anecdote may be true, but it does not appear to be sufficiently authenticated. Be this as it may, M. Hottinger, whose sources of information entitle him to implicit belief, declares, that M. Simler, well known in the walks of literature, by his "Collection of documents illustrative of the ecclesiastical history of Switzerland," raised the dejected spirits of Gessner's parents by the most flattering hopes. "This youth," said he, "of whom such an unjust opinion is entertained, possesses latent talents which will infallibly be sooner or later unfolded, and will raise him far above the mediocrity of his most shining companions."*

* An ancient popular tradition was still at this period handed about at Zurich, concerning a school-boy who having long been accounted one of the greatest dunces, all at once excited the astonishment of his teachers by his answers. They naturally enquired the cause of this sudden change, and at last, by threats and more impressive methods, they obliged the boy to confess, that to ensure his advancement in the school he had made

It is frequently the case that children are more correctly appreciated by their play-fellows and companions than by their instructors. In the ordinary intercourse with his equals each soon finds the place to which his talents entitle him. There the youth is neglected rather on account of his own negative importance, than from caprice in his associates, excepting he be kept back by natural timidity, or by some defect mental or corporeal. He, on the contrary, who is the leader of the rest in their little sports, is less indebted to the blind partiality of his companions, than to a correct estimate of their true interests; for at this early age ambition, and all the low passions which so often invert the natural order in civil society, have but little scope. The boy seeks not illusion but pleasure, and willingly yields in every thing to him who knows better how to procure it than himself. At least so much appears certain, that esteem at that period of life is always grounded on the possession of some striking qualities, though not always the most essential, and that a boy who is raised to a distinguished place by his equals cannot be destitute of talents.

Though but little is known concerning the hours of Gessner's childhood passed out of the school, yet the following anecdote which he himself used to relate, appears to prove, that he then acted among his young companions the same part, which in maturer age he assumed, rather out of complaisance than inclination, among his friends.—A number of

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an agreement with the evil spirit to whom he had delivered the contract written with his blood. He was immediately removed by the ecclesiastics to the cathedral, where they continued engaged in ardent and incessant prayer, till at length the evil spirit dropped the paper, which descended through the air amidst the ordinary tokens of Satan's presence. It is not improbable that Gessner might have heard of this circumstance and have been desirous of improving upon it; but at any rate he chose his associate with rather more circumspection.

boys with whom Gessner used to associate in the evening, once determined to provide themselves with guns, pistols, sticks, or such weapons as they could procure, and to march in a military style in the vicinity of the town. Gessner was chosen their commander. Confident that he should do honor to himself and his rank, he placed himself at the head of his little corps of heroes. His eyes were divided between the windows of the houses by which he passed and his feet, which he lifted as high as possible. In this manner they proceeded through one of the principal streets of the city, where several maid-servants were standing near a fountain. Gessner, delighted at having found a theatre for the display of his abilities, held up his head and neglected no expedient to give himself a truly martial air. With pleasure he observed a smile of approbation in the faces of the female spectators; but, as he approached it was converted to his no small astonishment into a burst of laughter; which, before he had time to discover the reason, was answered by a loud laugh at some distance behind him. Turning round, he perceived that the latter proceeded from his little troop which he had supposed at his heels. The rogues had observed that their leader was so absorbed by the thoughts of his military rank as to have entirely forgotten his troops, and for their own diversion took this method of reminding him of them.

Hence it appears beyond dispute that Gessner's companions entertained a much higher opinion of him than his teachers. Though the latter were at a loss how to act, yet his associates found him a useful acquisition in their sports, and were not ashamed to yield the first place to one who at school was always obliged to be contented with the last. His dislike to scholastic studies, as we have already seen, was not the result of indolence of disposition, nor dull, impenetrable stupidity. He always wished to be employed,

but never chose to do any thing excepting what was agreeable to his taste; and the vivacity of his temper frequently carried him to a degree of wildness and extravagance.

Gessner's parents perceiving all their efforts to advance their son at school, unsuccessful, resolved to try an expedient which has often been found productive of advantage to children who have before been despaired of. The same effect which attends transplanting in vegetables, is often produced in the human species by the change of place and circumstances. New connections and objects excite new ideas, weaken former impressions, and thus facilitate the developement of talents and faculties, which were perhaps kept back only by an unfavorable combination of ideas.

A divine in the country, the Rev. Mr. Vögeli, in consequence of the education he had given his son, had obtained great reputation for scholastic learning and abilities as a teacher. In his house young Gessner was placed as a boarder. Here the youth, relieved from the incessant persecutions of ignorant instructors, the reproaches of incapacity and indolence, and the daily humiliation of seeing himself excelled by all his companions, enjoyed repose, and under milder treatment his mind was stimulated to adopt good resolutions. It would, however have been vain to think of entirely recovering the time he had lost. The rudiments of the languages, and the dry details of elementary studies, were irreconcileable with the more agreeable occupations to which he was habituated; and therefore an intimate acquaintance with the ancients was what he could never be expected to attain. He, nevertheless, made sufficient progress to read some of the Roman poets in the original, and the Greek writers in the literal Latin version, which, for particular reasons, he preferred to the best French and German translations. His want of erudition was richly supplied by his poetic instinct and by his uncom-

monly accurate and delicate conception, which enabled him to seize each hidden beauty better than the most minute and critical knowledge of languages could have done.

His intercourse with the son of his instructor was of great advantage to him in another respect. M. Vögeli was not only a passionate admirer of ancient literature, but a lover of the *belles lettres* in general, and eagerly perused the best German authors, particularly the poets. Through him Gessner became acquainted with the works of Brockes, which kindled in the soul of the youth a spark that was soon fanned into a flame. He devoured the book with an avidity equalled only by the satisfaction with which, in maturer years, he described the happiness imparted by this first friend of his poetical career. Even after he had read all the best poets, as well ancient as modern, after he had himself produced inimitable models, the works of the neglected Brockes still remained dear to him, and he returned from time to time to their perusal with pleasure. It cannot be doubted that he was first led by that correct painter of nature to the observation of minute beauties, to the correctness in the details which gives to all his pictures the character of truth and the charms of novelty. But he only profited by his lessons in the same manner as the artist possessing the greatest genius may learn of a master far inferior in talents. His accurate judgment and refined taste soon taught him to avoid the little and labored manner, which prevails in the accumulated details of the poet of Hamburg; but yet Brockes remained his inseparable companion from the first moment of his acquaintance with his works.

The developement of his poetic talents, commenced by his intercourse with the muse of Brockes, was powerfully promoted by the relative circumstances of his situation. Berg, the place where he resided, is situated in one of the most agreeable parts of the canton of Zurich. Here Nature

unfolded to the eyes of the delighted youth, those charms which are concealed in cities, or which are at least rarely observed by their dissipated inhabitants. Here his senses drank copious draughts of that pleasure, which the enjoyment of a pure air, the serene sky, the flowery mead, the murmuring stream, the verdure of the fields and the dark shades of the forest impart to every virtuous mind. Here his heart, susceptible of every soft impression, conceived the first ideas of that imaginary world, which he soon afterwards peopled with the amiable offspring of his magic fancy. His favorite retreat was a delightful spot in a wood at some distance from his dwelling. Thither he often repaired with his friend Brockes, the free perusal of whose works was not yet allowed him, to taste stolen pleasures, which for that very reason were the sweeter. There, amid the melodious strains of the feathered songsters, and the sweet murmur of the neighboring stream, he enjoyed the truth and beauty of those pictures whose charms were heightened by his lively fancy, and for which the scenes before him might have furnished the originals.

Hitherto Gessner had been carried away by the impetuous vivacity of youth; his senses and imagination, lost in the unsteady round of evanescent impressions, had been occupied only with the transient enjoyment of the passing moment; but now the soft emotions of tenderness and sympathy were awakened in his soul, and with them his mind acquired greater firmness and his character more stability. The daughter of his instructor, a girl possessing an excellent heart, and nearly of the same age as himself, was his daily companion. The sweetness of her disposition, and the blooming charms of her youthful person, soon began to acquire an ascendency over the heart of the susceptible youth, and brought to maturity that most pleasing of all human passions, which wakens all the dormant faculties of

the soul, softens the manners, ennobles the sentiments and diffuses around inexpressible charms over the whole creation.

Such a situation might have inspired any youth with poetic fervor; how then, could Gessner's mind resist the torrent of sentiments and images that rushed upon his soul? A mind like his could not retain the impressions it had received without combining them to form new objects; a heart like his was obliged to communicate its sensations, were it only to the trees and the inanimate objects by which he was surrounded. Berg appears, in fact, to have been the cradle of his muse. A considerable number of poetical essays, which, to judge not only by the character of the writing and the orthographical errors, but likewise by the subject and manner, must belong to his first attempts, undoubtedly belong to this period of his life. His genius scarcely awakened, and as yet uncertain of its powers, appears to have exercised itself in various kinds of composition, and by turns to have attempted rhyme and blank verse, prose intermixed with poetry, fables, tales, satires and anacreontic odes. In some, though but few of these pieces, may be perceived traces of the manner of Brockes in the minute details and the profusion of descriptive epithets. Others seem to breathe the more manly tone of Hagedorn's compositions, and others for tenderness and spirit may sustain a comparison with the best productions of Gleim. There is not one of these essays of his youth, and partly of his infancy, which is totally unworthy of his subsequent excellence, and many of them afford evident demonstrations of his future talents. Notwithstanding all the grammatical errors, the faulty rhymes, and the bad choice of expressions, they are not destitute either of correct judgment or refined taste. Charming fictions and images, which enchant no less by their novelty than by their beauty, not rarely embellish them. Through-

out all reigns that artless simplicity, which, free from all pretensions and the vain desire to please, disdains all borrowed splendor and is the almost inseparable characteristic of true genius. In a word, we discover in them the dawn of talents, which require nothing but practice in the mechanical part of the art in order to produce master-pieces.

After a residence of about two years at Berg, Gessner returned to his family. With a mind unconcerned about the future, for which he had formed no plans, and devoted entirely to the cultivation of his poetic talents, he probably relinquished entirely to his parents the disposal of his future life, provided only the profession for which they destined him, was not too adverse to his favorite pursuit. For this purpose, the circumstances of his family were extremely favorable. His father was a printer and bookseller, and it could not escape the observation of the son that in a business in which Richardson had composed his voluminous works, a poet might likewise enjoy something of life. He probably reflected that the continuation of a business already established would allow him much more leisure to follow his literary pursuits, than any new line of life which would require more rigid application. He also thought more perhaps of the books that he should read and write, than of those which he should sell. It is at least certain that he never disturbed the happiness of his life by any very serious reflections on the future.

If Gessner's residence in the country had been favorable to the developement of his genius, his situation on his return to Zurich contributed not less to give it the last degree of perfection. He sought the society of men at that time most distinguished for their talents, and was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Rahn, which was the rendezvous of the first geniuses of Zurich. There Gessner formed an acquaintance with several young men, which was afterwards ma-

tured into intimate friendship; in this number were Steinbrüchel, Tobler, and Schulthess the translator of the Greek philosophers.

From the daily intercourse with such men, Gessner could not fail in a short time to derive great advantage. In learning, most of them were his superiors, and all had a more intimate acquaintance with the best writers of France, England and Germany. In their company his knowledge of books was enlarged, his mode of thinking on various subjects was corrected, his confused notions were converted into clear ideas, and his principles acquired greater firmness and precision. Two books of poems, preserved separate from those already mentioned, must evidently be assigned to this period of his life. This forms the second epoch of his poetry, which must be fixed between his eighteenth and twenty-first year. All these pieces, excepting two, are love-sonnets, in the same measure as those of Anacreon; and some of them are distinguished by the pleasing gaiety, the delicacy of sentiment, and the native simplicity of the Greek poet. Traces of imitation may here and there be discovered both in the general plan and in distinct ideas. Though, upon the whole, they manifest a more firm and manly style and more mature powers, they yet contain many inaccuracies and many harshnesses in the versification, which appear almost incredible; and the orthographical errors are still frequent and striking. Out of all these pieces he has introduced but one into the collection of his works.

We have already seen how Gessner contrived to amuse himself during the tedious hours of school. To the passion for modelling in wax succeeded that for drawing. This was originally, and for a long time continued to be, nothing more than a love of imitation, and he followed the pursuit merely on account of the gratification he derived from the

exercise and the improvement of his talents. He never entertained an idea of becoming an artist, or dreamt of the possibility of abridging the road to perfection by means of rules or the instructions of others. He therefore proceeded without plan or choice, and drew what came into his head, sometimes objects from nature, sometimes the inventions of his genius, and sometimes imitations of works of art according as his humor or chance directed. A circumstance which occurred in the year 1749, induced him even then to convert this amusement into a serious occupation, and to devote his attention to the study of the art.

In that year he made a journey to Berlin, where his father had placed him in the house of an eminent bookseller, for the purpose of introducing him to his future profession. His master undertook his instruction with a degree of accuracy rather too minute, and thought proper to make him pass regularly through all the gradations of his business. He was accordingly employed in packing parcels, and was charged with the performance of every thing that by right belongs to the duty of a shop-boy. Gessner, who for some time past had been no stranger to his abilities, found these occupations by no means suited to his taste. On the other hand, the brilliant scenes and the inviting pleasures of the capital were powerful allurements to dissipation; and the frequent intercourse with some of his young countrymen who had repaired to Berlin, not to engage in business, but to see the world, rendered his situation completely insupportable. After a little consideration, he adopted his resolution; and quitting his employer, took an apartment in order to resign himself without interruption to his passion for the fine arts and the pleasures of society.

This hasty step excited the displeasure of his parents; they probably regarded it as a determined effort to disengage himself from the disagreeable burden of business, to

throw off all subjection, and to give himself up to the unrestrained enjoyment of all the pleasures afforded by the place where he resided. As the best expedient to recal him to order, they resolved to make him feel his dependence; his bills were not honored, and Gessner found himself embarrassed. He possessed, it is true, a sure method of extricating himself, and it was presumed that he would employ it: but neither inclination nor his high sense of honor, would allow him to have recourse to its aid. He now reflected how he could relieve himself without the assistance of others, and without degrading submissions; and when he imagined that he had discovered an expedient, he shut himself up in his apartment. His friends neither saw nor heard any thing of him, and his gay countrymen expected him in vain. They sought him at his lodgings and always found the door locked. They watched for him in coffee-houses and in the public promenades, but with no better success, and no one knew what had become of him. At length, after a seclusion of some weeks, he went to Hempel, the painter to the king, whose friendship he had before obtained, and requested that he would accompany him to his apartment; all the walls were hung with newly-painted landscapes. He then conjured Hempel by his friendship, and the faith of an honest man to say, if, after these specimens he considered him capable of attaining such a degree of proficiency in the art, as would not only procure him subsistence but likewise esteem and reputation. Hempel long surveyed the pictures in silent attention. His earnest looks and the shaking of his head seemed to denote a surprise, the explanation of which Gessner awaited in anxious suspense. At length the artist enquired from what originals he had copied. Gessner assured him that the subjects were all of his own invention, at the same time complaining that the pictures would not dry. It proved, on enquiry, that he

had mixed his colours with olive-oil instead of linseed-oil. Hempel, bursting into a loud laugh, said: "Well, I see you have not long studied the art. But a beginner, who is ignorant of the rudiments and composes such pieces, what may he not be expected to produce in ten years time!"

Gessner was now firmly resolved, in case his parents insisted on his return to his former occupation as the price of their support, to devote himself to the study of the art, and with that view to make a journey to Holland. He however had no occasion either to recur to that measure or to repent the step he had taken. His parents were soon reconciled to him, and gave him permission to remain at Berlin with the liberty to follow his own inclinations. He enjoyed the pleasures of life and the amusements of the great world, with all the ardor of youth and the consciousness of independence, but with more prudence than is usually manifested at his age, and never without having some noble object in view. His gay companions did not exclusively possess him, and he was as often found in places where he could obtain instruction as in those which he frequented for amusement. He was much in the company of literary men and artists, especially of Krause, Hempel, Ramler and Sulzer.

With Ramler he was particularly intimate. They often met, and Gessner enjoyed frequent opportunities of admiring the correct ear, the refined sensibility and the celebrated talent of declamation possessed by that elegant poet and rigidly severe critic. For a long time his timidity prevented him from submitting any of his essays to Ramler's inspection. He discovered in them talents highly worthy of encouragement; but his ear, which no beauties of composition could deceive, listened with suspicious vigilance to every syllable and to every fleeting sound. He not only remarked some harshness of expression or inharmonious measure, but there

were whole verses which he would not allow to be poetry. How great was the disappointment of Gessner! he had imagined that the file would be sufficient to remove every asperity, and was frequently sent back to the anvil. In the contemplation of the very great obstacles which a Swiss has to encounter from the difference between his dialect and the pure German standard, he despaired of ever being able to comply with such rigid rules. Ramler perceived his embarrassment, and advised him to resolve his verses into harmonious prose. This circumstance, related by Ramler himself, affords a satisfactory explanation of the reason why Gessner voluntarily resigned an advantage, with which no poet before him imagined that he could dispense. As he was conscious that this defect was owing not to his ear but to the vicious dialect of his country, he justly concluded that the rhythm of measured prose would be equally pleasing to the reader; while, on the contrary, a single bad verse is a greater disgrace to a poem the more faultless it is in other respects. It is for this reason that he has composed very few pieces in verse, and even some of these, possibly for the sake of uniformity, he has printed as prose; as for instance his *Dedication to Daphne*, which precedes the Idyls, and the pretty song: *When I see the shepherd*, &c. in Daphnis. Ramler afterwards put into verse several of his poems, and they were published in two small volumes. It is doubtful whether this compliment or his advice rendered the greatest service to Gessner.

From Berlin Gessner went to Hamburg. He had procured a letter of recommendation to Hagedorn; but before he presented it, he wished to become acquainted with the father of German poetry, without such an introduction, and if possible to merit his regard on his own account. He therefore repaired to a coffee-house which Hagedorn frequented, and watched for an opportunity of entering into

conversation with him. It was not long before he found one, and his success exceeded his most sanguine expectation. He had read with rapture the works of that charming poet, and found his society not less agreeable than his writings. Hagedorn was equally delighted with the company of the young stranger. The second and third day they again met; both appeared, though silently, to have made the appointment. At length Hagedorn was desirous of knowing the name of the stranger, for whom he had already conceived such friendship. It was not till then that Gessner delivered the letter of recommendation, assuring him at the same time, that not the gratification of idle curiosity, but to endeavor to gain his esteem and friendship, was the motive of his visit to Hamburg. After what had passed, it may easily be imagined how this declaration was received. Hagedorn was seldom to be seen afterwards without his Swiss friend, and often took him to Harvstehude, in whose delightful shades they enjoyed each other's society. Gessner never recollected this period of his life but with delight, and he never heard the name of Hagedorn but his eye sparkled and his whole soul animated his expressive features.

At length Gessner returned to Zurich; he had in his travels corrected and fixed his taste, and had acquired that polish, without which no work of genius can please the refined reader, or insure immortality. This period was the golden age of poetry in Germany. Klopstock, Ramler, Kleist, Gleim, Uz, Lessing and Wieland appeared within the circle of a few years. At Zurich the poetic fervor was stronger than in any other place. Breitinger, and more particularly Bodmer, was adored by many of his young fellow-citizens as the god of taste. Many whose genius had been awakened by those two celebrated men, distinguished themselves in the study of philosophy, the languages and

poetry. The taste for the latter was soon communicated to the fair sex; many females of talents and education read the best German poets, not merely for amusement but to form their taste; and the arrival of Klopstock and his residence at Zurich raised this enthusiasm to the highest degree. Such was the disposition of mind in which Gessner on his return found his literary fellow-citizens. Scarcely had Klopstock quitted Zurich, when Wieland supplied his place and maintained the poetic fervor. Gessner derived every possible advantage from this state of things without taking the least share in the extravagances of other votaries of the muse. His great and enlightened understanding, and his quick perception of every thing ridiculous, preserved him from this mania; and the circle of his daily companions was free from every species of fanaticism. Näfe, Steinbrüchel, Hirzel, Ulrich, Vögeli, Schulthess and many others of his associates and friends had enlightened their understandings and formed their tastes by the study of the philosophy of Wolf and Baumgarten. In their cheerful society the shafts of their severest ridicule were directed against every extravagance of the imagination; and there was no error of the understanding but what experienced the keenness of their satire.

The first essay which Gessner gave to the world was the *Song of a Swiss to his Mistress on her appearing in Armor.* This piece is comprehended in the little collection of poems which have been mentioned as forming the second epoch of his poetry. It was first inserted by him in a periodical work entitled, Crito, which was published in the year 1751, at Zurich, by some of Bodmer's friends and pupils, and to which Bodmer himself sometimes contributed. A letter prefixed to it introduces this piece as a translation, the original of which had been found in a miscellaneous collection of ancient stories and songs. This disguise was pro-

bably assumed by the author that he might listen undiscovered to the opinions of the critics and poets, whether favorable or otherwise; but there is every reason to suppose that little notice was taken of it, either by the one or the other.

His second essay, which followed after an interval of about a year, scarcely attracted any more attention than the first. It was the piece entitled *Night*, which he published separately, in 1753, without his name. Though he himself attached so little value to this performance, that in a letter to the French translator of his works, he calls it, "a caricature composed in an hour of folly or intoxication," it is nevertheless a specimen which justly excited the highest expectations. The folly in which it was composed was no other than that on which Plato in his Phædrus has given a panegyric; and to this intoxication the god of poetry undeniably contributes. The successful painter of nature appears throughout this performance, which displays that novelty of imagery, that freshness of coloring, those soft and delicate touches which embellish the objects without dazzling the eye. His prose appears perfectly formed; its sonorous periods and harmonious cadence are not less pleasing to the ear, than the delightful melody of the most enchanting poetry. That this essay, in the form in which it first appeared, had some defects which the author's maturer judgment and more polished taste corrected at a later period, cannot be denied. The addition of the ingenious fiction of the origin of the glow-worm, one of the most beautiful passages in the piece, was one of the improvements which he made in it subsequent to its first publication. In Germany, this attempt neither made a deeper impression nor experienced a better fate, than many other fugitive pieces which vanish as soon as they appear. At Zurich it

acquired the author the vague and often equivocal character of a *bel esprit.*

Accident furnished him with the occasion of composing a more extensive poem. In his father's library he had found Amiot's translation of Longus, which suggested to him the idea of his Daphnis. Those who are conversant with the Greek writer, will perceive that Gessner has borrowed nothing farther from it than merely the idea of a pastoral epic poem. At the time when he was engaged in the composition of this piece, he passed much of his time in the company of Hirzel, the celebrated author of the Philosophic Peasant, and other works. Their mutual passion for the belles lettres had united them in the closest bonds of intimacy; they frequently spent whole days together, unmindful of the regular hours of meals, or taking some slight refreshment in their room, that they might pursue without interruption the favorite object of their discourse; and while thus engaged the hour of midnight frequently stole unperceived upon them. Gessner had submitted to the judgment of his friend, the greatest part of Daphnis, when Hirzel advised him to give a higher coloring to his characters, to put them more frequently in action, and to intersperse more moral throughout the whole piece. At the last expression Gessner shook his head, and began to laugh. "What," said he, "I turn moralist? Indeed that character would suit me admirably!" He however resolved to comply with his friend's advice; and to this we are indebted for the two episodes of Lamon and the virtuous Aristus of Crotona, both of which are considerable embellishments to the poem. How much he profited in his other works by the observations of his friend, is evident: the moral purity, and the ardent love of virtue which pervade his poems, are charms by which his muse is eminently distinguished.

When the poem was ready for publication, considerable

difficulties still remained to be surmounted on the part of the censorship. All such love-stories were considered to be but little conducive to edification, and the employment of heathen deities by a christian poet gave great offence. An ecclesiastical censor protested against the motto:

Me juvat in gremio doctæ legisse puellæ, &c.

as indecent. However strange this may at present appear, yet those will not be surprized at it who are acquainted with the powerful prejudices and the spirit of those times: such will only wonder that a phenomenon, so singular as Daphnis then was at Zurich, should not have been absolutely prohibited. At length permission was given for its publication provided the motto should be suppressed, and neither the author nor the place where it was printed should be named; these conditions were strictly fulfilled in the first edition, which appeared in the year 1754.

This poem completely established Gessner's character as a man of genius among his fellow-citizens. Daphnis and the Sympathies of Wieland were seen by turns on the toilettes of all the ladies; and the author was universally called the *gentle* Gessner.

In the year 1756, he published Inkle and Yarico in the form of a pamphlet; but this poem he never introduced into any collection of his works prepared by himself. The first time it appeared among them was in the small edition, published in 1789, soon after his death.

His Idyls, which likewise appeared in 1756, attracted considerable notice, both in Germany and Switzerland. As the idea of Daphnis was suggested by Longus, so the perusal of Theocritus inspired the design of the Idyls. But in these, as in the former work, he is indebted to his predecessor only for the general idea of that species of poetry;

of their sentiments is, as it were instinctive, and the rectitude of their passions is perfectly conformable with both. His pastoral world is placed in a favored climate, glowing with more brilliant colors, illumined by a more resplendent sun, and a moon of purer silver, and whose inhabitants are worthy of their blissful abode. Their love is pure as æther, their imaginations untainted as the crystal current distilling from the rock. Benevolence is their employment; the beauties of nature, filial piety, the praise of the deity, and every milder virtue inspire their songs. The most licentious of his fauns is more virtuous than the shepherds of Theocritus.

" All Gessner's shepherds indeed have nearly the same character, and that of each individual is less strongly marked. The sentiments of one are those of all the rest, and we imagine that we see but one person, only in different circumstances. This being the case, we should naturally expect that frequent repetitions and a monotonous sameness would be the infallible consequences: but how admirably has he avoided those faults! What variety of scenes, what diversity of situations; and with how many shades, of virtue, of love, of pity and of tenderness has he not embellished these pictures! How sweetly the infant lisps the same sentiment which the youth expresses with greater ardor, and the old man with a pleasure more calm and more mild! How inexhaustible is his fund of images, how various his points of view, how different his turns, and what an impression of novelty on each recurring thought!

" Those who are acquainted with Gessner as a painter, and have considered his best pictures with attention, must have made the same observation with respect to them. He is never more happy than when he paints from imagination. Groves, temples, edifices in the noblest style, ruined monuments, craggy rocks, cascades, bathing nymphs and little

though his modest muse has professed to copy from the Greek model. It is impossible not to perceive that he has not sought, like Virgil, to soften the rudeness offensive to modern manners which prevails in the pastorals of Theocritus, by a fastidious delicacy, or elegance without genius: nor does he, like some French poets, blend with the simplicity of pastoral life, a courtly refinement and gallantry, which produce the most striking and repulsive contrast; but he has opened for himself a path entirely new.

With the criticism of the celebrated Blair on these Idyls every reader is acquainted. Their character is very ably described by M. Hottinger in the Memoirs of the Electoral Society of Manheim; and as Gessner's fame is principally grounded on this species of composition, the reader will not be displeased to find those observations introduced here.

"Gessner has created a pastoral world for himself, and has peopled it with the most amiable and happy beings of the golden age. They are the offspring of his fancy, who reflect the noble sentiments of his own virtuous soul, and are, in fact, rather ideal characters than men. We can scarcely venture to address his shepherds as our fellow-creatures, and the kisses of his shepherdesses seem too pure for our lips. The swains of Theocritus have more of passion, and their affections are more sensual; their innocence is the simplicity of the children of nature, in the infancy of mankind, when they were corrupted neither by the progress of civilization nor the manners of polished life. Arch without vice, and sly without cunning, they always interest us; nor do they lose our hearts even when they offend against the moral principles of modern times. Gessner's shepherds are of a species superior to human beings; they possess all the simplicity of the primitive ages combined with all the delicacy of sentiment of civilized life. The excellent qualities of their hearts are innate, not acquired; the delicacy

satyrs joining with shepherd-boys in the sprightly dance compose the subjects of his finest pictures. All have the same character, and yet very different points of view; all breathe the same spirit, and yet one is not copied from another.

"There is no poet of the sentimental class, who without affectation so easily draws from our eye the sympathetic tear; none who with such softness and delicacy combines so much firmness and manly wisdom. The sweetness of his poesy resembles the careless ornaments of the shepherdess, and his simplicity is like her blush after the first kiss.

"Theocritus and Gessner are both great and both unrivalled in their way. To which of the two the prize shall be attributed must depend on the character of the judge. If Pan is to decide, Theocritus will obtain the lyric wreath; but if Apollo, he will crown Gessner with roses bathed in the dews of morning."

This small volume contributed not a little to increase the celebrity of Gessner's muse; the public opinion soon proclaimed him an amiable poet, and placed him on an equality with his Greek predecessor. However flattering such a comparison may appear, this distinction was not granted without a degree of coldness and reserve, which forms a singular contrast with the enthusiastic applause, with which many works of far inferior merit have been received in Germany, both before and since. This might perhaps be in part owing to the geographical, political and literary relations of the Swiss and the Germans, and to the criticisms of Bodmer, which long irritated the latter, and partly to the taste and character of the nation, who have a particular relish for what is strong and energetic. On the contrary, a poet like Gessner can be enjoyed only by readers of the most refined taste and the nicest sensibility.

In this respect the native country of the poet was not an

exception; the Idyls were there pronounced to be charming and delightful, but only few attached to those terms the idea of something great and uncommon. His personal character doubtless contributed in no small degree to throw him into the shade. His admirable simplicity, which, in the ordinary concerns of life completely concealed the author, the harmless good-humour of the philanthropic youth, the shafts of whose wit were not directed by malice or the ambition to shine, but only served to promote social pleasure, his respect for every kind of merit and his deference for every man of profound erudition and extensive attainments—all these qualities tended at that period, and even much later in life, to mislead many in the opinion they formed of him. His amiable modesty so very rare in a poet, was regarded as a silent acknowledgement of his inferiority; and as they were at a loss how to reconcile with this opinion the splendid poetic talents he could not be denied to possess, they said: "He is a poet it is true, but he is fit for nothing else." There were even some who imagined that Gessner was formed with a certain instinctive, mechanical principle, for writing Idyls as the beaver for building. Bodmer himself went so far as to say, that he was an excellent writer of pastorals, but that he was destitute of the talents necessary for the conception and execution of an epic poem.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary modesty of the author of the Idyls, he felt piqued at such a derogatory opinion of his genius, and this was the real motive which induced him to compose the *Death of Abel*, the preface to which contains some pretty plain hints at this circumstance. Though this poem, which was published in 1758, is not entitled to the first place among the productions of his muse, yet it sufficiently justifies his claim to excellence in more than one species of poetic composition.

In Germany this poem met with some very severe judges, particularly the critic whose strictures upon it are introduced into the *Library of Belles Lettres and Liberal Arts*. His censures are not altogether unfounded, but are much too severe. He often lays a stress on certain points which a candid judge will pronounce to be exaggerated; and there is much of which he has taken but a partial view, and which he has seen in a light totally fallacious. It was less by the intrinsic merit of the poem than by this criticism that its fate was decided in Germany, while in France, England, and other countries, it met with the most flattering reception, even before they were acquainted with the Idyls, and not only made the author's name known, but also acquired him celebrity.

In 1762 Gessner published a collection of his works in four volumes, the last of which contained nothing but new pieces excepting the *Song of the Swiss* and *Night*. These were the *First Navigator*, some new Idyls, and sonnets, and two dramatic pieces *Evander* and *Erastus*. The latter was received with great applause, and though rather a sketch than a finished piece, yet it was admired no less for the plot, and the various affecting situations, than for the characters, which are both well conceived and well expressed, especially that of honest Simon. In these respects the severest critics were obliged to do it justice; but, on the contrary, the most indulgent thought the action not sufficiently lively, and found fault with the scenes.

A sentence much more severe was passed on Evander; the plan was censured as defective, the fable, the situations, the characters and the developement were thought too common to produce the least effect. This criticism is indeed not totally unfounded; for the subject of the drama is not only borrowed from Longus; but its plan and characters are neither free from defects, nor new nor striking. Still

Evander must be acknowledged an admirable performance. That Gessner had some other object in view than to produce a perfect drama, and that this object was in a high degree poetic cannot be doubted. It was not by the insipid story of two children of noble birth who form a mutual attachment in the disguise of a shepherd and shepherdess; it was not by the trivial developement which unites the lovers at the very moment when they imagined themselves separated for ever, nor any other paltry contrivance of a similar nature, that Gessner could hope to charm his readers. All this is nothing more than the canvas on which he has laid his colors. The object which the poet had in view was evidently no other than to form a striking contrast between the pure sentiments of nature, the amiable innocence, the happy content and simplicity of pastoral life, and all the ludicrous and lamentable restraints of social institutions. It is to this point that every thing tends; and those are the most beautiful scenes of the piece in which this design is most apparent. How admirably has the author there expressed the pure language of nature! how every word from the lips of innocent simplicity conveys the keenest satire! How little and contemptible appears the imaginary wisdom of the polished attendants of a court contrasted with the ignorance of those children of nature! What justness of sentiment do they manifest in every answer, and what inchanting simplicity in every question! The scenes to which these observations more particularly apply, are those which are occupied by the conversation between Evander and the *petit-mâitre*, the officer, the courtier and the sage, and between Alcimna and her attendants. These are replete with irony, which is never so refined as when reason speaks through the organ of ingenuous simplicity to raise the laughter of fools; for a fool is most ridiculous when he joins the laugh excited by satire, levelled without his knowing it, against himself.

It is universally admitted that the *First Navigator* is entitled to one of the most distinguished places among the productions of Gessner's muse. He himself always gave it a decided preference. Nothing, in fact, can be conceived more perfect: the materials are selected with great judgment and discrimination; the plan is perfectly natural; and the execution happy; the characters are well drawn, and that of Melida in particular charms by its unaffected simplicity.

After the publication of the above-mentioned volume, Gessner suffered several years to elapse in silence. His taste for the imitative arts had during this interval become his favorite passion; it seemed to have gained the entire dominion over him, and to have withdrawn him for ever from the muse of song. At length in 1772, a second volume of *Idyls*, together with his *Letter on Landscape-painting* made its appearance. Exclusive of their poetic merit, in which they are equal to his earlier productions, they are peculiarly interesting on another account. Several of them, as the *Autumnal Morning*, are descriptive of the domestic felicity of the author; and others, like *Daphnis and Chloe* are grounded on particular circumstances of his life.

This was the last work that Gessner published; and having now accompanied him to the end of his literary career, it may not be amiss to take a view of the reception his writings experienced in foreign countries, and particularly in France.

Soon after the publication of the Death of Abel, a copy of that work accidentally fell into the hands of M. Huber, a native of Germany, but who had settled at Paris. He was a man of extensive knowledge and correct taste; he enjoyed the friendship of Rousseau, Diderot, Grimm, and other celebrated literary characters; and was well qualified to make known in France the pleasing productions of Gess-

ner's muse. The sale of his translation of the Death of Abel was so rapid, that at the end of a fortnight it was found necessary to print a second edition, and before the conclusion of the year a third. Encouraged by this success M. Huber next undertook the translation of the first collection of Idyls; in this task he had the uncommon good fortune to be assisted by men of distinguished talents, and among the rest by the celebrated M. Turgot and Diderot. The success of the work equalled the most sanguine expectations, and the literary journals vied with each other in their encomiums on the author. The Idyls were soon in every body's hands, but none professed a more passionate admiration of Gessner than Rousseau.* The duchess of Choi-

* The following is a translation of the letter which Rousseau wrote on this occasion to M. Huber:

"SIR;

"I was laboring under the most cruel bodily afflictions at the time when I received your letter; I mechanically opened the book supposing I should shut it again immediately, but I never closed it till I had read it through, and placed it beside me for a second perusal. This is the real truth. I am convinced that your friend Gessner is a man after my own heart; from this you may judge what I think of his translator and friend through whom alone I am acquainted with him. I am in particular highly pleased with you for having ventured to banish from our language that silly and disgusting jargon which deprives every image of truth and every sentiment of life. Those who attempted to set off and embellish nature possess neither soul nor taste, and were never acquainted with her beauties. Six years I have now passed in my retreat a life nearly resembling that of Menalcas and Amyntas, to which I am as much attached as they, but which I cannot procure when I please; and I assure you, Sir, that I have enjoyed more of life during these six years, than in all the preceding part of it. You now make me wish for the return of spring that I may take new walks with your charming shepherds, that I may divide my solitude with them, and in their company revisit rural scenes not inferior to those which M. Gessner and you have so ably described. Salute him from me, I request you; and accept my thanks and salutations.

"ROUSSEAU."

seuil, at that time all-powerful, invited Gessner to fix his residence at Paris, but he excused himself on account of the sacred ties which bound him to his native land and recommended his translator to her patronage.

Various translations soon appeared of the First Navigator, Daphnis and Gessner's two dramatic pieces; but none of them were so fortunate as his New Idyls. These were translated by Henry Meister, a fellow-citizen of the author, since distinguished by many works of genius as an acute philosopher and a man of the purest taste. A residence of many years at Paris had not only rendered him master of the language, but he was thoroughly acquainted with its most subtle refinements.—Diderot eagerly seized this opportunity to give the world a striking proof of his friendship and esteem for Gessner. He proposed in the most obliging terms, through their mutual friend, M. Meister, to publish with the Idyls two moral tales he had recently written. This proposal was as free from pride as from any interested motive; for at this period Gessner wanted the recommendation of Diderot as little as Diderot wanted his. "It would give him the sincerest pleasure, (such were his own words) to appear in the same volume with Gessner." The proposal was received with the same sentiments as it was made, and the Idyls and tales accompanied each other in both languages in 1772.

From this time and even at an earlier period Gessner was esteemed in France as a classic author of the first rank, whose writings the poets of that country have translated, imitated and employed in various ways. They have furnished the materials for numerous dramatic pieces, many of which obtained very great applause. There is scarcely any modern poet of whose works so many editions have been printed in every variety of size and shape.

From the French capital Gessner's fame soon extended

over the rest of Europe. In England and Italy he found the most numerous admirers; but there is scarcely a civilized country in which he has not been naturalized.

We have hitherto considered Gessner only in his poetic character and remarked the development of his genius: it now remains to treat of him as an artist. But as he has himself illustrated this part of his career in his letter to Füssli the painter, little remains to be added on that subject.

Gessner had attained the age of thirty before he resolved to devote his serious attention to the arts. Till that time his essays in drawing and engraving were merely an amusement, and his study of works of art was nothing more than a natural predilection for every species of the beautiful; he pursued it only for pleasure, without having in view either profit or reputation. But in this instance, as in every other, some powerful motive was required to induce him to exert his genius and to rouse him from that repose in which his easy disposition was so fond of indulging. This once accomplished, there were no obstacles however great that his persevering application was unable to overcome. About this period he became acquainted with a man who, like himself, was a lover of the arts, and possessed a valuable collection of paintings, drawings and prints. Mr. Heidegger felt esteem for his talents, took delight in his company, and with pleasure inspected his essays in drawing and engraving. Gessner had free access to his house and cabinet; he soon formed an intimate friendship with his son, and it was not long before he conceived a strong attachment to his daughter.

Mademoiselle Heidegger was a young lady endowed with rare accomplishments of mind and person. Without aspiring like many of her contemporaries to distinguished literary attainments, her mind was sufficiently cultivated to

prevent her ever appearing to disadvantage in any company; and what she wanted in acquirements was abundantly supplied by her refined sensibility, the vivacity of her understanding, and the keenness of her wit. A tall and graceful person, an intelligent eye, and smiling lips armed with the unerring shafts of satire, announced her superiority to every female circle in which she appeared and kept the empty coxcomb at a respectful distance. Her character contained a rare mixture of dignified pride and condescending sweetness, of youthful impatience and mature deliberation; of exasperating severity and indulgent tenderness; of masculine energy and female delicacy; which rendered it difficult to decide whether she most deserved to be loved or admired.

The discovery of such a phenomenon in his native city, was a circumstance for which the youthful poet was by no means prepared: his heart was taken by surprize. The collection of pictures the original cause of his visits was soon forgotten; his whole attention was absorbed by an object in which his feelings were more deeply interested. This was no sooner perceived by Heidegger and his daughter, than they confined themselves in their conduct towards their new friend, within the narrow limits which the most delicate sense of honor prescribed. The consequence was an explicit declaration on the part of the lover, who felt that the happiness of his life depended on the possession of a female whom he loved to distraction: but he had to encounter a strenuous opposition on the part of his parents. Neither the family nor the personal character of Mademoiselle Heidegger afforded room for the slightest objection; but the circumstances of the parties were far from answering the high expectations justly grounded on their respective merits. At length by the interference of some of his friends, Gessner obtained the consent of his parents, and his

union with the object of his attachment crowned all his wishes.

He had now entered upon a new career. He had married as a poet; but his understanding was too enlightened not to perceive, that the duties of a husband and a father were incompatible with the enviable ease of poetic improvidence. He seriously reflected in what manner he might prepare to meet the expences of a family without being burdensome to his parents. For this purpose he conceived that his pen would not furnish an adequate resource: he therefore resolved to have recourse to those arts which he had before cultivated for amusement and to make them the subject of his serious study.

Such a determination, without a lively consciousness of his powers and a perseverance proof against every kind of obstacle, would, at his age, have been more than bold. In his letter to Füssli he has treated of the difficulties he met with,, the errors he at first committed, the models he studied, and the method he followed, in a manner highly instructive for every young artist.

We have already seen from the anecdote concerning Gessner's residence at Berlin, what exertions he was able to make, particularly in this line. It would however be a great injustice to confound his application with the mechanical industry of an ordinary artist whose only object is emolument. Gessner, it is true, hoped by his talents to support his family with credit, but he was actuated by another motive equally powerful—the desire of fame. The character he gives in his letter of a true artist:—that he should glow with the warmest passion for his art; that he should dream of it at night, and in the morning awake with new enthusiasm to pursue it; that he should not seek to take advantage of the bad taste of his age, but paint only for the applause of real judges, for true fame and for posterity;—

may with the greatest propriety be applied to himself. The thoughts of his art occupied his whole soul: his sweetest hours, his solitary reflections and every moment of recreation were all devoted to this object. He not only contemplated with silent rapture the grand scenery of nature; he was frequently seen by his friends in his walks to linger over objects which they scarcely observed. The silvery current of a placid brook gliding between its grassy banks, the decayed trunk of a tree, a fine tuft of foliage, the play of light and shade and a hundred similar objects attracted his minutest attention.

His ever active imagination was employed even when circumstances seemed the most to require repose. Thus in a dangerous illness, when the scanty light in his apartment produced more striking effects of light and shade, his fingers were once extremely busy with the coverlid of his bed. "Do you see those masses of rock?" he exclaimed to his wife, while he disposed the folds first one way and then another.—He had made considerable progress in the art; his engravings had acquired him celebrity, and many of his paintings had commanded admiration, and he still continued to exercise himself in designing with all the perseverance of a young beginner. The number of his studies would be immense if he had not purposely destroyed so many of them.

With such a genius and such industry his progress could not but be uncommonly rapid. Nothing, in fact, but the inexperience of youth or a love of indolence can favor the idea, that in any department of art or science genius may dispense with application; it is only by their union that true excellence can be attained. Whoever has an opportunity of comparing Gessner's first essays in engraving with his last attempts, and his early pictures with his master-pieces, must be astonished at the difference. There were, however,

moments in which his zeal was suspended and in which his courage sunk into total despondency. When his industry had in vain been exerted to the utmost, and his powers exhausted in striving to attain that perfection, the image of which incessantly hovered before his soul, he was often rendered unjust towards himself and began to despair; and at such times all the remonstrances of his wife and his friends produced no impression. In vain they represented that he obtained a high price for his performances, and that they were eagerly purchased even before they were finished; he listened with coldness and mistrust to the applause of judges and the opinion of artists. All that could then be done was to leave him to himself, till he had vented his vexation in silent complaints and was able to resume his long neglected labors, without regard to the ideal model whose perfection he found it impossible to attain. The confidence in his powers then returned, and his mind was animated with new courage.

In his pictures, as in his poems, prevails a spirit which is *unique* and inimitable. In both he appears as the successful painter of nature and as the favorite of two muses, whose influence is equally obvious in all his performances. His pencil delineated the happy beings, whose words and actions are the subject of his poems, and transports us to the happy plains which they inhabit. An inexpressible sweetness, grace and harmony pervade the whole physical creation and produce an impression of its unison with the moral. In the large edition of his works, the plates of which were designed and engraved by himself, Gessner has left behind a two-fold monument of his fame as an artist and a poet.

While he was thus employed in drawing, painting, engraving, and at intervals with poetic composition, his excellent wife was by no means inactive. She divided with him the care of educating their children; revived the

often drooping spirits of her husband, excited him to renewed exertions, and for many years managed, unassisted, his bookselling business. By her prudence, her provident attention, and her other amiable qualities she soon gained the hearts of Gessner's parents, who afterwards heartily rejoiced that their opposition had not prevented an union, which they regarded as the most fortunate circumstance of their son's life.

Having now traced the most remarkable events of the life of this distinguished author and artist, having accompanied the gradual development of his genius, and its progress to maturity; a few observations on his intellectual and moral character, collected from the accounts of his intimate friends, cannot fail to gratify the reader.

Gessner possessed an understanding clear and extensive, and a judgment uncommonly correct. No distinction was so slight, no shade so delicate, as to escape his acute perception. His mind was rather penetrating than comprehensive, rather aspiring than lively. It was not without difficulty that he unfolded his ideas, and to arrange them with perspicuity, he was first obliged to consider them individually. On this account, all his judgments relative to subjects not immediately connected with his own pursuits, were short, but yet invariably just, and when he attempted logical deduction, he was often at a stand. This produced a certain diffidence of the correctness of his judgment, which sometimes bordered on timidity. His natural sagacity led him to the same conclusions which the metaphysician obtains by the analytical deductions of reason; but, as he had overleaped the intermediate ideas, which were consequently enveloped in obscurity, it was very natural that he should himself sometimes doubt the accuracy of the result.

These causes rendered him unfit for the part of a states-

man or man of business. He was totally destitute of confidence in himself, a quality indispensibly necessary for those characters; nor did he possess that facility in the development of complicated matters, nor that promptitude of decision which they ought to possess in order to be prepared for every unexpected accident. Some have considered it as a proof of indifference to the interests of his native land, and others of want of capacity, that he so seldom took a part in the discussions in the public councils of his canton: but both have done him injustice. Gessner took as warm an interest in the welfare of his country as any of his fellow-citizens; and when he had occasion to speak on any point more immediately connected with his public situation, and had sufficient time to consider his subject, he discussed it with such clearness and perspicuity, that many were astonished that a man who could speak so well was heard so seldom. The fact is, Gessner never spoke merely for the sake of displaying his talents.

This perspicuity of ideas, together with the utmost precision in expressing them, was always at his command whenever he took time to analyse the subject, and to collect and combine his thoughts. Though he was incapable of expressing himself, even on matters of taste and art, with facility and with satisfaction to himself; yet, when he took up his pen, he never failed to display the utmost solidity and correctness of judgment. His Letter on Landscape Painting, his Preface to the Death of Abel, and particularly that to the Idyls, afford striking proofs of the truth of this assertion.

His immortal works are the best testimonies of his refined taste, and his tender and delicate sensibility. In few writers of any age will be found such a high degree of æsthetic and logical correctness: without the aid of any model he formed his poetic language and the enchanting har-

mony of his prose almost entirely himself. Few of his contemporaries have so well supported their reputation; almost all bear the stamp of the time in which they wrote, and some who were then esteemed classic authors, are now become obsolete. The language of Gessner is still new and fresh as at first; like Bacchus and Apollo he enjoys perpetual youth. This must doubtless be attributed to the uncommon delicacy of his taste; other writers only kept pace with the age in which they lived, but he advanced before it. What he approved has stood the test of time, but what he rejected has long been proscribed.

It was not only in those arts in which he was one of the greatest masters, that he manifested this refined sensibility. His organs were highly susceptible of the impressions of every species of beauty. His ear listened, with equal vigilance, to the magic notes of music and the harmonious cadence of the human voice. Connoisseurs have often admired the truth and the accuracy with which he, who was unacquainted with a single note, criticised the performances of composers and virtuosi.

As his understanding and his taste were general, so likewise was his sensibility. The same man who in his poems delineates with such truth the smallest beauties of nature, and the minutest charms of virtue and innocence, possessed extreme susceptibility for every thing ludicrous. His satirical humor, his comic powers, and that talent for grotesque representation, which few ever manifested in such a high degree, he exercised only in his early years, and scarcely any where but in the narrow circle of his select friends. On these occasions he exhibited less with a view to gain applause than from the amiable desire to please; and sometimes even to put an end to the urgent, and not always most agreeable importunities with which he was assailed: for his youthful friends, who knew no higher gra-

tification than the exercise of his comic talents afforded, encouraged by his good-nature, not only employed entreaties but had recourse to more cogent methods, so that he sometimes found himself in the same situation as Moliere's *Médecin malgré lui.* He then selected a theme, or took a given subject, on which he enlarged in a discourse abounding with wit and comic humor. Sometimes the entertainment consisted of a diverting story; sometimes the representation of an original character in the most ludicrous point of view: sometimes a parody upon some highly admired, popular speaker, distinguished for false wit, bombast and gross adulation; or any other fit object of satire. At the same time he seized the spirit and manner of his original with such correctness, that every idea and every expression seemed to have been snatched from the soul of the person he represented: and his discourse was heightened by a mimic action perfectly corresponding with the subject. No man ever possessed more completely the command over his features; there was not a muscle or a nerve but what he could direct at pleasure. Whenever he chose, timidity, folly, or haughty superciliousness were expressed in every trait, and defied his friends to discover in his countenance the least trace of his heart and disposition. Even on these occasions he seldom acted the *improvisatore.* He withdrew for a few moments from the apartment, and when he entered, stroke upon stroke followed each other in such rapid succession, that it was long after he had finished speaking before his auditors could recover from the convulsions of laughter which he had excited.

The late duke of Wirtemberg, while hereditary prince, was once present at the meeting of the Helvetian Society at Schinznach, and accidentally entered into conversation with Hirzel concerning Gessner. "You are far from being thoroughly acquainted with him yet;" said Hirzel, and began

to describe this particular trait in the character of his friend. The prince conceived the strongest desire to witness a specimen of his comic talents, and entreated Hirzel, if possible, to procure him that gratification. Gessner, however, refused to comply with his solicitations; conceiving that the part of a merry-andrew was not perfectly suited to his character, and that such an amusement was not exactly consonant with the purpose of their meeting. After supper, all the Helvetians, who were more than usually disposed to hilarity, were assembled in the saloon, and their request was urged with still greater warmth. They pressed round the table at which Gessner was seated, but all their entreaties were in vain. At length Count Dohna advanced into the middle of the hall. "Well then," he exclaimed, "if no one else will make diversion, I will." With these words he commenced an uncommonly droll, pantomimic dance. No sooner had Gessner cast his eye on the count, than his comic humor was suddenly excited; he sprung from his seat and joined in the dance. No evasion was now of any avail; he was compelled to perform his part. He had scarcely begun when the hall, as Homer says, rung with unextinguishable laughter. Gessner was too deeply engaged to take the least notice of what was passing around him. He awoke as from a dream, when Hirzel exclaimed: "For God's sake, give over! Don't you see these people?" One of the company was, in fact, extended on the floor and almost suffocated. The prince, who had visited almost every country and every court in Europe, declared, that he had never witnessed a scene so truly comic.

To learning, in the strict sense of the word, Gessner never made pretension; he was satisfied with those literary attainments, without which scarcely any man, however great his genius, can be accounted a classic writer. There was no subject with which he was so intimately acquainted

as the principles of painting and poetry. In the early part of his life he studied Addison's Spectator and the voluminous works of Bodmer and Breitinger with unremitting attention; and was fond of reading all the best works of criticism in general, that he could procure. Of the Latin poets, he read some in the original and others in French; the Greek poets he preferred in the Latin version, and studied Homer in Damm's German translation. On the other translators he set but little value. "These gentlemen," said he, "either by design or unintentionally, overcharge the pictures of Homer with their own coloring, with which I would gladly dispense. What the Greek Homer says with manly simplicity, Damm faithfully repeats with the simplicity of a child; but I perfectly understand him, and in his infantine prattle, I can discover the meaning of the Ionian bard much better than in the most elaborate translations." A work of which he was particularly fond, was Don Quixotte; and he generally read it once a year.

The basis of Gessner's moral character was uncommon goodness of heart, and a cheerful, serene, and contented disposition, which was pleased with every situation, and derived from every object all the pleasure it was capable of affording. He was warmly interested in the prosperity of others, and rejoiced when he could contribute towards it; he took delight in assisting the early efforts of genius, directed them by his advice, and supported them with his influence. In his youth, his taste in the choice of society was more select; he lived almost entirely for himself and the muses; he neither sought nor loved any other company than that of men of learning and talents, or of females of refined taste and cultivated understandings. He, however, gradually learned to accommodate himself to the society of persons of every class, and willingly circumscribed himself within the narrow circle of ideas of the most limited mind.

He took the greatest delight in the converse with blunt honesty, or in the sweet prattle of infantine innocence and simplicity. As soon as his own children could run alone, he was their constant companion in all his leisure hours, and took part in all their amusements. Even at a more advanced period of life, he was fond of the company of good-humored and well-behaved children. To rock them on his knee, to toss them on his foot, or to contribute in any way to their gratification, was to him a pleasure in which he could forget his most favorite occupation. That hand, which guided the pencil and the pen for immortality, was often industriously employed in making a play-thing, to afford a momentary amusement to a sprightly boy.

In society, Gessner was a most amiable companion, ever intent on enlivening the conversation by innocent wit, humor and raillery; full of ingenuous openness to his friends, and of condescending and delicate attention to those with whom he was less acquainted. For every good quality he manifested the acutest observation, but for foibles and defects he appeared to have neither an eye nor an ear. Arrogant pride and shameless impudence must have proceeded to very great lengths, before they could weary his patience. His displeasure seldom manifested itself but by the extreme embarrassment into which he seemed to be thrown by his anxiety to conceal his contempt. If he ever shewed a disposition to anger, it was only when rude ignorance, mistaking his almost inexhaustible good-nature and his unassuming simplicity, ventured to make him the butt of shallow wit and pitiful raillery. In such cases an expressive look and a keen reply never failed to remove the scoffer to a respectful distance.

It is natural to suppose that his great reputation attracted a crowd of visitors, who could not but be very troublesome to a man of his industrious turn. Gessner never

courted a visit, nor did he ever refuse one. His door was opened alike to the humble pedestrian and the prince, and to none more readily than to the man of merit. By one traveller of the latter description, he thought himself amply compensated for the interruption of twenty curious visitors, who had come hundreds of miles to deprive him of a valuable hour, in which they had nothing to say, but that they likewise knew something of him. On this subject he never complained but to his most intimate friends, or to his wife. Sometimes indeed it happened, that he, who was no adept in the arts of deception, was incapable of entirely concealing his vexation from some one, who had the misfortune to follow several of those unpleasant intruders. This, if the stranger was a man of feeling, naturally produced some effect on him; but no sooner did Gessner perceive it, than his excellent heart was filled with regret, and he endeavored, by every method in his power, to repair his fault. Thus one day when he was engaged particularly *con amore* on one of his pictures, he was continually interrupted by strangers. One, or perhaps a whole company had scarcely quitted him, before others were announced, and each visit was more insignificant and uninteresting than the preceding. At length when evening approached, he consoled himself with the certain prospect of being able to devote a few hours undisturbed to his favorite employment, and retired to his room. He had no sooner seated himself than some person knocked at the door. A hasty—"Come in!" and a loud ejaculation of ill-humor announced his temper to the stranger. The door opened, and a little, meagre man entered; pressed by indigence, he was endeavoring to obtain some petty, civil office. Stammering and trembling he began to explain his errand; but Gessner would not suffer him to proceed. Moved and ashamed, as soon as he had learned his business, he offered him his hand, accom-

panied him down stairs, and dismissed him with condescending affability.

It is natural to conclude, that a person of the character already described, added to his other good qualities, modesty, a virtue of which true greatness is seldom deficient, and which never fails to accompany true wisdom. Gessner possessed it in an extraordinary degree. A person who did not know him might have passed weeks and months in his company, without suspecting him to be an author, and still less one who was read and admired by every nation. Even after his fame was firmly established, he still listened with all the eager attention of a young beginner, incapable of appreciating his own merits, to the criticisms of his friends. Nor did he trust entirely to their words; for when he read to them any of his performances, his penetrating eye frequently stole a glance at the countenances of his auditors. When he shewed any of his pictures, he was himself silent, and heard with pleasure, not only the opinions of good judges, but likewise the artless observations of every person who possessed any taste for the beautiful. Of his works he very rarely spoke, even when the fairest opportunity presented itself; and such was his reserve in this point, that some of his intimate friends have declared, that they never once heard him mention the subject.

While Gessner lived he was the centre, around which moved all the men of genius, taste and talents, and all the friends of sound reason at Zurich. Twice a week he had assemblies at his house, which were frequented by the magistrates, literati and artists. His ordinary companions were Wyss, Hirzel, Steinbrüchel, Tobler,* Korrodi, Vögeli,

* After Gessner's death Tobler has more than once been heard to express himself concerning his friend to the following effect: "Gessner," said he, "embellished the spring of my life, and amid all the pleasing

Näfe, Henry Füssli, Meiss, Leonhard Meister, Bürkli and his brother-in-law Heidegger.

In the early part of his life he used to pass the summer in a house delightfully situated in a charming country near the river Limmat. In his latter years he occupied a simple, but convenient mansion in the midst of the Sihlwald, a forest of which he was inspector. The house stood in a small romantic valley, traversed by the river Sihl, and bordered by rocky precipices, whose summits are crowned with woods of lofty pines. Thither he was followed by his friends, who enjoyed in his company golden days.

His country loved and honored him as one of her most meritorious children. Though he neither courted, nor felt himself qualified for political honors, yet he had scarcely attained the age prescribed by the laws before he was elected a member of the daily council.

His life, which had glided away like a placid stream through a flowery valley, was gently terminated by an apoplectic seizure, of which he expired on the 2d of March, 1788. A monument, on which Nature and Poetry are represented weeping over his urn, was erected to his memory by some of his fellow-citizens, in a charming spot in his favorite walk near the confluence of the Sihl and the Limmat.

Several admirers of his muse have expressed their gratitude and respect for his memory in a similar manner. Among these monuments is one in the celebrated gardens

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recollections of the agreeable scenes of youth his image is always present to my view. Often have we shortened the tedious winter evenings by reading the poets; and almost every time that I visited him, he welcomed me with some new production of his fascinating pen. His house was such an academy of the arts and sciences as kings are unable to create."

of Arlesheim and another in the English park of prince Lewis Batthyani in Hungary. A monument has likewise been erected to the wife of the poet by his Hungarian translator, M. von Kazincy, who has thus paid a handsome tribute to the personified muse of Gessner; for it is well known that in all his works, both as a poet and a painter, he never failed to avail himself of the delicate taste she possessed.

By his union with Mademoiselle Heidegger, Gessner left three children. His daughter has since bestowed her hand on M. Zellweger, a partner in one of the most flourishing mercantile houses in Switzerland. His eldest son has inherited his talent for the arts, and the youngest, who in 1796 married an amiable daughter of the celebrated Wieland, continues the business conducted with so much credit by his father and grand-father.

From all that has been said concerning the author of these volumes, it appears with what justice we may apply to him his own words, dictated, doubtless, by the presentiment of that immortality which awaited him—"Succeeding generations justly revere the urn of the poet, whom the Muses themselves inspired to teach the world innocence and virtue. His fame survives when the trophies of the conqueror are mouldered into dust; when the splendid mausoleum of the inglorious monarch is scattered among the wild bushes of the desert, and its moss-covered ruins serve only to afford an occasional resting place to the way-lost wanderer."—He not only inculcated virtue by his precepts, but he enforced those precepts by his example; and thus established a claim to the love as well as the admiration of posterity. The moral purity which pervades every part of his works must ever be considered his chief praise; to youthful innocence they may be with safety

entrusted, for they tend to excite none but virtuous emotions in the uncorrupted heart; and of their amiable author it may with truth be said that he left "no line which dying he might wish to blot."

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

	Page
PREFACE TO THE DEATH OF ABEL	1
DEATH OF ABEL, BOOK THE FIRST	7
..... SECOND	24
..... THIRD	51
..... FOURTH	75
..... FIFTH	104
THE FIRST NAVIGATOR, BOOK THE FIRST	135
..... SECOND	153
INTRODUCTORY LETTERS TO DAPHNIS	171
DAPHNIS, BOOK THE FIRST	173
..... SECOND	204
..... THIRD	233

THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE now ventured on a loftier subject, to discover whether my abilities were equal to greater attempts than those in which I have hitherto employed them; a curiosity which every man ought to feel. We frequently discourage a poet, who has succeeded in one branch of his art, by endeavoring to confine him to that particular sphere, as if he had discovered the bent of his genius, and had displayed the extent of his powers, though his choice was perhaps determined rather by exterior circumstances or by accident, than by any peculiar impulse. If even the world owed no tribute of respect to the poet who attempts the sublimer subjects of song, yet he will derive sufficient internal gratification, from the composition of a more extensive performance. To fill up the outline of a grand and comprehensive plan, to explore the most secret springs of actions, to delineate characters, and to detail circumstances with clearness and perspicuity, affords a thousand pleasures. All nature is to him an inexhaustible magazine of all that is or all

that can exist, from which his fancy selects every thing that can embellish his favorite subject: his whole soul is in action and talents must be developed, which would probably have lain dormant for ever.

But it may be objected by some, if this practice were universal, we should have nothing but epic poems and tragedies. Those who entertain such apprehensions must be informed, that I only mean to assert, that this species of composition affords the author infinitely greater and more varied pleasures, than performances of smaller extent, and the same observation must, in my opinion, apply to the reader. Many, it is true, have not sufficient time and leisure for undertakings of magnitude; most are withheld by very different occupations; many are deterred from the prosecution of the hardy attempt and pay their court to some other Muse that is less coy; so that we shall still have master-pieces in every department of poetry. It is not my intention to depreciate any of them; for though I wish for more Homers, I nevertheless think, that Æsop and Anacreon deserve the admiration of the world.

That I have selected my present subject from the sacred writings will be a matter of wonder to some and of offence to others. The latter are principally people advanced in years, who are prevented by very different pursuits from turning their attention to the productions of modern poetry; who burn with honest zeal for the dignity of religion, and who have, from

their youth, entertained prejudices against poetry, with which they are acquainted only from the trifling performances the German muse then had to boast, and which, with the exception of very few, were neither known nor esteemed. At that time a poet was considered in the light of a jester or merry-andrew. To these I would beg to remark, and to these only I address myself—for with those who have perused the scriptural poems with so little sense of their beauties as to attach criminality to this attempt, it would be as ridiculous to expostulate as to carry a lantern before a blind man—to the former, I say, I would beg to remark, that poetry has ever followed in the train of religion, and been of service to its interests, because it affords the most suitable medium for expressing sentiments of virtue and devotion. Its tendency should be to afford refined delight to the understanding and to improve the heart; to polish the mind and render it susceptible to every thing that is excellent, even when most sportive, its wit should be chastened, and it should inculcate the abhorrence of every idea that is profane, indelicate or obscene.

For poetry of any other kind I entertain a sovereign contempt, but when it answers to the preceding description, it is not unworthy to borrow its materials from religion. It selects a subject from the sacred writings, because their authenticity is not disputed by any one, who professes himself a christian, and because they are more interesting to him than any other his-

tory. There too, the muse has an opportunity of shewing, in the clearest manner, the influence of genuine religion on the mind of man in every situation. Deducing the different characters from their history, it seeks, by a combination of the most probable circumstances, to develope and to place them in the clearest and most instructive light. If the attempt, indeed, be made by persons whose talents and judgment are inadequate to the task, it is possible that more mischief than advantage might result from their productions; but are not all bad expositions liable to the same objection?

It may likewise be observed, that the liberty I have taken is one which has hitherto been permitted by all nations, and which, even at the period of the Reformation, passed without censure. At that time dramas taken from the bible, and whose virtuous tendency only could atone for their want of poetical merit, were allowed to be publicly performed.

But, it may again be objected, in this manner the bible will become a mere fable. Has this, I would ask, been the fate of any history? Homer and Virgil have taken their subjects from ancient history; yet I never heard, that any one was so preposterous as to think of supplying the details of history from their performances, or to forget that they were poets and not historians.

There is another class of readers, that have too much refinement to be pleased with heroes who converse only

on the subject of religion, who are always serious and destitute of all pretensions to wit. If their characters are correctly delineated according to their manners and mode of thinking, how very different must they be from the habits and fashions of the present times! What simplicity of language and manners! They must appear just as ridiculous to the fashionable world as Homer's heroes appeared to many of the French, because they were not of their nation. To such, therefore, I will say in confidence, that being like them young, anxious to obtain applause, and particularly desirous of procuring their suffrages, I will endeavor to model the same subject in such a manner as to please them. I will try to introduce into it a love intrigue, (for what is an epic poem without one?) Abel shall be a languishing petit-maitre *and Cain a coarse Russian captain; and not a word shall proceed from the lips of Adam which would not become a hoary Frenchman, perfectly acquainted with the world.*

THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

. . . . . Paulo majora can amus
Non omnes arbusta juvant humiles myricæ.
Virg. Eccl. IV.

BOOK I.

Introduction—Abel and Thirza—Abel's morning hymn—Adam and Eve—Mehala—Cain's soliloquy—Conversation in the bower—Adam expostulates with Cain—Anguish of Adam—Cain's repentance—His reconciliation with his brother—Mehala and Thirza prepare a repast in the bower.

I NOW aspire to sing a lofty strain, the situation of our first parents after their lamentable fall, and him, who, sacrificed by his brother's fury, first mingled his dust with the parent earth. Repose now, soft rustic pipe, with which I once chaunted the amiable simplicity and the manners of rural life. Assist me, O Muse! who inspirest the poet's soul, when musing in the tranquil solitude of the midnight hour, either in the mild radiance of the moon, in the obscurity of the grove, or on the shadowed banks of the sequestered stream. When holy transport fills his soul, his fervid imagination soars aloft, and undaunted speeds its flight through created na-

ture, to the remoter regions of possibility, where it collects rich stores of the marvellous and the beautiful. With these treasures it returns to rear the motley structure, while cautious reason, asserting her mild dominion, assumes the inspection over the work, approves, rejects, and seeks harmonious combinations. How swiftly fly the golden hours of sublime enjoyment devoted to the delightful occupation! He is abundantly compensated for watching amidst the cricket's music, till the rising of the morning-star, who obtains the love and esteem of those, whose refined taste is delighted with all that is beautiful, and who excites in hearts endowed with sensibility sentiments of virtue. Succeeding generations justly revere the poet's urn embraced by the aged ivy, whom the muses themselves inspired to teach the world innocence and virtue. His fame survives with undiminished lustre when the trophies of the conqueror are mouldered into dust; when the splendid mausoleum of the inglorious monarch is scattered amidst the wild bushes of the desert, and its moss-covered ruins serve only to afford an occasional resting-place to the way-lost wanderer. This celebrity nature has indeed granted to very few; to emulate them is a laudable attempt. To this object be my solitary walks and all my lonely hours devoted!

The silent hours led on the rosy morning and besprinkled the shadowy earth with dew; the sun, darting his first beams behind the black cedars of the mountain, gilded with glowing tints the clouds that floated through the dawning heavens, when Abel and his beloved Thirza quitted their habitation, and repaired to a neighboring bower of jessamine and roses. Love and innocence beamed from

the blue eyes of Thirza, irresistible charms played upon her blooming cheeks, and her light tresses, flowing over her youthful bosom and falling down her back, entwined her slender waist. It was thus she walked by Abel's side. His brown locks thickly shadowed his elevated brow, and played about his shoulders; contemplative dignity was mingled with the sweetness of his countenance; decked with manly beauty, he appeared like an angel, who is sent by the Lord to soothe the last moments of the expiring sinner, or to convey a joyful answer to the prayer of the solitary saint: though enveloped in the veil of mortality, yet the exquisite beauty which beams through it proclaims him an inhabitant of heaven. Thirza looked at him with a tender smile and said: "My beloved! now, when the birds hail the return of morn, sing I intreat thee, the hymn thou yesterday composedst in the mead. What is more delightful than to praise the Lord? When thou singest my heart expands with holy transport, while thou givest utterance to the sensations which I can only feel, but am incapable of expressing!" Abel, embracing her, replied: "Every request of thy dear lips shall be obeyed, my Thirza! every wish I read in thine eyes shall be gratified. We will seat ourselves here on the soft moss, and I will then sing the hymn." They seated themselves beside each other in the fragrant bower, whose entrance was gilded by the morning sun, and Abel thus began:

"Retire, O sleep! from every eye; disperse, ye hovering dreams! reason returns to illumine the soul, as the landscape is illumined by the morning sun. Hail, lovely sun, behind the cedars! by thee all nature is decked with renovated splendor. Re-

tire, O sleep! from every eye; retire ye hovering dreams to the shades of night. Where are they, the shades of night? They have fled to the recesses of the grove, and the caverns of the rocks, and await us there or in the umbrageous bower, to yield us refreshing coolness amidst the sultry heat of noon. There, where the early morning-beams awake the eagle, what exhalations, arising from the glistening summits of the rocks and the mountain's brow, ascend into the pure atmosphere, like the incense of burnt-offerings from the altar? It is Nature which thus celebrates the return of morn, and offers up her thanks to the Lord of the creation. To him shall praise ascend from every creature, to him, the maker and the preserver of all things. To praise him the opening flowers diffuse their early odors; to him innumerable tribes of feathered songsters aloft in the air, or from the branches of the trees, pour forth their grateful melody. To praise him, the lion quits his den, and the deserts resound the tremendous roar in which he expresses his delight. Praise him, O my soul! praise the Lord, the Creator and Preserver; but chief let the thanksgivings of man ascend to thee, let him praise thee while every other creature yet slumbers, ere yet the accents of the feathered warbler are heard from the lofty branches or from the waving spray. Let my lonely voice be heard in the twilight and awaken every creature to join in his praise. Excellent and lovely is the creation in which he has displayed to us unworthy sinners his wisdom and his goodness. All my senses drink delight at this inexhaustible ocean of beauty, and convey it my ravished soul. How can we utter thy praises, O almighty Being!

Abel's morning song.

Was it not infinite goodness that prompted thee to quit the sacred silence which reigned around thy eternal throne, to call forth creation from nothing and this immeasurable fabric of the world from the bosom of night? When, at his nod, the sun goes forth to chace the shades of night, when Nature shines in renovated beauty, and every slumbering animal awakes to pay its tribute of gratitude, art thou not, dewy morning, an image of the creation, a picture of that morn when the Creator hovered over the new-formed earth? Profound silence pervaded the uninhabited expanse. At the voice of the Almighty myriads of beings, infinitely varied in form and in beauty, fluttering on variegated wings, soared aloft into the air, and sported in the flowery meadows, among the bushes or in the shady branches; their warblings resounded through the astonished groves, and the air rung with the praises of the Creator. He again spoke and called forth into existence all the animals which people the surface of the earth. At his command the shapeless clod assumed innumerable forms; the horse bounds over the turf from which he sprung, and neighing shakes his flowing mane; the majestic lion, scarcely disengaged from the cumbrous mass, endeavors for the first time to raise his terrific voice; a hill heaves with life, and the unwieldy elephant stalks forth. Thus were innumerable voices at once employed in the praise of the Creator. Thus thou each morning callest thy creatures from the impotence of sleep; they awake, they behold around them the richness of thy bounties, and join in a general chorus of praise. The time will come, when the whole earth shall be peopled with

men; then, O then, shall thy sacred altars blaze on every hill; from every grove and every mead shall thanks and praises ascend to thee, when the morning sun awakes the nations scattered over the surface of the earth."

Thus sang Abel by the side of his beloved, who still sat listening with devout attention; then throwing her snowy arm around his neck, she gazed on him with tenderness, and said: "O my beloved, with what sublime devotion is my soul filled by thy strains! Thy affectionate care not only protects my feebler frame, but my soul is elevated under thy direction. When it has lost its way and sees nought around but obscurity, and sinks down in holy astonishment, thou raisest it up, dispellest the gloom, and changest silent surprise into profound adoration. Ah! how often—in truth, in every solitary moment—I return thanks to the eternal goodness with tears of joy, for having created us for each other, for that perfect unison in all the thoughts of our souls, in all the wishes of our hearts."

As she spoke, the tenderest and purest love gave inexpressible sweetness to every tone of her voice and to every gesture. Abel answered not, but the affection with which he gazed on her, the fervor with which he pressed her to his bosom spoke his sensations better than any words could have expressed them. Ah! how happy was man, when enjoying content he required nothing of the earth but the fruits which it willingly yielded, when he asked nothing of heaven but virtue and health; before his dissatisfaction created insatiable wishes, invented innumerable wants, and buried his happiness beneath splendid misery. What more did

They are joined by Adam and Eve and Mehala.

mankind then require to unite themselves in the tenderest ties than love and virtue? No virtuous pair, formed by heaven for each other, then consumed their days in hopeless affliction, because penury and wretchedness threatened to embitter their future lives, or, because their passion was thwarted by parental pride and tyrannical ambition.

They were still seated when Adam and Eve approached; they had overheard the morning song and the conversation of Abel and Thirza, and they now entered the bower and embraced their children; whose happiness and virtue filled them with the sincerest joy that ever smiled on the cheeks of affectionate parents. Mehala, the wife of Cain, had likewise entered the bower; Cain's harsh and impetuous disposition had imprinted sadness on her brow, and diffused a soft melancholy in her black eyes; paleness overspread her cheeks, around which waved her dark tresses. When Thirza embraced her beloved, and expressed her transport at being created for him, Mehala, who witnessed their endearments without the bower, was unable to refrain from weeping; but drying her tears, she entered the arbour with a friendly smile, and saluted her brother and sister with tender affection. Cain, who was at this moment passing by the bower, had likewise heard Abel's song and seen with what transport his parents embraced him. "What raptures!" said he, fixing his indignant looks on the bower. "What embraces! only because he has sung a song. He may well sing and compose hymns, as he must otherwise pass his time in sleep, when idly reclining by his flock in the shade. The sun scorches me, at my rugged toil; I have neither

leisure nor inclination for singing. When I have performed the labors of the day my weary limbs require repose, and morning wakes me to new exertions. But that soft, indolent youth, who would soon sink beneath the oppressive weight of my toils, they every where pursue with their tears of joy and their tender embraces. I hate such effeminate tenderness; but me they teaze not with their caresses, though condemned during the live-long day to till the unwilling soil. How they flow—those tears of joy!"

Thus saying, he passed by to his field. They had overheard his words in the bower. Mehala, paler than before, sank on Thirza's shoulder, and wept; Eve, sorrowfully reclining on her husband, likewise wept over her first-born. "My beloved parent," said Abel, "I will follow my brother to the field; I will embrace him; I will say every thing that fraternal love can suggest. I will embrace him, and he shall not leave my arms till he promises to banish all resentment from his bosom, till he promises to love me. Ah! I have examined my whole heart and soul, to discover how I may gain my brother's affection; often have I endeavored by my tenderness to open the way to his heart; often have I penetrated it and anew enkindled his expiring love; but alas! the gloom of envy and discontent as often returns and extinguishes the flame."

"My beloved Abel," replied his sorrowful father, I will myself go to him; I will say every thing that paternal affection and reason can urge. O Cain! Cain! with what gloomy anxiety dost thou fill my heart! Is it possible that the passions can

rage with such tremendous violence in the bosom of the sinner, and extinguish every spark of virtue and affection! Wretch that I am, what dark forebodings terrify my soul, when I look forward and contemplate the miseries of my descendants! O sin! sin! what dreadful ravages thou committest in the human soul!" Thus spoke Adam, and in pensive melancholy left the bower and repaired to the field of his first-born. Cain perceiving him approaching, desisted from his labor and thus addressed him: "Why that sternness in my father's looks? It was not with such a countenance thou embracedst my brother. I read reproaches in thine eyes.

Adam, in accents of mingled sorrow and tenderness, replied: "Be saluted, my first-born! The consciousness of having deserved reproach causes thee to discover displeasure in my eyes. Yes, Cain, thou deservest reproaches! The grief, the anguish thou hast implanted in thy father's breast bring me hither."

"Not affection," answered Cain, "that belongs only to Abel."

"Yes Cain, affection," replied Adam; heaven is my witness that it was likewise affection. These tears, this grief, this incessant anxiety which torments me, and her, who with pain gave thee birth, these melancholy days and restless nights—what are they but the effect of the most tender love? O Cain! Cain! if thou lovedst us it would be the object of thy dutiful solicitude to dry the tears of anguish from our cheeks, to dispel the gloomy melancholy which embitters our lives. O! if yet thy heart retains any reverence for that Being who sees

into the inmost recesses of thy soul, if a spark of filial love yet glows in thy bosom; by that love, I implore thee to restore to us our lost tranquillity, our extinguished joys! Cherish no longer in thy soul this obduracy, this gloomy resentment against him whose affectionate heart is earnestly desirous to eradicate this noxious weed from thy bosom. O Cain! is it possible that our tears of joy, that the rapture which the exalted purity of his piety and his virtue excite within us, should have filled thy soul with rage and indignation? The angels who hover around us, behold with extacy every virtuous action; the Almighty himself looks down from his throne upon them with gracious approbation. Wouldst thou change the nature of beauty and virtue? It is not in our power, or if it were could we resolve, O Cain! to resist those soft, those rapturous emotions and those sublime pleasures with which they fill the soul? The rolling thunder, or the horrors of the midnight tempest, call forth no smile upon the cheek; nor can the violence and the tumult of ungovernable passions produce pleasure in the human breast."

Cain answered: "Am I then doomed to hear nothing but these bitter reproaches? If I cannot dress my face in smiles, nor bid the tears of tenderness to overflow my eyes, shall my more manly firmness be branded with the most odious vices? Bolder enterprises and severer toils have ever been my choice; that sternness which nature has imprinted on my brow I cannot convert into soft smiles and tears. Can the eagle coo like the harmless dove?

Adam, with majestic gravity replied: "Wilt

thou deceive thyself? Wilt thou carefully conceal from thy observation those baleful passions which thou oughtest to subdue? O Cain, it is not manly firmness, that is imprinted on thy brow; thy countenance and thy whole deportment bespeak envy and discontent: these have spread around thee dreary obscurity. Hence this murmuring at thy labor, this unkind behavior to us all, and this inquietude. Could we, O could we banish the melancholy gloom, could we inspire thee with happiness serene as the vernal morn, then would our most ardent wish be gratified. But, Cain, what cause hast thou for uneasiness? Are not all the sources of felicity open to thee? Doth not Nature offer thee all her charms? Is not every happiness, every pleasure which nature, reason and virtue bestow on us, likewise presented to thee? But thou leavest those blessings untasted, unenjoyed, and complainest of misery. Or art thou dissatisfied with that portion of happiness which it has pleased the eternal Goodness to confer on fallen sinners? Dost thou envy the lot of angels? Know that discontent could enter even the bosoms of angels, they aspired to become gods and forfeited heaven. Dost thou arraign the decrees of the Creator, who with infinite wisdom presides over the destiny of his sinful creatures? While all created beings join in his praise, shall a mortal, a worm raise his head from the dust, and presume to murmur against him, whose nod governs the heavens; whose almighty goodness is attested by universal nature; whose all-seeing eye penetrates into the dark bosom of futurity, and who can cause evil to be productive of good? O my son, my first-born! let discontent no longer

overcloud every cheerful prospect, and conceal from thy view every source of happiness!"

"What avail these admonitions?" cried Cain, angrily. "I know that if I could be cheerful every object around me would smile and be serene as the morning! Can I command the tempest to cease and the impetuous torrent to stand still? I was doomed from my birth to misery; on the nativity of the first-born the Almighty has pronounced his severest malediction. Those sources of happiness and delight of which you take such cheering draughts, flow not for me."

"Ah! my son!" exclaimed Adam, while tears bedewed his cheeks; "yes—alas! on all the offspring of woman has the divine malediction fallen. But, my beloved son! why should God have poured on thee, our first-born, a greater portion of his wrath than on us, the first transgressors? He whose goodness is infinite could not have made such a distinction.—No, Cain! thou wast not born to misery; the Almighty has called into existence none of his creatures to make them unhappy. Man may indeed render himself wretched; by neglecting to enjoy the happiness bestowed on him, he plunges himself into misery. When reason is silenced by the tumult of raging passions, and is subdued by the violence of impure, ungovernable desires, man must be wretched; he converts the blessings of life into sources of misery. Thou canst not command the tempest to cease and the impetuous torrent to stand still, but thou mayst call forth reason to dispel the gloom which overshadows thy soul. Reason can calm the tumult in thy bosom. At her voice every vain wish, every sordid desire, and

Anguish of Adam at the obduracy of his son.

every boisterous passion vanish like vapors before the rising sun. Ah, Cain! I have seen tears of rapture bedew thy cheek, when consciousness of a virtuous action has raised within thy soul the glow of delight. Tell me, Cain, wast thou not then happy? Was not thy soul serene—serene as the unclouded sun? Recal that emanation of the Deity—Reason; then will her companion, Virtue, convey every pleasure to thy heart, then will every source of happiness flow also for thee. O listen to my admonitions, my son! The first duty which returning reason imposes, is to go and embrace thy brother; with what joy will he receive thee! with what tenderness will he press thee to his bosom!"

"I will embrace him," said Cain, "when I return from the field; my labor now requires my care. I will embrace him. But never shall my firmer soul be softened to that effeminate tenderness, which so strongly endears him to you, and draws so many tears of rapture from your eyes; to that tenderness which brought down a curse upon all mankind, when thou, yielding to a woman's tears—But, wretch that I am! I was about to reproach thee. I reverence thee; my father, and am silent." Thus spoke Cain, and returned to his labor.

Adam stood motionless; tears of anguish streamed from his eyes. "Oh Cain, Cain!" he exclaimed, "I feel, alas! that I have deserved thy reproaches, but yet thou shouldst have spared thy father; thou shouldst have forborne a charge which like a peal of thunder bursts upon my soul. Thus—O horrible, O cruel presentiment—thus will my descendants, when wallowing in guilt and overtaken by its punishment, trample upon my dust and

curse the first sinner!" Thus spoke Adam, and with his face bowed towards the earth, sorrowfully withdrew. He frequently lifted up his eyes to heaven; loud sighs burst from his tortured heart and he wrang his hands in speechless agony. Cain beheld his anguish, and exclaimed: "How he wrings his hands! how he sobs and weeps!—and I have reproached him—I have bitterly reproached my fond and indulgent parent! Whither does my madness drive me! Hell itself rages in my soul. It is I—yes I, who spread the gloom of torturing anxiety around them, who embitter and destroy every pleasure of their lives. Wretch, thou art not worthy to associate with men, thou shouldst dwell among the savage beasts that prowl in the desert. He is already at a distance and yet I still hear his sighs, as with unsteady and faltering steps he retires.—Shall I hasten after him, shall I embrace his knees, and by all that is sacred implore his forgiveness? Yes—I am sensible that my misery proceeds not from external causes: it is in my own unguarded heart that those black clouds arise, whose tempests chace every joy from me and them. O reason, virtue, return! calm the wild tumult, and extinguish this hell which rages in my bosom. See, yonder stands my father, motionless; his up-lifted hands announce the attitude of prayer. I will hasten and throw myself in the dust at his feet, wretch that I am!"

Cain then hastened to his father, who was leaning exhausted against a tree. His weeping eyes were immoveably fixed on the ground. This sight deeply affected the heart of his son, who fell at his feet and embraced his knees. He looked up at his father, while tears trickled from his eyes, and said:

Cain's contrition.

" Forgive me, my father!—But I am not worthy to call thee by that name; if thou shouldst turn from me with horror, it is no more than I deserve. But see, O see these tears of repentance, behold my anguish and forgive me!—I, wretch that I am, was deaf to thy exhortations, but when thou retiredst weeping and wringing thy hands, horror thrilled my soul, roused me from my apathy, and now, now I weep at thy feet, I acknowledge my depravity, I see with abhorrence the passions which had taken possession of my soul, and implore forgiveness of the Almighty, of thee, my father, of my brother, and of all whom I have offended."

" Arise, Cain! arise, my son! that I may embrace thee," stammered the astonished father, and pressed him with fervor to his heart. " That Being who dwelleth in the heavens beholds with pleasure these thy repentant tears. Embrace me, my son, my beloved son!—O how hast thou changed my grief to joy! O blissful hour, in which my son, my first-born, restores peace, tranquillity and every delicious sensation to our bosoms, in which he embraces me with tears of tenderness. Embrace me, support me, my son! The excess of my joy overpowers me. But let us not delay; let us go, that thou may'st also embrace thy brother."

They were now proceding to seek him in the pasture, when Abel, accompanied by his mother, with Mehala and Thirza, approached them from behind a thicket. They had followed Adam, unperceived, and had witnessed the scene, behind the bushes, by which they were concealed. Abel ran with open arms to meet his brother; he embraced him, and pressed him to his heart; he wept, and

was incapable of expressing his transport. "My brother, O my brother," he at length exclaimed, "and dost thou love me! Let me, O let me hear it from thy lips! Thou lovest me—O inexpressible delight!"

"Yes, brother, I love thee," replied Cain, embracing him. "Canst thou, O can you all forgive me my unkindness? Can you forgive me for having so long disturbed your peace, for having embittered your lives with anxiety and grief? My soul, darting forth like lightning from the surrounding gloom, has dispersed the furious tempest. The weeds which prevented the seeds of virtue from springing up in my bosom are eradicated, and shall never be suffered to grow again. Forgive me, my brother, and never may the memory of my past misconduct disturb our future felicity!"

"Never, never!" replied Abel, pressing him still more closely to his heart. "Should we not forget the transient uneasiness of a nightly dream, when we awake on a spring morning, and delight and rapture pervade our souls? O Cain, Cain! O that words could express my joy, could describe to thee half my transport! I can only weep, only press thee to my breast and weep."

While the brothers were thus locked in each other's embrace, Eve, with tears of joy, beheld the tender scene. "O my children!" she exclaimed, "my beloved children! Never since first I heard thy lips, my first-born! lisp the sweet name of mother; never have I felt such rapturous sensations! What an oppressive burthen is removed from my soul, with what happiness and with what exquisite delight is it now pervaded! Now will each

smiling hour pass away crowned with pleasure! Harmony and peace are restored to my offspring, to those whom I nourished at my breast. Yes, I am like a fruitful vine, which bears sweet grapes; and is blessed by the passenger for its delicious fruit. Embrace my children! embrace! and now come, let me kiss away every tear from your eyes, each of those precious tears with which fraternal affection has bedewed your cheeks!" Thus said Eve, and with inexpressible transport embraced her sons. Mehala and Thirza likewise embraced them, while their eyes overflowed with tears of extacy. "O Thirza!" said Cain's spouse to her sister, "what unspeakable felicity! Let this day be a day of joy! Let us go; we will strew the fairest flowers on the table in the bower; we will collect the finest fruits which our trees afford; this day shall be spent in the enjoyment of our happiness." Joy gave wings to their feet and they hastened away to perform the pleasing task.

Cain and Abel went hand in hand, and Adam and Eve, filled with the most exquisite delight, walked beside them towards the hill. When they arrived, the sisters had already spread the repast of various fruits in the shadiest bower, which they had decorated with fragrant flowers; brilliant colors and delicious odors, combined to gratify their senses. They seated themselves to their temperate noontide repast, accompanied by cheerfulness and joy; the hours passed rapidly away in agreeable converse and mild evening arrived.

BOOK II.

Conversation in the bower—Abel requests Adam to relate the events subsequent to the fall—Eve commences the narrative—Her farewel of Paradise—Adam continues the narration—The storm—They pass the first night in a cave—The dead bird—They arrive at a hill where they resolve to fix their residence—Adam finds some sheep—Visit of an angel—Adam's conversation with him—Message of the Almighty—Adam erects an altar—Winter—Return of Spring—The Sacrifice—Birth of Cain, of Mehala, Abel, and Thirza—Conclusion.

WHILE with hearts full of rapture they sat in the bower, the father of men thus said: "Now, my beloved children, now we experience what exquisite delight pervades the soul after a good action; we feel that nothing but the practice of virtue can render us truly happy. By virtue we are elevated to that felicity enjoyed by the pure spirits who inhabit the celestial regions. On the contrary, every impure and unruly passion drags us down and hurries us along into gloomy labyrinths, where we are tormented by inquietude, anguish, misery and remorse. O Eve! could we have imagined, when, hand in hand, we bade adieu to the blissful scenes of Paradise, when we were the only inhabitants of the extended earth, that so much felicity was yet to be enjoyed in a world cursed for our transgression?"

Eve begins to relate the events subsequent to the fall.

When Adam ceased speaking, Abel thus addressed him: "Father, now while the lovely evening approaches, if nothing prevents thy longer stay in this bower, if the solitary twilight does not summon thee to more serious meditations, listen to my request, and relate to us once more the events of that time when thou and my beloved mother were the only inhabitants of the earth."

All now fixed their eyes in silent expectation on Adam, impatient to know whether he would comply with Abel's request. "How," said he, "can I refuse to gratify thy wish on this joyful occasion. I will relate to you the events of those days in which sinners were cheered by such great promises, in which they experienced such unmerited grace and mercy. Eve, where shall I commence my narrative? Shall I begin with the melancholy moment of our departure from Paradise? But, my beloved, a tear already trembles in thine eye!" "Begin," said Eve, "with the time when, with streaming eyes I looked back for the last time on Eden's blissful bowers, and sank on thy bosom. But, the sensations I then experienced, permit me to describe myself; to spare my feelings, thou wouldst pass too lightly over those dreadful scenes.

"The flaming sword of the angel now waved at a distance behind us: with soothing compassion he had conducted us out of Paradise, he had reminded us of the promises and the infinite goodness of our offended Creator. We had descended to the earth, where we wandered through solitary deserts. Here we found no Eden, we walked not among blooming flowers and fragrant groves; they were thinly scattered over the surface of the barren soil, like islands

on the extended ocean.* The vast earth, one dreary wilderness lay before us. Hand in hand we passed along; I frequently turned aside to weep, and ventured not to raise my eyes to the dear object at my side, the victim of my guilt, the partner of my misery. With eyes fixed on the ground he walked beside me; then looking up, he gazed at the country around us, and afterwards at me; he saw my tears, and with speechless emotion pressed me sobbing to his bosom. We were now descending the brow of a hill, and the lofty Eden was gradually vanishing from our view. I paused, looked back, and thus lamented: 'O Paradise, my native soil, perhaps I shall never more behold thy blissful bowers, in which thou, my beloved! if I may still call thee by that tender name, desiredst a help-mate of thy creator, and from thy own side receivedst her who destroyed thy felicity! Ye flowers reared by

* The author appears to have been guilty of some inconsistency in putting this simile into the mouth of Eve. He seems to have forgotten for a moment the simplicity and comparative ignorance which must have prevailed in the first ages, and to have blended with it ideas arising from a knowledge of the constitution and formation of the earth, that could only have been acquired at a much later period. The reader will perceive from various parts of this performance that the author must have been intimately acquainted with the immortal work of Milton, in which the poet represents the arch-angel Michael shewing to Adam from the summit of a lofty hill the whole earth extended beneath him, and the scenes that were to take place upon it. Gessner undoubtedly carried with him that idea when perusing the above passage; but yet it appears extremely improbable that Eve should use a comparison which could not possibly be familiar either to herself or her children. T.

my care for whom do ye now diffuse your fragrance? Ye shady bowers, who now walks in your aromatic twilight? Ye blooming shrubs; ye groves, for whom now ripen your various fruits? Never shall I behold you again; that balsamic air is too pure, that spot is too sacred, for a being contaminated by sin. Alas! how is man fallen! the friend of angels, he who issued so pure, so happy from the hands of his Creator! And thou too art fallen, O!—I dare not call thee my beloved—seduced by me, thou art fallen! O hate me not, forsake me not! Forsake me not I intreat thee by our common misfortune, by the gracious promises of our merciful judge! I acknowledge I have deserved thy hatred, thy abhorrence; but permit me to follow thy steps, and by my services to alleviate thy misery. Thy looks shall be my law, and in them I will read thy commands. Where thou dwellest I will collect flowers for thy couch, I will wander through the solitary wilds to procure the best fruits for thy food; and O, how happy shall I be, if thou rewardest my feeble services with a single glance of affection!' I said, and sank into his arms; he pressed me with fervor to his bosom while his tears bedewed my cheeks, and said: 'Let us not, thou dear object of my love! let us not aggravate our misery by keen reproaches. We have both deserved a more severe punishment than the Almighty has inflicted. Did not our judge when he passed sentence on our crime, cheer us with his promises? Though they are yet veiled in sacred obscurity, yet mercy, infinite mercy, beams forth from amidst the gloom. Had we been punished according to our deserts, O, what would then have become of us? No, my beloved! let us

Adam continues the narrative.

not, by our murmurs and complaints, render ourselves unworthy of his favor; let them not pollute our lips which ought only to breathe forth gratitude and devotion. He whose eye penetrates the profoundest abysses of darkness, and discovers the inmost recesses of the sinner's soul, will graciously accept the feeble tribute of our thanks and praise, and will regard with complacency our imperfect endeavours to please him. Embrace me, Eve! Mutual affection shall alleviate our common calamity; we will together oppose our enemy, sin, and attempt to attain the highest degree of perfection, of which our fallen nature is susceptible. Peace and tender love shall ever abide with us; by sympathy and reciprocal assistance we will lighten the burthen imposed upon us, and support each other under the expectation of death, whose progress it seems, is gradual and slow. Now let us descend to that spot where the poplars wave over the rock. Evening approaches, and we shall there find a convenient place to pass the night.' Thou wast silent; I embraced thee, and with my hair dried the tears from my eyes. We then descended the hill, to the poplar-trees which waved over the rock."

Here Eve was silent, and smiling tenderly at Adam, he thus continued the narration. "Having arrived at the poplars, we found in their shade, a cave in the rock. 'See Eve,' said I, 'see what conveniencies nature still affords us; look at this charming grotto and this limpid stream which flows beside it. Here let us take shelter for the night; but I must secure the entrance against the attacks of nocturnal enemies'. 'What enemies?' asked Eve with emotion. 'Hast thou not observed,' I replied,

'that the curse extends to the whole creation, that the bonds of friendship are dissolved between all living creatures, and that the weak have become the prey of the strong? Yonder in the plain, I saw a young lion pursue with furious roar a timid fawn, and I likewise perceived enmity among the birds in the air. We no longer possess any power over these animals, excepting over such as are weaker than ourselves. Those which before fawned upon or sported around us, the shaggy lion and the spotted tiger, now pass us with glaring eye-balls and a tremendous roar. By gentle usage we shall, it is true, secure the attachment of some, and our reason will protect us against the superior strength of others'. 'And I will go,' said Eve, 'to collect herbs and flowers to form our couch, and to gather fruits from the neighboring bushes and trees.' I then entwined the shrubs and branches that grew before the entrance of the cave; while Eve, who never lost me from her sight, with alarm and anxiety, performed her task. She returned with the fruits she had gathered and spread them before us on the sweet grass.

"We then lay down upon the flowers in the cave, and commenced our simple repast, which was sweetened by affectionate converse. Meanwhile a black cloud extending itself over the face of heaven, gradually veiled the setting sun. Profound darkness rested upon the earth, and Nature seemed, in silent horror, to await her dissolution. A tempestuous wind arose; it roared among the hills, and tore up the trees of the forest; flames darted from the black clouds and the thunder burst in awful peals. Eve sank with terror on my throbbing

bosom. 'He comes,' said she, 'the avenger comes! how terrible! he comes to annihilate us and all nature for my transgression! O Adam! Adam!' —Speechless and trembling she remained clinging to my breast. 'My beloved,' said I, 'let us kneel at the entrance of the cave, and pray to him, who walketh amidst the darkness, whose thunders proclaim his approach, and whose lightnings mark his steps. Thou who with inexpressible, with divine benignity lookedst down upon me, when I first received life from thy creating hand, how terrible art thou, when thou appearest in judgment!' We then knelt at the entrance of the cave, expecting our judge to pronounce from his thunders the awful sentence: 'Ye shall die, and thou earth shalt be annihilated in my indignation!' Torrents of rain now descended from heaven, the lightnings ceased to flash, and the thunder rolled only at a distance. I raised my head. 'Eve,' said I, 'the Lord hath passed over us; he will not now consume the earth, and we shall not yet perish. How could his promise be accomplished if he destroyed us with all our seed? And eternal wisdom cannot retract the promises it has made!' We recovered from our terror, the clouds dispersed, and the setting sun shed over them inexpressible splendor; as when hosts of angels hovering over Eden on fleecy clouds, tinged them with brilliant fires, and diffused throughout the atmosphere celestial radiance. Such were now the splendors of the western sky; all nature smiled in renovated beauty and every color had acquired more vivid lustre. The setting sun shed on us his departing rays as we knelt down with holy awe to celebrate the solemn scene. Thus the

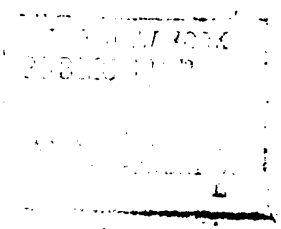
Beautiful appearance of nature after the storm.

first tempest passed away over our heads. The glowing tints of evening faded into twilight, and the moon shed a milder lustre on the scattered clouds. We were now for the first time chilled by the frost of night, as we had before been scorched by the unusual heat of the noon-day sun. We wrapped ourselves up in skins, (thrown over us by our gracious Creator, before our departure from Paradise, to shew that, in our misery he would still protect and relieve us) and stretching ourselves on the soft herbs and flowers in the cave, awaited in each other's embrace the approach of sleep. It came, but unattended with that sweet delight which blessed our slumbers in a state of innocence. Our imaginations were then filled only with smiling and agreeable images; inquietude, terror and remorse now mingled with them, in dreams, forms of horror and dismay. The night was calm and our slumbers were not disturbed; but how unlike that night, my beloved Eve, when I first led thee to the bridal bower! Never had the flowers exhaled a sweeter fragrance; never had the bird of night poured forth such an harmonious strain; never had the moon shed such soft radiance, as when Paradise celebrated the nuptials of the first pair. But why do I dwell on ideas, which awaken griefs that were hushed to repose?

"The morning sun had already exhaled the glistening dew, when we opened our eyes; a few solitary birds were singing upon the trees, for the earth then contained no other animals than those which, after the curse, had fled out of Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be polluted with death. We went to the entrance of the cave, and

having offered up our morning adoration, I said to Eve: 'Let us proceed farther; when I survey the extended country, I perceive that we may select for our abode some spot which affords superior advantages of beauty and fertility and more numerous resources for our subsistence. Seest thou yon stream that winds through the verdant valley? The green summit of that hill beside it, appears to be crowned by a garden of trees.' 'I follow thee, my beloved, whithersoever thou mayst conduct me,' said Eve, pressing her hand in mine; and we pursued our course to the hill. On the way Eve perceived a bird fluttering round in little circles in apparent distress, and uttering plaintive cries; after which it perched, motionless and with ruffled plumage, upon the low bushes. She approached it, and discovered another bird extended lifeless on the grass, before the little mourner. She stooped down and examined it for some time; at length taking it up from the ground she endeavored to awaken it. 'It will not awake,' said she, laying it from her trembling hand upon the grass. 'It will never awake more!' Tears gushed from her eyes. 'Thou pretty mourner,' said she, addressing the other: 'perhaps; ah! perhaps it was thy mate! It is I—thou innocent sufferer; it is I—wretch that I am, who have brought misery and distress upon every creature!' She wept aloud and, turning to me, exclaimed: 'What a horrible, what a fatal evil! every sense is suspended, every limb refuses its office! What is this? It must be death! O! horror thrills my frame! If this be death, and the death with which we are threatened, O how terrible! And if it should thus tear thee from me — O Adam!—I trem-

Uwins del. Pub.d April 27 1805 by J. Cundee Ivy Lane. B. Jenkins Sc.



Adam and Eve fix their habitation on a hill.

ble!—I cannot support the thought!' Her tears flowed more copiously, as she bent in an agony of grief towards the ground. I raised her up and embraced her. 'Cease, my beloved,' I exclaimed, 'to aggravate our affliction and distress; let us place our trust in him who with infinite wisdom governs the whole creation, and who, though he appear clothed in terror as our judge, is ever accompanied by mercy and by love. Let not our imaginations seek to anticipate the dreadful scenes of futurity, nor our reason dwell continually on our misery. By so doing we should blind our eyes to the demonstrations of his wisdom and benignity, and plunge ourselves still deeper into affliction. He guides our destiny with infinite goodness and wisdom; let us then proceed with humble confidence, under his direction, and with holy reverence, with devout awe, offer up to him the tribute of our gratitude!'

"We now resumed our course towards the hill, and passed through the fertile thickets with which its foot was encompassed. On the summit a lofty cedar reared its head far above the surrounding fruit-trees; its wide-spreading branches afforded a grateful shade, and a limpid stream ran among the flowers beneath. Here a vast extent of country opened to our view; its distant boundaries were blended with the misty air. 'This place,' said I, 'affords an image of Paradise, a convenient abode; another Eden, I know, we shall never find. Receive us, O cedar, into thy friendly shade! Ye various trees, be your fruits, which I will not pluck with heedless ingratitude, the recompence of my industrious culture! Almighty Being! deign to look down from heaven on this our dwelling, listen to

our supplications, accept the incense of our gratitude and devotion, which through these thick shades shall each day and hour ascend to thee! Here by the sweat of our brows will we procure our food; beneath this shade, my beloved Eve, shalt thou with pain bring forth children, and here we will await the approach of death. Deign, O God! to look down with complacency on the abode of sinners!' Thus I prayed, while Eve knelt by my side, with her tearful eyes devoutly fixed on heaven.

" I then began to construct a habitation beneath the shade of the cedar; and fixing in the earth a circle of strong stakes, I interwove them with slender twigs. Eve was meanwhile employed in guiding the stream among the flowers; in binding up and pruning the luxuriant foliage of the shrubs, in supporting the drooping plants and in gathering wild fruits; and thus we enjoyed the first repast earned by the sweat of our brows. As I went to the river to procure reeds for the roof of our hut, I saw five sheep, white as the floating noon-day clouds, and a young ram in their midst grazing on the shore. I advanced gently towards them, to see whether they would shun me like the lion and the tiger, which once sported at my feet; but they fled not at my approach, and I drove them before me with a reed to the hill, into the luxuriant grass, where Eve was constructing a bower of the over-arching shrubs. She did not perceive the little flock, till their bleatings drew her attention. She then looked round, and loosing the branches from her hands, at first paused with a timid air, and then exclaimed: ' O, they are tame and gentle as in Paradise! Wel-

come, ye engaging companions! you shall dwell with us; here ye will find luxuriant pastures, fragrant herbage and a limpid stream. How delightful it will be, to see you gambol around us in the grass, while we are occupied in the culture of our trees and shrubs!' She said, and patted their woolly backs.

"Our habitation was now completed, and Eve and I were seated at the entrance in the shade, gazing on the extended landscape, when Eve thus interrupted the silence: 'The prospect before us is beautiful and diversified, and this hill is decked with numerous kinds of vegetable productions; but if we select the most useful and agreeable of those which cover the face of the country, we shall then produce a resemblance bearing the same proportion to Paradise, as we were informed by the angels who there visited us, that Paradise itself bears to heaven. Ah! how enchanting was that blessed spot! There Nature shed her mildest influence; there her productions displayed a profusion of luxuriant beauties; unnumbered flowers blended their variegated tints; blossoms and fruits were intermingled in gay confusion; innumerable species of trees, extending their grateful shade, formed an endless mixture, every part of which was more agreeable and more magnificent. Of these we see very few around us; perhaps since the curse, the earth is incapable of producing them, or Nature, with sparing hand, has distributed them over different regions: and, Adam, I have already observed that death and corruption (which must be the natural consequence of death) have extended their ravages throughout the whole creation. I have seen the fruits fall and

decay, and the flowers fade; I have beheld the withered shrubs and trees stripped of their foliage and their fruits. Young shoots, indeed, spring up beside the decayed plant, fresh fruits supply the place of those which have fallen, and the scattered seeds of the faded flowers give birth to a blooming progeny. Thus, Adam, shall we once return to the dust, and thus shall we be renewed in our children.*

* The celebrated Herder has enlarged on this subject in an exquisitely beautiful passage, in one of his performances entitled, "*God.*" Speaking of death, he says: "Observe the flower, how she hastens into blossom. She draws to herself sap, air, light, and all the elements, which she prepares in order to assist her growth, to furnish the vital juices and to produce blossom: blossom succeeds and disappears. She has now spent all her power, her love and life to become a mother, to leave behind images of herself, and to propagate her kind. Her energies are exhausted and consumed in the restless service of nature; and it may be said that, from the commencement of her life, she has been working her own destruction. But, what else is destroyed than a form she can no longer retain, and which having reached the highest degree of beauty and perfection of which it is susceptible, again hastens to decay. But she does not undergo this change, as a dead being—which would be a gloomy reflection—to make room for youthful and vigorous successors, but rather as a living being in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of existence. She was the author of their existence, which she propagated under a form of the most perfect beauty, in the ever-blooming garden of Time, where she herself likewise flourishes. For she dies not with the form under which she appears; the power of the root continues; she will awake from the sleep of winter and again shoot forth in renewed, vernal, and youthful beauty with the daughters of her existence, now friends and sisters, by her virgin side. Thus there is no such thing as death in

" She was silent; and touched with melancholy, I replied: ' Far other cares, my beloved Eve, oppress my heart! How willingly would I resign all the advantages, all the delights of Paradise! But, to be banished from that spot, where God, veiling his insupportable radiance, deigned to render himself visible to our sight and to walk among the groves, while solemn silence attended the presence of the Deity;—this, this it is that afflicts me, this is to me the most painful loss. How often, in prostrate adoration, have I dared to address him, while the Almighty listened with benignity to the voice of his creature, and vouchsafed to answer me! But, alas! this glorious privilege of pure spirits we have forfeited. Can the most pure walk among sinners? can he walk upon that earth, on which he has pronounced his malediction? It is true, that from his throne he looks down on us with compassion, and that his mercy to us in our miserable state exceeds our utmost hopes. It likewise appears, that his angels still visit the earth to execute his commands; but they veil their celestial splendor; they deign not to become visible to our eyes, and hasten to

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the creation. It is only a hastening away of that which cannot remain; that is, the operation of an ever-youthful, restless, unextinguishable power, which from its very nature, cannot remain a moment inactive, but is always co-operating in the most admirable manner in its own existence, and that of as many others as it is capable of producing. Can you imagine a more exquisitely beautiful law of wisdom and goodness in the system of transformation, than that by which every thing hastens with rapid career, to renewed, youthful vigor, and is consequently subject to progressive alteration from one moment to another?" T.

leave this seat of corruption; for we are unworthy to hold converse with spirits who have not offended the Most High.'

"We thus conversed, and wrapped in profound contemplation, gazed with melancholy emotions on the earth before us, when a resplendent cloud gradually descended. It now rested upon the hill, and from it issued a celestial form whose countenance beamed with majesty and sweetness. We hastily arose, and bowing down our heads, advanced towards him, when the angel thus addressed us: 'He whose throne is in heaven has heard your conversation. Go,' said he, to me, 'and inform these children of affliction, that I am not circumscribed by the boundaries of heaven, but that every point of my creation is filled with my presence. Who maketh the sun to shine, and who guideth the stars in their course? Who causeth the earth to bring forth fruits, and day and night to follow each other? Who giveth life and breath to all created beings; who preserveth them; and who preventeth thee from sinking into death and corruption? I am with thee, saith the Lord, and thy most secret thoughts are known to me.'

"Thrilled with holy awe, I raised my eyes dazzled with the radiance that surrounded me, and said: 'How inconceivably great is the mercy of the Lord! In compassion to our misery he sendeth his angels to comfort sinners. Ah! I stand overwhelmed with shame, before thee; I scarcely dare to raise my eyes to thee; but permit me to communicate to thee my melancholy forebodings. I feel, I perceive with sacred awe, that the presence of the Almighty extends to the whole creation. How can

beings polluted by sin ask or hope, that he, who is purity itself, should more distinctly manifest his presence? But will not my posterity, sinking perhaps still deeper into sin, become more wretched, and will not their conceptions of the most perfect of Beings be enveloped in darkness and obscurity? For, in the same manner as I have fallen, may they not likewise fall by degrees into the lowest depths of guilt? When I shall be no longer with them to testify his goodness, every worm will, it is true, proclaim it; but will not the voice of Nature be too weak to make an impression upon the minds of men, if the Almighty continues to hide his countenance from them? This thought it is that continually oppresses me.'

"The celestial being deigned with benignity thus to answer: 'Father of men! he in whom all creation lives and moves, will not forsake thy descendants. Often will their sins provoke him to grasp his thunders and to manifest himself in his judgments, and sinners, trembling in the dust, shall acknowledge the power and the justice of their God. But more frequently will he make himself known by his mercies. When they have wandered from his ways he will graciously call them back; he will raise up among them holy men, who will enlighten their understandings, and lead them from the wilderness of error and guilt into the paths of the Lord. He will send prophets among them to announce the judgments or the mercies of the Most High, while still concealed in the bosom of remote futurity; to convince them that Eternal wisdom guides and determines every event. Often will he speak to them by angels and by miracles; and.

there will be some righteous men to whom he will himself descend from his throne, till at length the great mystery of salvation shall be revealed, and the seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head.'

" He was silent; the smile of benignity that beamed on his countenance emboldened me again to address him. Celestial friend! if a sinner dare call thee by that name—yet angels cannot hate him whom the Eternal doth not hate, him, to whom the infinite mercy of the Lord is so wonderfully manifested, that heaven is lost in astonishment, and the soul, humbled in the dust, is unable to express its gratitude—O, allow me to ask thee, if thou art permitted to remove the veil of obscurity that envelopes these sacred mysteries. What means the Almighty's promise, 'The seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head,' and what imports the curse, 'Thou shalt die?'—'What I am permitted to unfold,' answered the angel, 'I will not conceal from thee. Know then, Adam, that when thou hadst sinned, the voice of God pronounced from his throne: 'Man is fallen and he shall die.' An awful darkness suddenly veiled the eternal throne, and solemn silence reigned in heaven. Not long prevailed this solemn silence; the darkness was dissipated from before the throne, and never before was the brightness of his majesty so gloriously displayed to his angels, excepting when his creative voice passed forth into the immeasurable void, and called those suns and stars into existence. His voice again resounded through the regions of heaven: 'I will not turn my face from the sinner; the earth shall bear witness to my infinite mercy. The

seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head. Hell shall not boast its victory and death shall lose its prey. Rejoice, ye heavens!' Thus spake the Eternal. The archangels overpowered by the resplendent effulgence of his glory, had sunk before it, had not the insupportable radiance of the throne been speedily tempered. The inhabitants of heaven then celebrated the sacred mystery of infinite grace. But the manner in which God will accomplish his atonement with sinners is not yet revealed to the archangels themselves. We only know, and I am permitted to inform thee, that death is deprived of its power; that it releases the spirit, which in its mortal habitation can have but an imperfect knowledge of God, from the weight of the curse; and that while the body moulders in the dust, the soul ascends to enjoy like us everlasting bliss.—And now hear, what the Lord saith to thee: 'I will be gracious to thee and to thy seed, and there shall be a sign between us that I will remember this great promise. Raise an altar upon this hill; on the annual return of the day I gave thee this promise, a flame shall descend from heaven and settle upon thy altar. Thou shalt then sacrifice a young lamb, and the flame shall consume thy offering.' And now I have revealed to thee what it is permitted to created beings to know. I am moreover directed by the Most High, to shew you, ere I return, that ye are not so solitary as you imagine, and that this earth, though it has incurred his curse, is yet inhabited by pure spirits, who, by the command of the Eternal, watch over your safety and your happiness.' The angel then approached and touched our eyes. Words are too weak to describe

the beauties of the scene that opened to our view. The earth was peopled with innumerable celestial spirits, more beautiful than Eve when she first issued from the hands of the Eternal, and with soft voice awakened me to her embraces. Some bade light exhalations to arise from the earth, and bore them aloft on expanded wings, that they might descend in gentle dews and fertilizing showers; others reposed beside the murmuring streams, watching lest their springs should fail, and vegetable nature be deprived of its humid aliment. Many were dispersed among the meadows and tended the growth of fruits, or painted the opening flowers with the radiant tints of evening or the azure of the sky, and breathed upon them, that they might diffuse balmy odors around; while others were employed in various occupations in the shady groves. From their glittering wings they wafted gentle breezes, which, whispering among the foliage, or fanning the fragrant flowers, played upon the surface of the winding brook and the dimpled lake. Some, reposing from their labors, were seated in the cooling shade, and, unheard by human ear, chanted, in chorus, to their golden harps, the praises of the Most High. Many were walking on our hill, or reclining in the shade of our bowers, and often regarded us with looks of celestial tenderness; but our eyes were again overspread with darkness, and the ravishing scene vanished.

"These,' said the angel, 'are the tutelary spirits of the earth. Many of the beauties and wonders of nature are too delicate and too refined for mortal sense; but it is the pleasure of the Creator that none of them should be lost, and they enrap-

ture and delight innumerable heavenly beings. They are likewise appointed to direct nature in her secret course, to assist her in her various operations, according to the immutable laws prescribed by the Creator. They are also occupied in protecting men and in watching their actions; unseen they often ward off impending dangers; they accompany him in all his ways, and convert apparent evils into real benefits. They are the silent witnesses of thy domestic happiness, and behold thy most secret actions with smiles of approbation or with mournful displeasure. By their agency the Lord will bless nations with abundance, or chastise them when they have gone astray with famine and distress, that he may recal them by the voice of calamity.'

" Thus spoke the angel, and again withdrew into the resplendent cloud, while we knelt down, and, filled with inexpressible transport, stammered forth with tears, our gratitude to the Eternal for his infinite mercies.

" I then built an altar on the brow of the hill, and Eve was incessantly employed in creating an imitation of Paradise around the sacred spot. All the flowers which she found in the meadows and on the hills she planted near the altar, and refreshed them each morning and evening with pure water from the murmuring stream. ' Ye guardian spirits who hover round me,' she exclaimed, ' complete this work of my hands, for without your aid my labors are unavailing! O! let these flowers bloom here with greater beauty than in their native soil, for this place is consecrated to the Lord.' I

meanwhile planted the wide circle of trees, which throw a silent, solemn shade around the altar.

" Amid these occupations the scorching heats of summer passed away; autumn, with its variegated tints was already at an end; inclement blasts succeeded, and the mountains were shrouded in a foggy mantle. We beheld with grief the joyless appearance of Nature and knew not, that the earth, exhausted by its profusion, requires the repose of winter to recruit its strength: for before the fall, the flowery spring, the summer and the autumn went hand in hand, and smiling, bestowed, all at the same moment, their rich and various gifts. The gloom diffused over the face of nature continued to increase; the plants had withered; only a few solitary flowers still bloomed in the meads and around the altar, and drooping, seemed to mourn their approaching decay; when furious winds stripped the trees of their discolored foliage, shook the fruits from the branches, and, accompanied by torrents of rain, howled over the desolate plains and covered the mountains' melancholy summits with snow. With painful anxiety we beheld this scene of desolation, believing, that the curse was now beginning to take effect on the earth. 'Will nature then lose all the remains of her beauty? The earth was poor in comparison to Paradise, yet still it afforded sufficient of comforts and conveniencies to sweeten our lives; but if the divine malediction spreads such devastation over the earth, how gloomy, how miserable will be the remainder of our days!' Such, at first, were our reflections; but we soon encouraged each other to banish from our

Return of spring.

hearts every discontented thought, and to trust with devout reliance in the Lord. We now collected a store of fruits; these we dried on the hearth to preserve them from corruption and decay; and I strengthened our hut that it might protect us from the storms and the rain. In the mean time our little flock wandered cheerlessly on the hill, in quest of the scanty herbage which sprang forth from amidst the desolation. I often went myself to the meads and hills to collect a supply of food for them in their fold. Slowly and heavily passed the days of this rainy and tempestuous season; but the enlivening sun soon returned and dissipated the gloomy clouds, while gentler winds chaced the lingering mists from the mountains. Nature again began to smile in youthful beauty; the earth was covered with lovely verdure; a variegated multitude of flowers decked the meads and expanded to the sun's genial influence; the bushes and trees glowed with innumerable blossoms, and joy and gladness reigned throughout all nature. Thus blooming spring, the gay morning of the year, revisited the earth; among all the trees of the groves none flourished with so much beauty as those which I had planted round the altar, and Eve with joyful surprise beheld the flowers she had planted near the sacred spot, again revive or push forth tender shoots. In vain, my children, should I attempt to describe our extacy; full of inexpressible joy we approached the altar; the sun poured his purest radiance on the sacred spot; all nature seemed to join in the praise of the Lord; the flowers filled the air with the most delicious odors, and the trees strewed the altar with their variegated

blossoms. The little winged inhabitants of the grass chirped forth their joy, and the birds incessantly warbled from the lofty branches. We knelt down; tears of joy falling from our eyes, mingled with the morning dew on the flowers; our fervent thanksgiving ascended to the God of nature, to that God who is goodness itself, and who, from apparent evil, bringeth forth good.

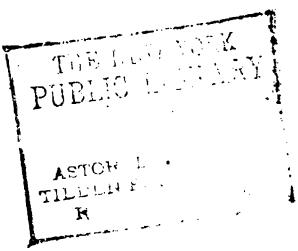
"I now began to cultivate a little field on the hill, and to sow in the earth the seeds I had collected, or to transplant to the hill the fruit-trees I found scattered over the adjacent country: and nature, chance or reflection, often furnished me with means and inventions for alleviating my toils. Often too did my ignorance of the proper seasons, and of the soils suitable for different plants, render my labors abortive. Often has my imagination in vain attempted to discover some little contrivance to ease my fatigues, and still oftener should I have failed, had not guardian angels whispered to my soul.

"One morning as at early dawn, I looked out of my hut towards the altar, I perceived the flame of the Lord blazing upon it amidst the dim twilight; the approaching sun gilded the column of ascending smoke. 'Eve!' I exclaimed, 'this is the anniversary of the great promise. Behold, the flame of the Lord has descended upon our altar; let us hasten forth. This day shall be sacred to the Lord, and every other labor must cease. Go thou and collect the fairest flowers to strew over the sacrifice and I will slaughter the youngest of our lambs.' I went, my children, and slaughtered the youngest and fairest of our flock; it was the first living crea-

ture I had killed. O, what a dreadful sight! Horror chilled my blood, and my arm would have refused its office, had not the sacred command of the Lord, given me courage as it moaned under my trembling hands; the convulsive movements of its quivering limbs gradually grew fainter, till at length it lay lifeless at my feet. Painful forebodings thrilled my soul; but I laid it upon the altar, and Eve strewed it with fragrant flowers. We knelt with devout awe before the altar; our praises and thanksgivings ascended to the Lord, who so graciously remembered his promises; a sacred stillness reigned around, as when the earth hallows the presence of its Creator, and our ears were ravished with the soft strains of celestial music, which according angels mingled with our prayers. The flame having consumed the sacrifice, expired on the altar, and a heavenly perfume was diffused around.

"Not long, my children, after the sacred festival of the solemn reconciliation, I was returning at sun-set up the hill, to repose from my labor, by the side of my beloved. I sought her in the hut and in the shady bower, and found her seated, faint and exhausted, by the stream, with thee, my first-born, lying on her bosom. The pains of childbirth had overtaken her while employed in her gentle labors by the stream. She bedewed thee with tears of joy, and smiling on me as I approached: 'I salute thee, father of men!' she exclaimed. 'The Lord hath supported me in my pains, and I have brought forth this son. When my eyes first beheld him, I called him Cain. O my first-born! the Lord hath graciously looked down upon the

hour of thy birth; to his praise may all thy
be dedicated! How weak, how helpless is th
spring of woman! But mayst thou flourish,
the opening flower in spring; may thy life l
acceptable incense to the Lord!' Tears of joy
wise overflowed my eyes; I took thee gently i
arms: 'I salute thee, mother of men!' saic
'blessed be the Lord who supported thee ir
hour of affliction! I salute thee, Cain, the fi
human beings, that with pain has been bo
woman! I salute thee, the first of mankind,
entered into life to leave it by death! O (
look down with compassion from heaven o
feeble creature; shed thy influence benign o
morning of his life. How delightful will it
me, to instruct his youthful mind in the wond
thy grace! Each morning and each evening
his infant lips sound forth thy praise. Yes, m
of men! thus shall thy offspring flourish ar
thee! Solitary like thee, stood yon myrtle, til
lovely children sprang up around the mat
stem. Oft as spring renewed her beauties, a
progeny smiled around her early offspring,
now a fragrant grove encompasses the parent
Thus my beloved, (doth not the pleasing pro
mitigate thy pangs?) thus will our children n
ply around this hill. We shall then survey
this eminence, their peaceful habitations sp
over the plains. If death doth not snatch u
early from their midst, we shall see them, lik
industrious bees, afford each other mutual a
ance in procuring the necessaries, the conveni
and the comforts of life. Often shall we des
from this hill to visit our children's children in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habitations and under their fruitful shades, to relate to them the wonders of the Lord, to encourage them in the practice of virtue and piety, to participate in their joys, and to console them under afflictions. Then shall we, from our hill, behold a thousand altars smoke around; the ascending incense shall envelope us in sacred clouds; and through them shall our prayers arise for the whole human race. And on the solemn day of reconciliation, when the fire of heaven descends on the first sacred altar, then shall they all assemble on the hill; in their midst we will offer up the accustomed sacrifice, while they kneel in an extended circle around us.' Thus I spoke, while my heart glowed with soft emotion, and with tender affection I kissed thy infant cheek, my son! Thy mother then received thee in her feeble arms, and having assisted her to rise from the flowery turf, I supported her to our hut. Thy little limbs soon acquired strength and activity; joy beamed from thine eyes, and smiles played upon thy cheeks. Thou wast already able to sport with tender feet among the flowers; thy little lips already began to lisp thy infant thoughts, when Eve brought forth Mehala, thy spouse. With joy thou dancedst around the little stranger, kissedst her, and coveredst her with new-blown flowers. Eve then brought forth thee, Abel, and lastly, thee, Thirza, his beloved. O, what transport filled our hearts, when we beheld your youthful sports and innocent pleasures; when we saw your tender minds essay their unfolding powers and gradually arrive at maturity. Then, with anxious care, we watched over you, to guard your passions and inclinations from every pernicious in-

fluence, that, like the tender shoots in spring, they might flourish, and jointly diffuse around the fragrant incense of virtue. For, while as infants ye yet sported at my knees, I perceived that the mind of man brought forth in sin, like the earth cursed by the Almighty, requires cultivation, and that the utmost vigilance and care are necessary to train it in the paths of virtue. And now ye are grown up from tender shrubs to fruitful trees: blessed be the Lord for his innumerable mercies to us all! May tender love and pure virtue ever dwell in your hearts, and the blessing and favor of heaven will continually rest on your habitations!"

Adam was silent. As when a gentle youth wanders in the grey twilight of morning, by the side of his beloved, and listens to the song of the nightingale, whose tender strains alone interrupting the universal silence, accord with their feelings and draw tears from their eyes; long after the warbler has ceased her melodious notes the enraptured pair continue to listen; so they remained for a considerable time listening in mute attention around the husband and the father. Every part of his narrative had excited their sympathy; sometimes the tears bedewed their pallid cheeks; at others they glowed with gaiety and smiles. They then expressed their gratitude to the father of men; Cain likewise returned thanks; but he, unmoved, had neither wept nor smiled.

They leave the bower.

BOOK III.

Conversation of Abel and Thirza—Conversation of Cain and Mehala—Anamelech—His Journey to the earth—His Soliloquy—He pitches upon Cain as a fit instrument for the execution of his horrid designs—Adam's illness—His address to his family—Affliction of Eve—Abel's Prayer—He receives from an angel flowers and herbs with directions how to use them for the relief of his father—Envy of Cain—Adam returns thanks to the Almighty for his recovery—Cain and Abel offer sacrifices on the occasion—Soliloquy of Cain.

THEY now left the bower. Abel tenderly embraced his brother, and each pair pursued their moon-light way to their respective habitations. "What pleasure fills my soul!" exclaimed Abel, embracing his beloved; "my brother, my dear brother is no longer estranged from me—he will love me! With what delight I beheld the tears which to-day bedewed his cheeks! No, not so grateful are the dews of spring to the flowers, as those tears were to me. The storm which raged within his bosom is calmed; tranquillity and joy are restored to us. Thou who, with infinite benignity, watchedst over the first of men, while they were the solitary inhabitants of the spacious earth,

O chase from his bosom every tumultuous passion, that they may never resume their empire in his soul!"

Thirza embraced him; soft rapture beamed from her countenance; "The gentle rain," said she, "is not so refreshing to the parched fields, nor was the return of spring after the first melancholy winter so delightful to the lonely inhabitants of the earth, as were to me the tears of our brother's returning love! O blissful hour! Youth and gaiety again sit on our parents' brows; every bosom is filled with delight and joy. O blessed moment! Nature seems to glow with more than usual beauty, and thy beams, thou silent moon, are to me more soft and soothing!" Thus did she pour forth the effusions of her joy.

In the mean time Cain, accompanied by his Mehala, proceeded towards his hut. She gazed on him with tenderness, pressed his hand to her lips and said: "What gloom, my beloved, overspreads thy brow? Cannot the tranquillity restored to thy bosom, impart serenity to thine eyes and cheerfulness to thy countenance! It is true thy firmer mind has ever been more reserved in the expression of thy pleasures, which thy heart enjoys in silence. But, what joy played on every cheek, what rapture beamed from every eye, when thou, my beloved, with fraternal affection, embracedst thy brother, when the Almighty blessed thee from his eternal throne and hovering angels shed tears of transport around us! Suffer me, my beloved, by the tender affection that glows within my breast, by the soft rapture that overflows my heart, suffer me to press

thee to my bosom!"* She said, and pressed him with fervor to her throbbing breast.

Cain returned her embrace and said: "I am offended—yes, I am displeased at your excessive joy. Does it not seem to say to me: 'Cain is amended; hitherto he has been a wicked man, he hated his brother?' Ridiculous! shall it be concluded that I was vicious, that I hated my brother, because I did not continually pursue him with tears and embraces? Never, no, never did I hate my brother; but that softness, that effeminacy with which he stole from me all your hearts, this it was that filled me with disgust! And, Mehala! it is not without cause that care clouds my brow. How great was our father's imprudence in relating to us the history of his shameful fall and all its unhappy consequences! Why should we know, and be so often told, that through his and Eve's disobedience we have forfeited Paradise, that through their crime we are overwhelmed with misery? Were we ignorant of this, we should more patiently endure our wretchedness, unconscious of the loss we have sustained." Mehala repressed the tears with which grief filled her eyes, and looked at her husband to discover whether she might venture to reply. "O my beloved!" said she, with gentle accents, "be not angry! I cannot restrain my tears. Forgive

* The poet could not more impressively or more strongly have described the rugged and unbending disposition of Cain than by the concluding words of Mehala's address. Before she begins to speak, she only ventures to press his hand to her lips; and at length, in the most pathetic manner, implores permission to embrace him,—a favor which we may rationally conclude had often been denied her. T.

me if I implore thee not to suffer the scattered clouds of melancholy again to gather over thy head; and not to convert those things which should lead thee to contemplate the infinite grace and mercy of the Almighty into sources of misery and wretchedness! Reproach not our affectionate father and our indulgent mother, for relating the wonders which God has performed for fallen men, in order to inspire our souls with the warmest gratitude, and with devout resignation. O, reproach them not!—them, who behold with inexpressible anguish every tear of sorrow, who are deeply afflicted by every gesture in us that bespeaks pain or grief. Resist, my beloved, O resist returning discontent; suffer it not again to take possession of thy heart, and to obscure thy days and ours with melancholy gloom!" She was silent, and with tearful eyes gazed tenderly on him; a smile tempered the sternness of his countenance. "I will resist returning discontent; embrace me my beloved, never more shall it obscure your days and mine with melancholy gloom!" He said, and pressed Mehala in his embrace.*

Long had Anamelech (by that name he was known in hell) observed the conduct of Cain: though a spirit of an inferior class, yet in pride and ambition he was equal to Satan. Often forsaking

* We have here a charming picture of the irresistible influence of a virtuous and accomplished woman over the most savage disposition. Cain had heard unmoved the pathetic narrative of Adam, he had beheld unmoved the transports of the happy family on his reconciliation with his brother; but his soul was not proof against the tears and tender remonstrances of Mehala. T.

his despised associates he withdrew into solitudes, where streams of sulphur crept through the parched land, between vast, smoking rocks, whose black summits were shrouded in eternal tempests. The tremendous reflection which the flames that blazed beyond the mountains threw upon the clouds, shed a dusky twilight over his gloomy path. When hell with tumultuous shouts of triumph congratulated her king, when, returning from the new creation, he proudly related from his throne how he had seduced the new-formed pair, and had obliged the Lord of heaven to pronounce upon them the decree of death; the black poison of envy rankled in the bosom of Anamelech. 'Shall only he, and those who are proudly seated around his throne, enjoy honor and applause, while I unnoticed, am confounded among the contemptible multitude consigned to the obscurity of hell? No—I will do such deeds as shall fill hell with astonishment; Satan, like the lowest spirit shall pronounce my name with reverence!' Thus he thought, and in solitude meditated projects for desolating the earth, for spreading misery and wretchedness among the human race. These he executed with such success that even hell itself heard his name with horror. It was he who in a later age, excited a ruthless king to destroy the innocent infants of Bethlehem; smiling, he beheld the human fiends, who dashed those hapless victims against the walls dripping with their blood, or plunged the reeking swords into their bosoms, while in the trembling arms of their shrieking mothers. He hovered, exulting, over the lofty pinnacles of the town, listening to the cries of the dying infants and the lamentations of

their disconsolate mothers; with infernal joy he saw the mutilated limbs of the little mangled victims scattered around, and trampled under the feet of their murderers; and beheld their mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters rolling, in the bitterness of anguish, in their innocent blood.

"I will arise," he exclaimed, "I will ascend to the earth. I will learn the import of the sentence: 'Thou shalt die.'—I will go and accelerate the destruction of man." Then passing through the portals of hell, he pursued the path which Satan had first traced through the awful empire of Chaos and ancient Night.* As when a corsair equipped for depredation, steers with full sail through the wide-extended sea, till arriving at night on Hesperia's coasts, the pirates surprize the tranquil inhabitants of some peaceful village, and carry off its active youths, while parents, sisters and disconsolate brides, with weeping eyes pursue from the shore the lessening bark of the merciless ravishers—thus did Anamelech with rapid pace, long continue his course through the darksome empire of night. At length arrived on the frontiers of the creation, the exterior orbs afforded him a gleaming light. As he, who meditating some horrible murder, repairs in the dead of the night to the metropolis, which lies before him in the plain illumined by ten thousand lamps, cautiously advances, anxious to avoid the light; so Anamelech with equal timidity traversed the regions of created space. Having dis-

* In allusion to Satan's journey to the earth so admirably described in the second book of Milton's Paradise Lost. T.

covered the earth he hesitated not long to seek the abode of man; his piercing eye soon perceived it, and he alighted in a shady thicket. "And this," said he, "is the earth which the Almighty has cursed; at a distance I beheld Paradise guarded by flaming swords;—a delightful spot resembling the celestial regions; this they have forfeited for ever! But this earth is not a hell; perhaps by abject prayers they have appeased his anger; perhaps their coarser frames are subjected to pains and afflictions, of which celestial spirits and etherial substances are not susceptible; for here I could be happy, but for the hell which I carry within my bosom.—I see celestial spirits walking amidst these shades; I must endeavor to elude their observation, lest they defeat all my designs. On yon hill I perceive the family of sinners, but they do not appear to be wretched; perhaps their misery commences with death;—mine be the task to hasten its arrival. I will tempt them to such deeds—for it appears their hearts are open to every seduction; and if Satan's simple artifice succeeded in corrupting them, while they were yet perfect, how much more easily will they fall now, in their present degraded state, now that they are laden with the malediction of their God! I will tempt them to such deeds, that their heavenly guardians shall forsake the earth with horror, and that he who created them shall annihilate them with his thunders, or precipitate them into the abyss of hell; then from the black shores shall we witness, with shouts of triumph shall we witness these favorites of heaven, struggling amid the flaming billows! In yon field stands one of them, who bears on his brow the marks of gloomy discontent; if I may trust the

features of his countenance he is a proper instrument for executing my designs. I will approach him; I will make myself acquainted with all his propensities and all his thoughts."

The evil spirit had hovered over Cain and hi wife and had listened to their conversation. They had scarcely entered their hut, when he stopped and with a sneer exclaimed: "Suffer not the scattered clouds of melancholy again to gather over thy head: let not returning discontent take possession of thy heart!—No—what is good shall never spring up in that ungrateful soil; I will destroy it. And the clouds of discontent will I collect over thy head, dark and thick as those which shroud in impenetrable gloom the summits of the infernal mountains. Indeed the task is easy! thou recallest them thyself; I have only to assist thee! Delightful employ! I will assist thee to accumulate them over thy brows; misery, wretchedness, new and yet nameless wretchedness shall overwhelm mankind; the remainder of thy days shall be veiled in darker gloom, black as the night on which no morning dawns, shrouding the regions of hell."

The lovely morning sun again returned, inspiring cheerfulness and joy. Cain had already seized his implements of husbandry and was going to his field; Abel had tenderly saluted him, and was about to conduct his flock to the dewy mead, and Mehala and Thirza were preparing to go to the garden that surrounded the altar, when Eve with sorrowful aspect quitted her habitation. With anxious solicitude they all advanced to meet their weeping mother, and to inquire the cause of her sorrow. Eve, gazing on them with eyes bedewed

with tears, in broken accents replied: "Alas, my children! did you not hear dreadful groans issue from our dwelling? Acute pains came in the night upon your father; he now struggles with the agony which pierces all his bones, he strives to restrain every sigh that escapes from his oppressed bosom, stifles all complaints and endeavors to console me. Alas! my children, dark forebodings distract my soul, and my tortured heart refuses all consolation. Often when he lies still without sighing, he appears to be lost in serious contemplation; he then moans with agony, cold dews stand upon his forehead and the tears he had repressed burst in torrents from his eyes. Apprehensions—the most terrible apprehensions, oppress my shuddering soul. Support, my children, your wretched mother, and let us go to the hut!" She now reclined weeping on Mehala's shoulder, and accompanied by the mournful train of her children, returned to her habitation.

They stood sorrowfully around the bed of their father; he now lay more tranquil, and his countenance and his gestures evinced that, amidst the excruciating sufferings he endured, his soul was still master of itself. He gazed on the mourners with a tender smile, and said: "My beloved children, the hand of the Lord hath afflicted me with pain and anguish, which prey upon my vitals. Blessed be his name, whose wisdom governs all things. If he has ordained these pains to dissolve the bands that unite my soul to this body, and it be his will that this mortal frame should return to its native dust, with devout resignation I will await the awful hour, and even in my expiring moments I will praise him, the Lord of life and death. My soul, deli-

vered from the body oppressed by the Creator's curse, will then be able to praise him in more elevated strains. Yes, Almighty Being! with such encouraging hopes thou inspirest the soul of a mortal! It is just that I should be the first to give back my dust to its parent earth; but O God! be thou my support, let cheering hopes enliven my soul; forsake, O forsake me not in the awful hour of my dissolution, when the last tremor thrills my frame! Afflict me not Eve, and you, my beloved children, with your excessive grief. O, how ye stand overwhelmed with deep, with silent sorrow,! ah! distress me not I beseech you with the sight of your anguish. Perhaps these pains are but the forerunners of the gradual approach of death, whose arrival may be deferred to a distant hour; perhaps the Lord will remove the pains with which I am now afflicted. But prepare your souls, that they may not sink beneath the weight of grief, if he should be pleased to call my spirit from its dust, if he should summon me away from this earth and separate me from you." The father of men paused, tears bedewed his cheeks, as with silent emotion he gazed on his family.* His eyes were fixed successively on each, but longest and most sorrowfully on

* Every reader of sensibility must agree that this affecting pause of Adam speaks with more impressive eloquence to the heart than the strongest language. In many parts of the pathetic scene described in this book, the author doubtless had a surer guide than imagination. He copied from nature; and many of the sentiments he here introduces were probably those which a similar occasion suggested to himself and his family. The same subject is known to have furnished him with the idea of one of his Idyls. T.

His meditations.

Eve. He then continued: "It is true the sight of the death of the first sinner will be awful and horrible. May he support you who in our wretchedness never forsook us, and who, in that trying hour, will not forsake me. Now leave me, my children, go and pray for me; perhaps a soft slumber may refresh my weary limbs."

The father of men was silent, and his weeping children stooped to kiss his feeble hand. "Yes, father," said they, "we will go and offer up our ardent supplications for thee; may softest slumbers recruit thy exhausted strength, and O may our prayers be accepted; and before thou shalt awake may the Lord remove the pains by which thou art afflicted!"

Suppressing their sighs, they went from his bed, and left the cottage; Eve only remained. "I will now endeavor to slumber," said Adam; "O weep not, thou dear object of my love! or my renewed affliction will chase repose far from me." He now covered his face with the skins which composed his couch, anxious to conceal from his wife the anguish which overwhelmed his tortured soul. "Is this," thought he, "is this the awful hour? Yes, it must be; and with what horrors it is accompanied! O God! O God! forsake not an expiring sinner. But terrible as thou art, how sweet would be the consolation, wert thou even clothed in still greater terrors, if my death could exempt my offspring from the punishment of my crime. But no; on all that are born of woman thou wilt once pour forth these horrors, this awful gloom; for what but a race of mortal sinners can issue from my loins? All who receive life from me shall die! shall, like me, be

torn from the objects of their fondest affection, from those who impart to life its noblest pleasures. O Eve, my beloved! how wilt thou once weep over my senseless dust! O awful, O tremendous idea! will not my inanimate relics tremble, when forlorn orphans deplore the loss of tender parents; when helpless parents weep over an only son, the support of their old age; when the brother mourns his sister, when the fond wife laments the husband of her affection, or the bride with frantic anguish bewails the youth she loved. O curse me not, my children! curse not my mouldering dust! It is just that the hour of death should be armed with terrors; it is just that we should feel the whole weight of the divine malediction in our expiring moments—those moments which remove us from this life of sin, for it is death that delivers us from the curse, and conveys our spirits into the regions of bliss. O curse not then my mouldering dust, my children! No, this life is not life; it is but a restless dream, a foretaste of existence. Disperse then, ye clouds which darken my soul! By death I shall be removed into life, where I will wait to receive them with the fondness of a father, who, having first awaked on a beauteous morning of spring, enjoys the cheering rays of the morning sun, till the objects of his affection rise from their slumbers and rush into his embraces." Such were the meditations of Adam, till a soft slumber stole upon him, and brought with it tranquillity and ease.

In the mean time, Eve sat in an agony of grief by his side; she wept, and in a low voice, lest she should disturb the slumberer's repose, thus gave vent to her anguish: "O what misery do I expe-

rience! On me, on me pour forth a double portion of affliction, O curse, thou consequence of sin! All the pangs, all the wretchedness you endure, ye much-loved objects, I brought upon you; it was I who first sinned. If thou diest—O how I tremble! what horror chills my blood—can the last expiring pang be more terrible? O Adam, if I who involved thee in misery am doomed to behold thee expire, in thy last agonies cast not on me a glance of scorn or indignation; and curse me not, O my children, curse not your wretched mother! It is true no reproaches have yet escaped your lips, but is not every sigh that heaves your bosoms, every tear that bedews your cheeks a cutting reproach? Listen, O Almighty Being! listen to my earnest supplications; remove the pains that afflict him; or, if they are the forerunners of death, if—horrible idea! his body is to return to its native dust, in mercy separate me not from him; let me die by his side; let my soul first depart, that I may not witness his agonies; it was I who first transgressed!" Eve was silent, and wept in bitter anguish by the couch of the slumberer.

Cain repaired to his fields; the tears were dried from his cheeks. "I could not refrain from weeping," said he on the way, "as I stood by the couch of my father: his sighs and his words pierced my very soul. But—I hope he will not die. O God! preserve the life of my beloved parent! I was unable to forbear weeping; but I could not melt to such effeminate tenderness as my brother. Will they still say that my disposition is rugged and unbending? Will they imagine that I love my father less than Abel, because I did not sob like him? I love

my father,—love him as tenderly as he; but I cannot command my tears to flow."

Abel, oppressed with sorrow, wandered in the mead; tears still streamed from his eyes. Casting himself on the earth, he concealed his face against the turf, whose flowers he bedewed with his tears, and addressed this prayer to the Almighty:

"O thou, who, with infinite wisdom and goodness, presidest over the destiny of mortals, accept the humble tribute of my praise! I venture to supplicate thee in our distress, for thou hast permitted the sinner to relieve his heart by pouring forth his sorrows to thee. Can it be expected that thou shouldst reverse the decrees of thy wisdom in compliance with the intreaties of a miserable worm? Wise and good are thy dispensations, O Lord! I only pray for strength and fortitude to endure our affliction. But, if it seemeth good to thy wisdom, restore to us—O restore to the afflicted wife her husband; to her who weeps disconsolate by his side, restore him, who shared with her joy and sorrow, and in whom her life is bound up. Restore to his mourning children their beloved parent, and defer to a distant period the hour of his death. At thy command, O Lord! pain and anguish shall be removed; the effusions of devout rapture and heartfelt gratitude shall ascend to thee from the habitations of mortals. Suffer him who gave us life to remain longer among us; permit him still to declare to us thy infinite mercies, to instruct his children's children to lisp thy praise! But, if thy wisdom have decreed that he shall die—O pardon me, if my tongue falters and my soul shudders at the painful thought—if my father must die—support

An angel presents flowers and herbs to Abel to cure his father.

him in the awful hour of dissolution! forgive our tears, our anguish and lamentations; impart strength and comfort to our afflicted bosoms. Forsake us not in our distress, preserve us from sinking under the weight of calamity, so that even in our misery we may praise the dispensations of thy wisdom!"

Thus prayed Abel; bowed in the deepest humility, he still remained prostrate on the earth, when he heard a rustling noise, and balmy odors perfumed the air. He raised his head from the ground, and a guardian angel, beaming with celestial beauty, stood before him. A garland of roses entwined his brow, his smile was lovely as the dawn of the spring morning. "Friend!" said he in gentle accents, "the Lord hath graciously listened to thy prayer. He hath commanded me to assume a material form, and to convey to you comfort and relief in your affliction. The eternal wisdom, which incessantly watches over the welfare of every created being, whose care is equally extended to the creeping worm and to the empyreal seraph, has in mercy commanded the earth to produce from its bosom remedies for the relief of its inhabitants, whose bodies are now subject to pains, infirmities, and all the noxious influences which nature, since the curse, exercises upon them. Receive, my friend! these flowers and herbs; they possess healing qualities. Go, boil them in pure water from the spring, administer the draught, and restore health to thy suffering father."

The angel gave him the flowers and herbs and disappeared. Abel, filled with unutterable transport, stood motionless. "O God!" he cried, "what am I, a sinner in the dust, that thou shouldst

Abel administers the healing draught to his father.

thus graciously listen to my supplication? How can a mortal thank thee? How can he sufficiently extol thy infinite mercies, when the powers of the celestial choirs are inadequate to record thy praise?" Joy gave wings to his feet; he hastened to his hut, and, with eager impatience, prepared the healing beverage. He flew with it to the habitation of his father, where Eve sat weeping beside his couch, while Thirza and Mehala stood overwhelmed with grief, by her side. They beheld with astonishment his eager haste, the joy that sparkled in his eyes and the smile that played on his cheeks. "My dear mother, my beloved sisters!" he exclaimed, "return thanks to the Lord, dry the tears of sorrow from your eyes; the Almighty has listened to our supplications, and has sent us relief. An angel appeared to me as I prayed in the meadow, and gave me herbs of healing power. 'Boil them,' said he, 'in pure water, administer the draught, and restore health to thy suffering father.' They heard him with rapturous astonishment, and their lips overflowed with gratitude and praise. Adam, having taken the fragrant draught, raised himself on his couch, and with fervent devotion returned thanks to the Lord; then taking his son's hand, he pressed it tenderly to his lips, bedewed it with tears, and said; "Blessed be thou, my son, by whom the Lord has sent me relief; whose pure virtue is acceptable to him, and to whose prayers he vouchsafes to listen. Blessed be thou, my son!" Eve and her daughters likewise embraced him by whom the Almighty had sent relief and comfort.

While this scene was passing in Adam's habitation, Cain returned from the field. "Anxious

apprehensions torment me," said he; "I will go to my father's dwelling, perhaps my assistance may be wanted: perhaps, alas, he may expire, and I shall not receive a parting blessing from his lips." He, therefore, hastened from the field, and beheld with astonishment the general transports and the endearments bestowed on his brother, on whom he heard his father pronounce his blessing. Mehala joyfully advanced to meet him, and throwing herself into his arms, related how the Lord had sent relief by the hand of Abel. Cain approached his father's bed, kissed his hand, and said: "I salute thee, father! Praised be the Lord who has again restored thee to us! But hast thou no blessing for me, father? Thou hast blessed him by whom the Lord sent relief; bless me too, thy first-born, my father!" Adam, gazing on him with tenderness, pressed his son's hand in his. "O Cain! Cain!" said he, "blessed be thou, my first-born! May the grace of the Lord descend upon thee! May peace ever dwell in thy bosom, and undisturbed tranquillity in thy soul!" Cain then advancing to his brother, embraced him; for he felt that he could not avoid it as every one else had embraced him with transports of tenderness. He left the hut, and retiring into the darksome recesses of a grove,* he paused to give vent to the gloomy ideas that pervaded his soul. "Tranquillity, undisturbed tran-

* The poet well knew that the mind eagerly seeks those scenes and situations that are congenial with the sentiments and passions by which it is occupied. Hence the predilection of the gloomy mind of Cain at this moment, for the darksome recesses of the grove. T.

quillity!" he repeated: "how is it possible?—how can I enjoy tranquillity? Was I not obliged to implore the blessing which unasked he bestowed on my brother? It is true, I am the first-born, a glorious privilege! unfortunate wretch that I am! I have the first right to misery and contempt. By the hands of my brother, the Lord sent relief; he is always favored with the means of acquiring a superior portion of their affection. How should they regard me whom the Lord hath disregarded, and whom the angels pass by unheeded? They appear not to me, they pass me with contempt; yes, when I spend my strength in the labors of the field, and the sweat pours from my sun-burnt brow, they pass me with contempt, to seek him whose delicate hands are employed in playing with the flowers, or who idly reclines by the side of his flock, or from excessive tenderness weeps because the setting sun tinges the clouds with crimson, or because the dew glitters on the variegated herbage. Woe to me, that I should be the first-born! on me alone the full weight of the malediction appears to have fallen. For him all nature smiles; I alone earn my bread by the sweat of my brow; I alone am miserable!" Wrapped in these gloomy meditations he wandered in the grove.

The sun was setting behind the blue hills, his departing rays lingered on the summits of the mountains, and tinged the clouds with glowing crimson, when Adam said: "The sun is retiring behind the hills; I will go out into the verdant arbour before our hut, and ere the day closes I will return thanks to the Lord who has relieved my affliction." He arose from his bed; youthful vigor animated his limbs,

Adam's prayer and thanksgiving for his recovery.

and Eve and her daughters accompanied him into the bower before the hut. The landscape still glowed with the soft tints of sun-set, and Adam, kneeling down, contemplated with rapture the lovely scene. "Here, almighty Being!" said he with fervent gratitude and devotion, "here I again appear before thee, to praise thy unspeakable goodness! Ye pains, that racked my limbs and like fire consumed my vitals, whither are ye fled? But, amidst the violence of my anguish, my soul trusted in the Lord; he listened to our supplications, and deigned to look down from his eternal throne; the pains ceased to rage, and health and vigor returned. Death shall not yet seize me as his prey; I am still spared to praise thee in this mortal body, to experience new wonders of thy inexpressible mercy, which thou shewest to fallen men. O, I will praise thee, thou almighty Being! from the dawn of the morning, till the rising of the evening-star. While my soul inhabits this mortal body I will send forth praise and thanksgiving, and when my spirit quits this abode of dust, then, O God of mercy! then shall it triumphantly ascend to thee, and live and behold thy glory! Ye resplendent angels, look down on the dwelling of sinners, on the abode of death! This earth, whose mountains trembled and whose charms vanished, when sinners fell and ye turned your faces from us, is still the theatre of the wonders of his infinite mercy; look down, and with sacred awe praise it in more worthy strains; for man, alas, can only weep and stammer forth his amazement. I salute thee once more thou lovely sun! thy morning-beams darting from behind the cedars, found me struggling with an-

guish; with sighs I greeted thy rays as they gradually enlightened my hut; thy evening radiance glows behind the mountains, while I kneel before the Lord who hath relieved me, and who before thou hast retired has restored me to health. I salute you, ye lofty mountains, ye hills scattered over the plain, I salute you! my eyes shall again behold you gilded with the mild rays of the morning and evening sun. I salute you, ye tuneful birds! your song shall again delight mine ear and awake me early to praise my Creator. Ye limpid streams! I salute you; again shall my limbs repose on your flowery banks; again shall your soft murmur soothe me to refreshing slumbers. Ye groves, ye bowers! again shall I wander beneath your shades, when I resign my soul to serious, solitary contemplation; then shall I again enjoy your grateful coolness. O Nature, beauteous nature, once more I salute thee! Praise and thanksgivings be unto the Lord, who has removed my pains and has preserved me from sinking into the dust!"

The father of men thus poured forth the effusions of his gratitude to the Lord; all nature in solemn silence seemed to hallow his prayer, and every object appeared to welcome his return to life and health. The sun poured his departing beams through the foliage of the arbour, and sank behind the mountain; youthful zephyrs wafted around him the ambrosial perfumes of the flowers, and the birds warbled their melodious strains and hopped among the branches. Cain and Abel now entered the arbour, and with delight beheld their father restored to health. Arising from prayer, he embraced his wife and children, while his eyes overflowed

Abel proposes to Cain to sacrifice on the joyful occasion.

with tears of joy, and he returned to his hut. "My brother," said Abel, addressing himself to Cain, "how shall we express our gratitude to the Lord; who has heard our supplications and has restored to us our beloved father? I will go to my altar, and now, while the moon rises, I will sacrifice the youngest lamb of my flock to the Lord. Wilt thou also go, my beloved brother, to thy altar and sacrifice to the Lord?"

Cain casting on him a side-long glance, replied: "Yes, I will go to my altar and sacrifice to the Lord what my barren fields afford."—"My dear brother," rejoined Abel, mildly, "the Lord heedeth little the lamb that burns before him, or the fruits of the field which are consumed by the flame, if the heart of him who offers them, but glow with sincere and ardent devotion."

Cain answered: "Fire will doubtless soon descend from heaven to consume thy offering, for it was by thee that the Lord sent relief to our father; but me he deigned not to notice. I will however go and sacrifice. My bosom glows with lively gratitude, and our father who has been restored to our prayers is as dear to me as to thee. The Lord deal with me, miserable creature, according to his good pleasure!"

Abel tenderly embracing his brother, returned: "Alas! my brother, should envy take possession of thy bosom because it was by me that the Lord sent relief? If he vouchsafed to make me the instrument of his benefits, was it not in answer to the prayers of us all? O my dear brother subdue this gloomy disposition; the Lord sees the inmost recesses of the heart and hears the slightest murmurs.

Love me with the same unfeigned affection I bear to thee. Go, offer up thy sacrifice; but O, suffer no impure passion to mingle with thy devotion; so shall the Lord graciously accept thy praise and thanksgiving and from his everlasting throne look down and bless thee."

Cain answered him not, but departed to his field. His brother looked after him with concern and went to his meadow; each approached his altar. Abel slaughtered the fairest of his young lambs, laid it upon the altar, and having strewed it with aromatic herbs and fragrant flowers, kindled the sacrifice. He then knelt with sacred devotion before the altar, and with a pure heart poured forth the tribute of his praise and thanksgiving to the Lord. The flame of his sacrifice ascended aloft amidst the darkness of night. The Lord had commanded his winds to cease, and solemn stillness to reign around; for the sacrifice was acceptable to him.

Cain placed the fruits of the field on his altar, set fire to his offering and knelt amid the gloom of night. A furious blast howled through the forest, a whirlwind dispersed the sacrifice and enveloped the affrighted Cain in flames and smoke. He retired trembling from the altar; a terrific voice issuing from the awful darkness pronounced these words: "Why tremblest thou, and why is horror imprinted on thy countenance? Repent, and I will forgive thy sin; if thou continuest in thy wickedness thy crime and its chastisement shall pursue thee for ever. Why hatest thou thy brother, who honors and loves thee with unfeigned affection?"

The voice ceased; Cain retreated trembling

Despair of Cain on the rejection of his sacrifice.

from the altar, and hastened through the gloom of night, pursued by the stifling smoke which the tempestuous wind dispersed around. He shuddered, and a cold sweat bedewed his limbs. Looking up, he beheld at a distance the column of flame from his brother's sacrifice, rising aloft amidst the darkness. Filled with despair, he turned his eyes from the hated object, while his quivering lips exclaimed: "Yonder, yonder, is the sacrifice of the favorite! I cannot endure the sight; another look would kindle all hell within my bosom, and I should—with trembling lips, I should curse him. O death! O destruction! where shall I find you?—Come and put a termination to my misery! O father, father, that fatal crime! Shall I present myself before thee, with haggard despair imprinted on my face, shall I expose to thee all my misery, that thou mayst feel the full weight of wretchedness entailed upon thy offspring? No, endure thy misery, but torture not thy father! Seized with horror he would expire in my sight, and my anguish would be but augmented. Yes! on me rests the anger, the curse, the contempt of the Lord! of all created beings that inhabit the earth I am the most wretched; the beasts of the field, the worms that crawl on the earth are enviable in comparison to me. O God of mercy!—if thou who art a just God canst be merciful to me!—cease to pour out thy wrath upon me, or destroy me!—But—wretch that I am!—has he not said that if I repent he will forgive my sin—has he not bidden me to chuse forgiveness or misery, everlasting misery? Yes, I have sinned; my multiplied offences rise in judgment against me and demand thy vengeance, O God of

justice!—How just is thy displeasure! The farther man strays from the paths of virtue and innocence, the deeper he involves himself in wretchedness; and this it is that renders me so miserable. O, I will return from my transgressions; let my crimes which now accuse me, be blotted out from thy sight! Have mercy on me, O God! have mercy on me!—alleviate my wretchedness or annihilate me!"

Cain leaves his hut before day-light.

BOOK IV.

Cain, disturbed by Mehala's grief, leaves his hut before day-light—He lies down to sleep beneath a rock—Cain's dream—Abel discovers him asleep—His imprecations on awaking—Expostulations of Abel—Cain kills his brother—His remorse and horror—Exultation of Anamelech—An angel is sent by the Almighty to conduct the spirit of Abel to heaven—Conversation of the soul with the angel—Abel's farewell of the earth—Song of the angels—Cain's despair—His sentence—Adam and Eve discover the corpse of Abel—Their anguish and lamentations — An angel appears to comfort them—Adam's prayer.

THE dews of night still descended, the birds slumbered in silence, darkness yet rested upon the valley and pale twilight on the mountain's brow, when Cain, overwhelmed with melancholy, left his hut. Mehala, unconscious that he overheard her, had wept over him in the hours of night, and with uplifted hands had preferred her prayers for him to heaven. He left his hut; his voice sounded amid the solitary silence of the twilight like distant thunder. "Hateful night!" he exclaimed, "what gloomy images surrounded me! What accumulated horrors! But my imagination was lulled to repose,

Cain falls asleep beneath a rock.

frightful dreams ceased to torment me, and I should have slumbered in peace, had I not been disturbed by her sobs and lamentations. Ha! must I then only wake to misery? Must I not enjoy a single hour of tranquillity? Why did she weep? For me; and she is yet ignorant that my sacrifice was rejected. O these tears, these sighs, these lamentations! they are insupportable to me, they have deprived me of repose for the whole day. Smiles of approbation accompany even the most indifferent action of my brother, while I am continually pursued by melancholy and reproach. O Mehala! I love thee; I love thee as myself; O, why shouldst thou embitter the few hours of my repose?"

He now paused beneath a bush that overhung the rock. "Here, O here," he exclaimed, "refuse me not thine aid, thy refreshment, gentle sleep! How wretched am I! Exhausted I sought thee in my habitation and scarcely hadst thou covered me with thy shadowy pinions, when the voice of lamentation chased thee from my couch. Here, here I shall not be disturbed, if inanimate nature have not conspired against my repose. O earth, which, subjected to the severity of the curse, requirest such incessant toils, to support life or rather to prolong my misery, suffer me to enjoy a few happy moments of repose from my labors!" He said, and threw himself upon the dewy turf. Sleep soon shrouded him in its sable mantle.

Anamelech had accompanied his lonely steps and now stood beside him. "Deep sleep," said he, "has sealed his eyes; I will recline by his side and will present to his imagination such

dreams as shall promote my purpose. Aid me then, imagination, with all thy influence; collect every image that can contribute to work up consuming envy, stormy rage and every passion that tortures his soul, to the highest pitch of distraction!" Thus spoke the fiend and reclined by his side. At this moment a furious blast shook the forest, howled through the thicket and agitated the locks that shaded the brow and cheeks of Cain. But in vain did it agitate the forest, in vain did his locks play about his brow and his cheeks, sleep had too closely sealed his eyes.

He beheld, in a dream, a vast plain, over which were scattered lonely huts, the abode of poverty and simplicity: this field was cultivated by his children and his grand-children, regardless of the scorching noon-tide rays which descended on their embrowned shoulders; with laborious industry they collected the scanty produce, or prepared the rugged soil for fresh seed, or with bleeding hands pulled up the briars and thistles which over-ran their fruits and stole from them the nourishing juices; while their wives were engaged in the cares of their wretched habitations and prepared the frugal repast. Eliel his eldest son now appeared before the slumberer; with tottering step he bore a heavy burthen from the field. He threw it from his shoulder and reclined exhausted against it. "How wretched is this life!" exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, "how full of toil and hardship! How heavily falls the curse on the offspring of Cain. Has he who created the earth, since he pronounced his malediction banished them entirely from his sight; or shall the curse oppress only the children

of the first-born? In yonder smiling plains inhabited by the offspring of Abel, who have driven us from them and assigned us the deserts for our portion; yonder, where in effeminate indolence they recline beneath voluptuous shades, nature appears to have exclusively showered her blessings; every comfort of life, every pleasure is bestowed on the happy favorites; our portion is poverty and toil." Eliel, again lifting the burthen on his shoulder, with fainting steps proceeded to his hut. The slumberer now beheld a flowery plain; limpid streams in wanton windings meandered through the dark shades of over-arching bushes; now they murmured before verdant bowers, and now between long rows of trees, reflecting in their placid currents the variegated splendors of blossoms and of fruits. Sometimes they collected into tranquil lakes; here the cooling zephyrs sported in the waving citron-grove, and there the fig-trees afforded the flowers a grateful shade. Nor Tempe nor Gnidus possessed such beauties; Gnidus, where on glistening columns rose the temple of Venus, the abode of the fabled goddess and her voluptuous train. —Snow-white flocks wandered in luxuriant pastures, and cropped the fragrant herbage, while the enamored swain, crowned with garlands, poured forth his sweetest strains for his beloved fair-one, half reclined in the luxurious shade. There beneath a high-arched bower, assembled youths and maids beauteous as the Loves and Graces. The grateful beverage foamed in ample bowls, and golden fruits glowed among the flowers that covered the tables; while the music of lovely voices and the soothing harmony of instruments filled the air. A youth

arose in the midst of the sportive assembly: "My friends!" said he, "I salute you. Listen to my counsel. It is true that Nature smiles upon us, that she has collected all her beauties around our dwellings; but yet they require care and cultivation, a labor that is too fatiguing for us, whose lives are devoted to softer and more pleasing employments. To the hand accustomed to touch only the soft strings of the harp, the culture of the fields is painful; to the head which formerly reclined in the shade, while its delicate locks were entwined with roses, it is painful to be exposed to the scorching sun. I will communicate to you, my friends, an idea, with which doubtless some guardian angel has inspired me. Let us, amid the obscurity of night, repair to yonder fields, where dwell the sons of labor; and when, weary with the toils of the day, they have retired to rest, let us surprize them in their huts, bind, and lead them away captives to our habitations; the men shall perform for us the labors of the field, and their wives and daughters shall, my fair country-women! be the servants of your pleasures. But this plan must be executed in the night: for though we far exceed them in number, yet it is better to avoid a doubtful and dangerous contest." Thus spoke the youth, and the joyous crowd shouted their approbation. Night had now enveloped the earth in darkness; shrieks of horror and wretchedness, mingled with shouts of triumph, issued from the huts. The night glowed with the flames which ascended from the humble cottages, and tinged the distant waves that broke around the reddened shore. By their light the slumberer beheld his sons with their wives and

children bound and driven like a flock of sheep before the offspring of Abel.

Such was the dream of Cain,* who trembled in his sleep; when Abel, having discovered him beneath the bush that overhung the rock, approached. With eyes full of affection he gazed on him, and whispered in softest accents: "Soon mayst thou awake, my brother, that I may pour forth the tender sentiments of my heart towards thee; that I may embrace thee! But, let me suppress my wishes; ye zephyrs that sport among the bushes, be still; ye melodious warblers be silent, nor chase from him refreshing repose, when his weary limbs perhaps still need its influence! But—how pale, how agitated he appears!—Rage is imprinted on his brow. Wherefore do you disturb him, ye visions of horror? Retire and suffer his soul to enjoy

* We have hitherto seen in Cain, a man whose gloomy imagination represented every thing in an unfavorable point of view, tormented it is true by envy and discontent, but not thoroughly depraved and destitute of virtuous sentiments. He did not yet hate Abel. Yielding, in spite of the remonstrances of his relatives and the warning of a supernatural power, to the baleful influence of his passions, he is gradually led to the commission of his unnatural crime. Nothing could have been more happily imagined than the circumstances described in this book; and we here find the powerful sentiment of natural affection perverted by the bewildered imagination of the wretched Cain into a motive of hatred of his brother. Can any thing be conceived better calculated to inflame his passions to the highest pitch of fury than the scene presented to his mind in his dream; and is it any wonder that, in the first impulse of his rage, he should wreak his vengeance on him, whom he regarded as the cause not only of his own wretchedness but of that misery which was reserved for his unborn offspring? T.

repose. Come ye pleasing images of domestic delights and tender endearments, of all that is excellent in the moral and lovely in the natural world; come, and fill his imagination with gaiety and delight; come like the mild vernal morn, that joy may smile upon his brow, and that when he awakes his lips may overflow with gratitude and thanksgiving." He said, and with eyes of anxious tenderness gazed on his brother.

As a shaggy lion couching at the foot of a rock, (whom the terrified wanderer with trembling step, takes a wide circuit to avoid) if the swift arrow, in its rapid flight suddenly pierce his side, springs up with dreadful roar to seek his enemy, and destroys the innocent child playing with the flowers in the grass—so Cain started from his slumber, foaming with rage, which like a black cloud lowered on his brow. He stamped upon the ground: "Open, O earth!" he exclaimed, "and hide me; bury me in thy deepest abyss! I am wretched, and—O maddening prospect! my children are doomed to misery! But no, thou wilt not open; in vain I call upon thee; the Almighty Avenger will not permit thee; he has decreed that misery should be my portion; and to aggravate my wretchedness, he withdraws the veil, and discloses the infernal horrors of futurity. Cursed, cursed be the hour when my mother first brought forth with pain! Cursed be the place where the pains of child-birth came upon her! May all that grows upon it perish; may he who attempts to cultivate it, lose his seed and his labor; and may horror seize those who pass over the spot!"

Thus raved the wretched Cain, when his brother,

pale as death, approached with faltering steps. "My brother!" he exclaimed, "but no!—some rebellious spirit, hurled from heaven by the thunders of the Almighty, has assumed his form and utters these blasphemies!—Where is my brother? O where art thou my brother?—I fly to bless thee!"

"Here am I," thundered Cain, "here! thou smiling, whining favorite of the Avenger and of all nature; thou whose viperous race will once exclusively possess all the blessings of this world! Yes it must be so. It is fit that a tribe of slaves should be born to attend on the favorites—beasts of burthen to labor for them, that the enjoyment of their pleasures may not be interrupted by the thought of toil. —Ha!—Hell with all its torments, rages in my bosom!"

"Cain, my brother!" said Abel, while astonishment, anxiety and tenderness, were imprinted on his countenance, "what hateful dream has deluded thee? I came with the early dawn to seek thee, to embrace thee, to bless thee with the approaching day. But—O what stormy passions rage within thy breast; how unkindly thou receivest my tender love! When, O when shall we see those blessed days, those days of delight, when peace shall reign among us, when uninterrupted love shall fill the soul with sweet tranquillity and every smiling pleasure; those days, for which our anxious father and our fond mother look forward with such solicitude. O Cain! Cain! how dost thou destroy the sweet hope we cherished, when I wept with transport in thy embrace! If I have offended thee, my brother —unconsciously offended thee—by all that is sacred I entreat thee, dispel the tempest that rages in

Cain kills Abel.

thy soul, forgive me, and permit me to embrace thee!" He said, and approached to clasp his brother in his arms: but Cain started back. "Ha! Serpent!" he exclaimed, "wouldst thou twine thyself about me?" Rage nerved his arm, and swinging a ponderous club, it swept through the air and descended on the head of Abel. The hapless victim sank at his feet; with a look of forgiveness he fixed on him his dying eye and expired. His blood distained his golden locks and flowed at the feet of the murderer.

Cain stood pallid and motionless with horror: a cold sweat bedewed his trembling limbs; he beheld the last convulsive motion of his expiring brother, and the reeking blood that gushed from the wound. "Accursed blow!" he exclaimed. "Brother!—awake—awake my brother! How pale is his face; how fixed his eyes; how the blood streams from his head!—Wretch that I am!—O what horror seizes me!—What infernal torture!" Thus raving, he furiously hurled from him the blood-stained club, and with his clenched fist struck his forehead. With faltering step, he approached the corpse and endeavored to raise it from the ground. "Abel! my brother!—awake! Ha!—how his bleeding head droops;—how helpless!—Dead!—O, horror, he is dead! I will flee! Support me, trembling limbs!" He said, and rushed into the neighboring thicket.

Elate, the seducer stood near the bleeding victim; his bosom swelled with pride, and his form dilated with joy; high and horrible he towered, like the black column of smoke ascending from the blazing ruins of the solitary hut, whose inhabitants

quietly pursued their rustic toil, while the f
consumed their domestic conveniencies, their
all.—Thus stood Anamelech; he gazed first
murderer with a hellish smile, and then o
corpse. "Welcome," he exclaimed, "C
come, pleasing sight! I behold for the first tin
earth moistened with human blood! The mu
ing current of the sacred springs of heaven,
the Thunderer hurled us from the abodes of
never afforded me half such pleasure; the
dious harps of the arch-angels never sounc
soothing as the last sighs of this expiring
Thou glorious inhabitant of the new creation
ast, thou noblest effort of the Maker's hand
a pitiful figure art thou now! Rise, sweet
rise thou friend of angels! Be not so slow
performance of thy slavish duties of prostrati
prayer! But, he moves not; his own broth
extended him in the dust. It is by such dee
I will raise myself from obscurity; by deeds
Satan himself shall envy—I will now hie me
throne of hell; what raptures shall I feel w
vaulted roofs re-echo with my fame! I shal
in triumph among the crowds of vulgar
whom no such enterprize has ennobled!" He
to look once more with scornful triumph
slain; but the hateful features of despair c
the rising smile of scorn and the pride that
his brow. The Almighty commanded the
of hell to seize him, and he was overwhelme
a sea of torture. He cursed the hour of h
tion; he cursed eternity replete with tormen
fled.

The last sighs of the dying ascended to the

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DEATH of ABEL.

Paine, del. Stalker, sc.

Pub. Sep. 1. 1806, by Tomas Cundee, Albion Press, London.

of the Almighty, and demanded vengeance of eternal justice. A peal of thunder issued from the sanctuary. The golden harps were silent and the eternal hallelujahs were suspended. Thrice the thunder echoed through the lofty vault of heaven; it ceased, and the voice of the Most High, issuing from the silvery cloud which envelopes the throne, summoned one of the arch-angels. He advanced, veiling his face with his resplendent wings. "Death," said the Almighty "hath seized his first victim from among mankind, and I entrust thee with the sacred charge of assembling all the souls of the righteous. I myself cheered the soul of Abel as he expired. Henceforward shalt thou attend the last moments of the just; when the damps of death bedew his brow, when his voice falters and the last convulsive pang seizes his frame, then give his soul the assurance of everlasting felicity; that with eyes full of transport he may once more look round him and die. Descend now to the dwelling of mortals, to meet the spirit of the brother murdered by his brother; and thou, Michael, attend him and pronounce against the fratricide the sentence due to his crime." The Almighty was silent and again the thunder thrice echoed through heaven's vast concave. The arch-angels pursued their course through the silent ranks of celestial spirits, and having passed the portals of heaven, they descended through the boundless space, among innumerable suns and orbs, to the earth.

The angel of death now summoned the soul of Abel from its ensanguined dwelling. With a ce-

lestial smile he* obeyed; the purest and most essential parts of the body flew off, and mingling with the balmy odors wafted by gentle zephyrs from the flowers, which sprang up in the radiant circle encompassing the angel, they enveloped the soul, forming an etherial body. With rapture unknown before the spirit gazed on the celestial messenger.

With heavenly benignity the angel approached and said: "Welcome from thy covering of dust; embrace me. I rejoice that I am the first to welcome thee to bliss; myriads of spirits wait thy coming. Welcome thou righteous soul! Eternal joy, inexpressible felicity in the presence of God, shall be the recompence of thy virtue. O, welcome to my embrace, the first who hath exchanged this frail covering of dust for immortal bliss!"

"I embrace thee, celestial friend! I embrace

* I expect to be censured by many for applying the relative pronoun *he* to the soul of Abel; such persons, however, I can assure, that this is not the result of a desire of singularity. Till some general standard shall be adopted for regulating the English language, a writer must in numerous instances be guided entirely by his own judgment; and the present appears to me to be a case in point. In different authors we find the human soul distinguished by the different relatives, *she* and *it*, though, in all the foreign languages with which I am acquainted the *soul* is of the feminine gender. Every one will admit that it would be highly ridiculous to apply the masculine relative to the soul of a woman; to reverse the case appears to me to be just as preposterous. The neuter, which we employ almost exclusively for inanimate objects, seems equally improper. Would it not be most natural to apply to souls individually the gender of the bodies they inhabited? T.

thee!" said the soul, and paused, overpowered by the sense of his felicity. "O what unutterable extacy! When, enveloped in my habitation of dust, I was wont to contemplate during the solitude and stillness of midnight, I felt the presence of my God and the charms of virtue, and wept with transport —what was this but the faint dawn of the bliss I now experience! O! I am now more deeply sensible of the pleasures of virtue; I feel more powerfully the inexpressible sensation of the divine presence! What thoughts arise within me! lovely as spring, bright and resplendent as the sun! Celestial friend! I embrace thee! Eternal bliss is mine; I shall incessantly praise him who rewards with unspeakable bliss the efforts of his creature to lead a life of purity and virtue."

Thus the spirits conversed and dissolved in the reciprocal embrace. "Follow me, my friend," said the angel, "follow my flight and quit the earth. The dearest objects thou hast left behind, those mortals who are virtuous will follow thee; ere many years pass over their heads they will follow thee to the regions of bliss. Now hasten to receive the congratulations of the blessed spirits who await thee; to join in the songs of eternal thanksgiving and praise."

"I follow thee, celestial friend!" replied the soul. "O what rapture, what bliss! Farewel, my beloved kindred whom I leave behind on the earth! when the term allotted to your lives is completed, when the hour of death arrives, and thou, my friend, descendest to meet their departing souls, I will approach the throne of the Eternal, and implore his permission to accompany thy flight; that with

rapturous emotion I may behold their spirits exchanging their habitations of dust for eternal bliss. Thee, Thirza! my dearest! thee too shall I behold, after thou hast long wept over my mouldering relics! When thou hast reared thy lisping infant to the practice of virtues bright as thine, I shall behold thee expire; with unutterable delight, I shall receive thee on quitting thy habitation of clay, in my fond embrace!"

Thus spoke Abel, as accompanied by the angel he began to ascend from the earth. He turned to breathe his departing blessing on the spot that contained the objects of his affection, when his eye glanced on his brother, on whose countenance were imprinted horror and guilt. He clasped his hands over his head, while his haggard eyes rolled wildly around. Then clenching his fist he struck his throbbing breast, and throwing himself, in an agony of despair, on the earth, he rolled in the dust. Tears of compassion flowed from Abel's eyes; he turned from the horrid scene and found himself surrounded with a numerous company of angels. The tutelar spirits of the earth attended him to the confines of the terrestrial atmosphere. There, embracing with fervor the heaven-bound travellers, they reposed on a crimson cloud, and accompanied their flight through the realms of æther with a parting hymn. The lovely tones of the lute and of the silver strings of harps were mingled with the melody of their celestial voices. Thus in responsive strains sang the tutelar spirits of the earth:

"He ascends, the new inhabitant of heaven ascends! beauteous—beauteous as the returning

spring, attended with joy and gladness and every smiling delight. Hail him, ye stars dispersed through the illimitable expanse; hail your sister-planet, the earth. Glows it not with more than usual beauty—the earth, which, though laboring under the creator's curse, nourishes in its dust, beings worthy of heaven? What splendors surround it! A fresher verdure smiles in its plains, a brighter radiance glows upon its hills.

"He ascends, the new inhabitant of heaven ascends! Myriads of angels wait his arrival at the portals of heaven; impatiently wait to salute the first spirit that ascends from the earth, to embrace him and to crown him with never-fading roses. O how great will be his rapture, when entering the regions of heaven, he joins, in the aromatic twilight of ever-verdant bowers, in the praises of him, from whom this unspeakable felicity is but an emanation!

"We celebrated, with songs of praise we celebrated the day, when thy youthful soul descended from its creator to animate thy mortal frame. We beheld every virtue flourish in thy opening mind, like lilies in the spring. Unseen we attended all thy steps; with transport we watched all thy actions, marked all thy wishes, witnessed all the tears, which flowed from the pure source of virtue —And now O fly to meet him; crown him with celestial roses; now that he is released from the bondage of mortality!

"Yonder lies his body, yonder it lies like a drooping flower! Receive back his dust, O parent earth! let each returning spring deck with fragrant

flowers the turf that covers his relics! * We will celebrate, with songs of praise, each revolving year, we will celebrate the day, on which the first righteous spirit ascended to the abodes of bliss!"

Thus they sang and descended on the radiant cloud to the earth.

Cain, urged by despair, wandered in the recesses of the neighboring thicket. He attempted to flee; but in vain he sought to escape from the horrors that overwhelmed him—like a traveller around whose body some venomous serpent has firmly coiled itself; in vain he flees, in vain the wretch struggles to disengage himself from his terrific assailant; his venomous fangs already lacerate his bosom and convey the fatal poison to his heart. "O, that I could escape from the sight of his bleeding corpse!" exclaimed Cain, "If I flee, his blood pursues and bathes my very footsteps! Whither—wretch that I am!—O whither shall I flee! His last look!—O what have I done?—O execrable deed! Thou fillest my soul with the torments of hell!—I have destroyed the unborn murderers of my children.†—What sounds, like the sighs of the

* This poetic idea Collins has clothed in the language of poetry in the following beautiful lines:

When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. T.

† Cain alludes to his dream in this reflection, from which he seems inclined to derive, if possible, some satisfaction. Conscience, however, gives him no respite, and instantly chases the rising sentiment of pleasure. T.

The arch-angel Michael pronounces his sentence.

dying issue from yon bushes?—Away trembling feet; haste far away from the pursuing blood; far away from the awful theatre of death! Carry me—ye trembling limbs, sprinkled with a brother's blood, carry me—to hell!" He said and was about to flee.

A black and gloomy cloud descended before him. "Cain, where is thy brother?" exclaimed an awful voice from the darkness.—"I know not, wretch that I am! I am not his keeper;" replied Cain with faltering accents, and starting back pale with horror. Thunder burst from the cloud; the bushes and the herbage around him were wrapped in a blaze, and the arch-angel stood before the terrified Cain. On his brow were seated the awful judgments of the Lord; his right arm wielded a flaming thunder-bolt, and his left was extended over the bending, trembling sinner. He spoke and again the thunders rolled. "Stop, tremble, and hear thy sentence. Thus saith the Lord: What hast thou done? Thy brother's blood crieth to me from the earth, and now art thou cursed on the earth, which hath drunk the blood of thy brother shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren, for ever shalt thou wander a fugitive and a vagabond on its surface!" Convulsive tremors and the orments of hell seized the appalled sinner; his head was bowed towards the ground. As stands the impious atheist, when the Almighty in judgment commands the earth to tremble, when the domes of prophaned temples are levelled, and the palaces of sinners are swallowed by the yawning abyss; when, amidst the convulsion of nature, his ears are assailed by the shrieks of the dying and he is enve-

loped in the black clouds and flames which issue from the riven earth; thus stood, thus shook the fratricide. He attempted to speak, but his trembling lips refused their office; at length in faltering accents and without venturing to look up, he stammered: "My crime is too great—too great ever to be forgiven! Thou hast cursed me on this earth; where, O where can I hide myself from thy presence? I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. O that the first who meets me may slay me!"

"Sevenfold vengeance shall fall upon him who sheds thy blood," said the thunderer. "Incessant anguish and gnawing remorse shall be imprinted on thy brow; so that every one who meets thee shall say: That is Cain, the fratricide; and, struck with horror, shall quit the path pursued by thy wandering feet." The angel pronounced this sentence and vanished. Awful thunders issued from the retiring cloud; a whirlwind tore up the bushes and howled in the thicket, as howls a criminal condemned to suffer the most excruciating torture.

Cain stood, a long time, motionless; despair glared in his eyes; wild winds agitated his erected hair. At length casting a fearful glance from beneath his contracted eye-brows. "Had he but destroyed me!" he exclaimed with quivering lips—"had he but annihilated me, that no traces of my existence might be left in the creation! Why did he not blast me with his lightnings—why did not his thunder-bolts bury me in the depths of the earth? But no—he preserves me for everlasting torments. The outcast of the whole creation, forsaken by God, abhorred by all nature, abhorred by

Cain's remorse.

myself, I am already haunted by those fiends which will incessantly pursue me, torturing anguish, remorse, despair!—Cursed be thou, O arm! which wieldedst the implement of murder; mayst thou wither on my body, like the blighted branch of a tree! Accursed be the hour in which a dream from hell deluded me!—O Nature! why dost thou not manifest signs of thy abhorrence? O earth, wherever my foot wanders thou art cursed! Where art thou, that I may curse thee, thou who inspiredst the maddening dream! Art thou returned to hell?—O, mayst thou ever experience the pangs that rend my soul—I cannot curse thee more!—Ha! yonder I see him—yonder I discover the flames of hell. See, the fiends gaze on me with triumph! Smile on, ye spirits of perdition! smile at my misery!—or if ye know what it is to feel compassion, pity me; for Satan himself never felt such pangs as mine!" Thus raved Cain, till exhausted and speechless he sank on the stem of a tree uprooted by the storm. Here he seated himself for some moments in pensive agony; he then started up shuddering, and exclaimed: "Who rushed past me?—My murdered brother! O, I heard his dying groans, I beheld his streaming blood! O, brother! brother! have pity on my inexpressible anguish and pursue me not!" Uttering a deep sigh, he again seated himself motionless and silent.

In the mean time the father of mankind, accompanied by his wife, left his habitation. "How lovely are the beams of the morning sun!" exclaimed Eve; "gilding, with mildest ray, the mist that hovers over the distant horizon. Let us wander amid the beauteous scene, through the glisten-

ing dew, till the hour of labor summons thee to the field and me to my domestic occupations. O my beloved! how beautiful is the earth! Although accursed, it still bears the same proportion to Paradise, forfeited by my transgression, as thou in the first days of thy innocence to the angels who there deigned to visit us. See! my beloved! how all nature rejoices; every bush, every tree resounds with songs of thanksgiving; the domestic animals sport around the huts and with cheerful voice or frolic gestures hail the first beams of morn."

"Yes, my beloved," answered Adam, "the earth is beautiful; though subject to the curse it still exhibits traces, indelible traces of the infinite goodness of the Almighty to us, who by our shameful fall, by the blackest ingratitude, had rendered ourselves totally unworthy of his beneficence and compassion. Yes, our God is more gracious and more merciful than our tongues can express or our imaginations conceive. Let us go, my beloved, to the flowery pastures where Abel's flock wanders amid the dew; we may perhaps find our pious child chanting some new hymn of praise to his Creator."

"Permit me, my beloved," said Eve, "to tell thee the design I had formed before I quitted the hut. I took the fairest figs in my store, and placed them with some dried grapes in this basket, I will go to the field, thought I, to Cain, my first-born, and present him these fruits that they may refresh him, while resting in the shade from his labor; for, my beloved! I would omit no attention which can contribute to remove the gloomy idea, that our af-

fection for him is less tender than the love we feel for his brother." *

"How attentive, my beloved Eve, is thy fond care," answered Adam; "I thank thee for thy more prudent counsel. Let us go to Cain, that he may not say, that all our love is reserved for Abel; perhaps, amid the beauties of this delightful morning, we shall find his heart more open to the impressions of tenderness." They said, and hastened, Eve carrying the basket on her arm, to the field. "O what happiness," said they as they went, "if the charms of nature, which awaken in the bosom sentiments of virtue, should have rendered his heart susceptible of tender impressions!"

They had just come from behind a thicket and Eve had advanced a little before. "Who lies there?" exclaimed she, starting back with affright—"Adam, who is it that lies there?—He reclines not like one asleep, but like a person who has been thrown on the ground; his face is turned towards the earth.—Those golden locks are Abel's!—Adam!—O why do I shudder?—Abel! Abel! my beloved! awake!—Turn to me thy fair face ever expressive of dutiful affection! Awake! O awake! from that unnatural sleep!"—They now advanced nearer. "O horror!" exclaimed Adam, starting back, "blood!—blood trickles from his brow;—

* Could the poet more strongly or more naturally delineate that delicate sensibility and nice discrimination for which the female mind is so peculiarly distinguished?—It is traits like this, it is the truth, the adherence to nature which prevail in all Gessner's works, that procure them the admiration of readers of every nation, rank and religion. T.

Grief of Adam and Eve over the corpse of Abel.

his head is bathed with blood!"—"O Abel, my beloved!" cried Eve, raising his stiffened arm, and sank, pale as death, on Adam's throbbing bosom. Both stood mute with horror, when Cain, who, frantic with despair, was wandering through the thicket, unconsciously approached the corpse. He gazed on the body; he beheld his father, in silent agony, supporting his fainting mother in his trembling arms. "I killed him," he exclaimed; "tremble at the horrible confession; 'twas I that killed him! Cursed be the hour, O woman! in which thou brought'st me forth! I murdered him!" cried Cain, and fled.

Pale, silent and motionless, the unhappy pair long remained insensible. Adam first awoke from the lethargy of grief. "Where am I!" he cried, in broken accents,—"what horrors overwhelm my soul! O God! O God!—yonder he lies!—O wretched, wretched father! what an accumulation of horrors! His brother murdered him; he confessed his guilt; he cursed us and fled. An icy chillness freezes my soul! He who cursed us is my son; he who here lies in his blood is likewise my son! Wretch that I am! what misery, what torments have I brought on myself and my posterity! O Abel! Abel!—And thou too, Eve, dost thou not again awake to wretchedness? Hast thou expired in my arms? Am I left alone in my misery?—But—praise be to thee!—the chillness of death steals through my veins to my throbbing heart—the shades of darkness close around my languid eyes! O, Death, delay not!—welcome with all thy terrors!—Still thou delayest!—O God!—Abel—my son! my dear son!" He said, and wept over the

Grief of Adam and Eve over the corpse of Abel.

corpse, while the dews of death mingled with his tears. "And dost thou again awake, my beloved Eve!" he continued; "and dost thou again open thine eyes to inexpressible misery! What a sight awaits thee, dear partner of my sorrows!"

"Adam!" replied Eve, in dying accents—No; the terrific voice of the murderer no longer thunders in my ears! He cursed us!—O curse me alone, thou fratricide! It was I—wretch that I am—'twas I that first sinned. O Abel! my darling child!" She now sank from Adam's arms upon the corpse: "My son! my beloved son!" she cried, and bathed the clay-cold body with her tears. "O God! his fixed eyes no longer turn to me! Awake my child, awake! In vain, alas! in vain I call thee! He is dead!—This, this is death; the dreadful punishment pronounced on sin! And I—O torture inexpressible!—my soul shudders at the thought—I was the first sinner! O Adam, my beloved husband! each tear thou sheddest is to me a keen reproof; it was I who seduced thee! From me—from me, thou wretched parent, demand thy son's blood; from me, afflicted children demand your brother! Curse me—me alone, thou fratricide! I was the first sinner. O Abel! O my son! thy streaming blood accuses me thy wretched mother!" She said, while showers of tears bedewed the corpse.

With a look of unspeakable sorrow Adam gazed on his wife. "Eve!" he exclaimed, "I implore thee by our misery—by our affection I implore thee! cease these bitter reproaches against thyself whom I so tenderly love—they afflict, they torture me inexpressibly. O the dreadful consequences!

—We have both sinned; but yet God will look down upon our anguish with pity. Yes—Almighty Father! thou will permit us in the midst of our misery to address our supplications to thee! thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner! We live, my beloved Eve! though the body sinks into dust, the soul survives, and if we have pursued the paths of virtue, our spirits will be rewarded with eternal bliss. O what comfort! what soothing consolation! But alas! he fell by his brother's hand!—O God! he was murdered by his brother!"

"Yes, my beloved son," exclaimed Eve, while her tears flowed more abundantly, "a horrible death hath released thee from this world of woe; have not we who are left behind to struggle with affliction just cause to weep? How he lies extended in death! The smile of tenderness has fled from his altered cheek, faded and stained with his own blood; those lips will no more address me in angelic accents; and these fixed eyes will no more overflow with tears of pleasure, at beholding the transport, the ardent love with which I witnessed his virtue! Into what misery are we sunk! O sin! sin! what odious forms dost thou assume! each more horrible than the other; I thy mother, thy wretched mother—I am the mother of thy murderer! O Abel! my beloved!" She said, and sank speechless on the stiffened corpse: she remained long insensible. "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed Adam, interrupting the melancholy silence, "how forlorn am I! how mournful, how desolate is all around me; misery, unspeakable misery has spread a gloom over all nature. Alas! he is dead! he who was the comfort, the joy of my life. The sup-

port of all my hopes—my beloved Abel, is dead! Alas, and Cain—O horrible thought!—and Cain is a fugitive, a monster, abhorred by all nature! O God! who beholdest our misery, forgive, forgive our excessive grief; forgive us if we writhe in the dust before thee like the worm crushed by the foot of the heedless passenger!"

He now stood pale and mute, as the statue of affliction on the moss-clad monument, or in the gloomy solitude of the cypress grove.* His head was bowed, his eyes were fixed on the melancholy scene; a dreary silence reigned around. With faltering steps he at length approached Eve, and taking her feeble hand from the corpse, he pressed it, with fervor, to his heart. "Eve, my beloved wife," he exclaimed, bending over her, "awake, my beloved, awake! Raise thy tearful eyes from the distressing object; sink not beneath the weight of affliction! Has thy sorrow destroyed all recollection of thy husband, all tenderness for me? O raise thine eyes to me, beloved wife! It is just that we should feel all the horrors of death, that we should experience, in their full extent, the misery and the fatal consequences of our fall! But to writhe in the dust, obstinately refusing all consolation, is impious, is criminal! It implies the reproach that Eternal justice has punished us more severely than we deserved. O Eve! rouse thyself from this culpable despondency, lest the Almighty

* This idea is doubtless borrowed from the well known lines of our British bard—

—Like Pity on a monument
Smiling at Grief.—

should withdraw from us, unworthy sinners, all the sources of consolation which yet remain." Thus spoke Adam. Eve raising her tearful eyes from the corpse, turned them first to Adam, and then fixed them on heaven: "O God! forgive me a wretched sinner! Forgive me, my husband, my beloved! my grief is inexpressible. And dost thou still love me, the cause of all this misery, of this unnatural murder, of the shedding of this innocent blood! O Adam, let me bathe thy hand, this corpse with my tears, let me mingle them with this blood!"

Thus mourned the first pair, reclined against each other, when a celestial figure approached them. Fragrant flowers springing up as he trod marked his light footsteps: peace sat upon his radiant brow; consolation and sympathy sparkled in his eyes, and beamed in the celestial charms of his countenance. A white robe, brighter than the silvery clouds which veil the moon, flowed over his majestic form and descended in resplendent folds. The heavenly messenger advanced, and nature glowed around him with fresher verdure. "Eve," exclaimed Adam, "raise thy mournful eyes, repress thy sighs; see yon celestial form approaching; behold what benignity, what consolation appear in his countenance. A ray of comfort already bursts through the darkness of our misery. Weep not Eve! Arise, let us hasten to meet the celestial messenger." Eve reclined on her husband, and the angel stood before them.

He gazed for a moment with fixed attention on the first victim of death, then turned with heavenly benignity to Adam and his wife. His radiance diffused around them a brighter light. In soft, me-

lodious accents he said: "I salute you who weep over your son's inanimate dust! The Almighty hath permitted me to visit you in your affliction. Among the angels that hover around you mortals, on the earth, none loved Abel so tenderly as myself. I was ever by his side, when the commands of the Most High did not summon me away. Often when his imagination, enraptured with the love of virtue, poured forth its effusions in hymns of praise, which hovering angels frequently repeated, I inspired him with heavenly thoughts, such as the embodied soul is capable of conceiving. Weep not then, in comfortless despair, as if his spirit too were dead; immoderate grief becomes not immortal spirits. Death has released him from the oppressive fetters of mortality; his virtue, his reason, and his desire of knowledge are now perfected; he is happy, more happy than human imagination can conceive, in the society of angels, in the presence of his God. Weep for him, my beloved, but refuse not consolation; ye are separated from him but for a short time; soon will death summon you to rejoin him; he will appear, it is true, in different forms, but to the pious he is always a long-expected friend. Adam! the Almighty commands thee to restore this mouldering body to the dust; dig a pit and cover it with earth." Thus spoke the angel, and surveyed them once more with a look of celestial benignity, which conveyed the soothing balm of consolation to their distracted souls. Thus does the cooling draught from the limpid, murmuring stream, refresh the weary traveller, who having long wandered amid the arid sands of burning deserts, is ready to faint with parching

thirst, when he suddenly discovers the silvery current: joyful, he reposes, for its murmuring course leads his delighted eye into a country, where nature smiles in all her beauty, where the benevolent host will receive him beneath his shade, and will provide him with every grateful refreshment.

Adam, filled with holy extacy, gazed on the departing angel. "Accept our grateful thanks, celestial friend!" he exclaimed. "O God, how great is thy mercy! thou beholdest our misery and sendest thine angels to comfort us. Shall we, who are surrounded by thy presence, who are the objects of thy tender mercies, whose every sigh is marked by hovering angels—shall we mourn like condemned spirits in the dust? Shall we incessantly lament, and shall our souls, destined for everlasting felicity, obstinately refuse consolation, because our short passage through this life is clouded by affliction? Some tears indeed must flow for the beloved youth, snatched from our embraces, but how much more ought we to offer up our prayers and tears for the sinner! O God! banish him not entirely from thy presence; he was the first fruit of my loins, the first that Eve with pain brought forth. Let us not cease, my beloved Eve! to supplicate the Almighty in his behalf. Can we doubt his mercy, when we know with what loving-kindness he treated us, what great promises he gave us, when trembling before him we expected not mercy but judgment? Let us not delay my beloved to execute the commands of the Lord; I will bear the corpse to our hut, and we will there commit the precious dust to the earth."—"My beloved," said Eve, "my soul rises superior to its

Adam carries the corpse towards the cottages.

sorrows; by thy courage and firmer virtue I support myself, as the weak ivy clings to the stubborn oak." Adam lifted the corpse on his shoulders, and weeping under the melancholy burthen, proceeded towards the huts, while Eve bathed in tears, walked by his side.

BOOK V.

Conversation of Thirza and Mehala—They meet Adam bearing the lifeless body of his son—Their grief and lamentations—Josiah and Eliel the children of Cain—Interment of the corpse—Adam's prayer on the occasion—Horror and remorse of Cain—Nocturnal visit of Thirza to the grave of Abel—Cain overhears her lamentations—He visits his wife and children with the intention of leaving them for ever—Mehala resolves to accompany him in his flight.

THIRZA had now awaked from unquiet slumbers, and sprang with secret anxiety from her couch of skins. So springs the affrighted wanderer, reposing his wearied limbs beneath an over-arching rock, when a terrific dream, inspired by his guardian-angel, represents the craggy mass descending over his head; horror urges his steps, the rock falls; he seeks the companion of his toilsome journey, ignorant that he is entombed beneath the ponderous ruin. "What horrid images," she exclaimed, "have haunted my dreams! gloomy phantoms which I am unable to describe. Welcome, lovely light, thou hast chased them from my brow! Welcome ye flowers, my pleasing charge! your mingled morning odors shall refresh my harassed senses!

Her mind oppressed with unusual terrors.

And you, ye gay inhabitants of the air, how joyfully ye warble your morning strains! My voice shall mingle with your melody; my praises and thanksgivings shall ascend together with those of all renovated nature! Praise, O my soul! thy Creator and Preserver: him whose ever-wakeful Providence guards us when wrapped in the sable mantle of night and slumber. O!—to thee ascend my praises and thanksgivings together with those of all renovated nature!" She had now left the hut and walked among the new-blown flowers, while the morning zephyrs robbed them of their early sweets. "But still," she continued, "anxiety oppresses my bosom; my heart still throbs. Whence this unusual, this nameless solicitude; gloomy as the clouds, when like mountains they overcast the horizon, when the voice of joy is silent, and the awe-struck earth awaits the coming tempest. Where art thou Abel! my brother, my other self! Pursued by gloomy anxiety, I hasten into thy arms, as hastens the wanderer, benighted amid the black solitude of the forest, when terror gives wings to his feet."

She said and hastened away; when she was met by Mehala who was just leaving her hut. "Welcome! my beloved sister!" said Mehala, "whither art thou hastening, with thy loose-flowing tresses, unadorn'd even by a single flower?"

"I am hastening," replied Thirza, "I am hastening into the arms of my beloved; unusual terrors have disturbed my slumbers; and they still oppress my bosom. The charms of the morning have not dispersed them, and now I am hastening to my beloved. O! in his arms they will be dissi-

pated, though the blooming spring, though the smiles of all nature are unable to chase them away."

"Where, O my happy sister!" exclaimed Cain's wife, with a sigh, "where could I hope for consolation, did I not find it in the affection of our parents, in thine, Thirza, and that of thy beloved Abel! Yes, to you, I can unbosom the care and sorrow which Cain's discontent accumulates over my days. Alas! to him all the beauties of nature are only sources of melancholy; the labor which the cultivation of his field requires, is to him an insupportable burthen; but, above all, his enmity to his virtuous brother, afflicts my heart!"

Mehala wept; her tender sister embraced her, while tears trembled in her eyes. "Dearest sister," said she—"O, how often does that reflection force bitter tears from my beloved and myself, during the sleepless hours of night; and how often are our ardent prayers addressed to the Almighty in his behalf! O, may a beam of his grace disperse the dark shades that cloud his bosom, and favor the growth of those baleful weeds which stifle all his virtues! Then peace and tranquillity would again flourish around our dwellings, and sorrow be chased from the brows of our tender parents."

"Alas!" replied Mehala, with tears; "such has been my prayer in many a midnight hour! In silent anguish I raise my hands towards heaven; sometimes while I weep and pray, my sorrow bursting forth in loud sobs, has awakened him; then in a voice of thunder he complains that I disturb his slumbers, and deprive him, as he says, of the only blessing he enjoys in this miserable life, on this earth so severely cursed by the Avenger. Ah Thir-

za! this is my prayer, while I sit engaged in domestic occupations in my hut; my innocent children weep around me, when they behold my sorrow and my tears; they caress me, and enquire with lisping accents the cause of my affliction! Ah Thirza! I wither in my grief, like the drooping flower, from which the thick foliage of some over-hanging bush intercepts the refreshing dews and the genial sun-shine. This morning before day-break he quitted our hut, and never did such a melancholy gloom darken his countenance; anger flashed from his eyes, that glared beneath his contracted brows. He cursed, as he passed over the threshold—I heard him and trembled — he cursed the hour of his birth; and such was the salutation with which he greeted the smiling morn. It is true, Thirza, and thou must have often observed, that his virtue sometimes breaks through the gloom: his heart is then open to tender impressions; he weeps and regrets that he has offended us, and implores forgiveness. But, alas! the light soon disappears; as in the tempestuous days of winter, the sun darts forth a cheering ray, but dark, gathering clouds soon intercept his genial beams. Still, Thirza, still I cherish a hope—and will never cease to implore the Almighty—that a serene spring may at length dissipate them entirely."

Thus spoke Mehala, when Thirza having listened some moments, turned pale and exclaimed, trembling: "What sounds of anguish issue from yonder trees?—Never have I heard lamentations like these, sister!—Yonder among the trees! Ah!

Affliction of Mehala and Thirza on beholding Abel's corpse.

—they approach!—O God!"—Thirza sank into the arms of her sister.

Adam, with faltering steps, advanced from among the trees; on his shoulder he bore the melancholy burthen of his son's lifeless body; Eve walked beside him; she often raised her face expressive of the bitterest anguish to gaze on the bleeding corpse, and again concealed it with her tresses, dripping with her tears.

Thirza, pale as death, reclined in the trembling arms of her sister; Mehala sank beneath the burthen; trembling and fainting herself, she was no longer able to support her sister.—As when three lovely maidens, united by the bonds of the tenderest affection, repair hand in hand in the serene summer's eve to the white corn-field; sudden the awful thunder bursts over their heads, and the lightning strikes them senseless to the earth; two of them awake from their lethargy, and behold with consternation their companion converted into a heap of ashes; with equal horror, the sisters when they awoke, beheld the corpse of the murdered Abel. Adam had placed it upon the turf, and was supporting his weeping wife. "Where, where am I?" exclaimed Thirza. "O God!—he still lies there!—Abel!—O why did I awake?—Hateful light!—Alas! Mehala! he still lies there!—he is dead! O horror!—it bursts over my head like the pealing thunder!—Hateful light!—why did I awake?"

"Thirza," exclaimed Mehala in trembling accents, "cease—O cease to terrify thyself with the horrid thought—on me too it falls like a thunder-

bolt!—Thirza!—Alas, she sinks again!—Awake, Thirza! let us go to him! We have not yet beheld misery in all its forms: he is not dead—let us go to him; thy voice, thy embraces will revive him."

Thus spoke the sisters; faint and trembling they supported each other, and with faltering steps advanced towards the corpse. "O how our parents stand and weep!—What terrors seize me!" exclaimed Thirza as she approached near the body. "Abel!—Abel!—my beloved—my happiness, my life, my all, awake!—O heavens! thou awakest not!—Abel!—listen to my lamentations—listen to the voice of thy wretched wife!" She threw herself beside the corpse to embrace it, but started back with a loud shriek at the sight of the wound, and the blood which disfigured the face. She sat speechless and motionless, pale as the sculptured marble; despair glared in her fixed and open eyes. Mehala wept beside her; she raised her hands and streaming eyes to heaven, and then bathed the corpse with her tears.

Adam, sympathizing with their anguish, wept and thus attempted to console them. "O that I could alleviate your affliction, my beloved daughters! Ah, resign not yourselves to such excessive grief! While Eve and I mingled our tears over the corpse, an angel, beaming with celestial beauty, came to us with consolation from heaven. 'Weep not,' said he, 'restrain the violence of your sorrows. Commit to the earth your son's inanimate body; his soul, freed from the fetters of mortality, enjoys bliss superior to any of which you are able to form a conception. You are separated

only for a short time, after which ye shall rejoin him in the abodes of everlasting felicity!' Let us not then, my beloved, dishonor the deceased by inconsolable affliction!"

Thirza still sat speechless and insensible, while Cain's wife, clasping her hands over her head, thus vented the effusions of her grief: "Father! father! suffer us to weep. Ah! how thou liest extended in death, thou, who wast our delight and our consolation. Alas! Abel! we have lost thee, and till the hour of death, our sweet employment shall be to weep for thee. Yes, thou hast entered that state of bliss, which thy pious soul contemplated with such devotion, and to which we, whom thou hast left behind, look forward. Alas! we are left to weep for thee; out of the shades of death to weep for thee! We have lost thee, and till the ardently-expected hour of death arrives, our sweet employ shall be to weep for thee! Cain! Cain! where wast thou when thy brother expired? O! hadst thou been present at that moment to embrace him with fraternal affection, to implore his parting benediction, his languid arms would have clasped thee to his bosom; his dying lips would have blessed thee. O what sweet, what soothing consolation would the remembrance have diffused over thy future days!—But—O heavens!—what new anguish overpowers my mother?—She faints!—O father, what horror overspreads thy countenance? Dreadful foreboding!—Adam! Eve! Where is Cain?—Where is my husband?"

Eve had sunk upon the ground. "Whither, O whither!" she exclaimed, "doth eternal vengeance pursue him? O heavens! the wretch! He

—but no!—Let the black, the horrible idea be confined within my bosom and there only inflict the torments of hell! O wretched mother! what must I——" Speak out, mother!" cried Mehala, "spare me not; let me know the full extent of my misery! Frightful apprehensions already distract my soul. My father! my mother! O spare me not!"—"Cain, oh inexpressible anguish! Cain has killed him, Mehala! O Thirza, Cain has murdered his brother!" exclaimed Eve, and agony deprived her of utterance.

Silent horror thrilled the wife of Cain; no tear escaped from her fixed eye; cold dews bathed her brow, and her pallid lips quivered.* "He has killed his brother!" she at length, exclaimed; "Cain, my husband, has murdered his brother! O horror!—Where art thou, fratricide?—Whither, O whither hath thy crime pursued thee!—Has the thunder of heaven already avenged thy brother?—Art thou no more?—Wretch! where art thou? Whither hath despair driven thee?" Thus Mehala exclaimed, and tore her hair.

* Gessner had studied the effects of the passions both as a poet and as a painter; hence the minute accuracy with which he is enabled to describe them. In the present picture, what can be more naturally delineated than the mute affliction of the amiable sisters. Thirza does not, like Mehala, merely deplore the loss of a brother; she was united to Abel by the still stronger ties of conjugal love. Her silence continues till another powerful passion, detestation, taking possession of her soul, restores to her the power of speech; at the same time that Mehala, who had before felt nothing but grief, is in her turn struck dumb with horror at the dreadful intelligence that Cain had murdered his brother.

"Fratricide!" exclaimed Thirza, "ah! how could he—such a virtuous, such an affectionate brother, whose dying eyes must have beamed with love towards him? O Cain! cursed, cursed be ——" "O Thirza! curse him not, Thirza?" cried Mehala, "curse him not, he is thy brother; he is my husband. No; let us rather pray for the sinner! the virtuous victim of his fury, when he sank bleeding at his feet, viewed him with an eye of compassion, and breathed forth a blessing on his murderer. Even now he intercedes for him before the throne of the Eternal. Let our prayers ascend from the dust, and unite with his. O curse him not, Thirza! curse not thy brother!"

"Whither does my anguish hurry me?" said Thirza. "I have not cursed him, Mehala; I meant not to curse the wretched Cain!" She sank upon the corpse, kissed the blood-stained cheeks and the cold lips in speechless agony, and at length exclaimed in broken accents: "O that I had been near thee when expiring to kiss once more thy pallid lips, once more to receive the assurance of thy affection! O that thy closing eyes had bestowed a parting glance on me, and that I had died in thy last embrace!—O that my pale corpse were now extended beside thine! But alas! I am left—left to endure inexpressible anguish! Every object that once delighted me will but aggravate my grief. Your green twilight, ye verdant bowers will seem to ask me: 'Where is he who, with tender transport, embraced thee beneath our shades?' The wandering streams will murmur to me: 'Where, forlorn Thirza, is thy beloved?'—In your shades, ye bowers! on your banks, ye streams, will I

breathe my ceaseless sorrows! For ever, alas! for ever have I lost him! O! for ever shall I behold those fixed and sightless eyes, that pale face, that blood which stains his forehead and crimsons his pallid cheeks! Flow—flow my tears! flow incessantly on his faded form! This senseless dust was once the habitation of the noblest spirit. Every virtue was there displayed in lovely perfection, beamed in the mild lustre of his eyes, smiled on his cheeks and played upon his lips: but his soul, too pure, too blest for communion with mortals, for intercourse with me, is fled for ever! Flow then my tears, flow incessantly over his faded form, till my longing soul leaves its dust to mingle with his!"

Thus mourned Thirza, and wept over the corpse. Eve, with increased anguish, beheld the sorrows of her daughters. "O my children!" she exclaimed, "how your grief aggravates my own, how your lamentations rend my heart! How bitterly they reproach me!—me, by whom sin, misery and death were brought into the world! Forgive! O forgive your wretched mother; pardon her who bore you with pain!"—"O mother!" exclaimed her daughters, throwing themselves at her feet and embracing her knees; "by the pangs thou hast endured for us, we implore thee, cease these cruel reflections; increase not our sorrows with new afflictions. O thou who hast borne us with pain! consider not these sighs, these tears as reproaches! Could we command our grief, not a sigh should escape our bosoms, not a tear should moisten our cheeks. But, how can we resist the imperious commands of nature, how restrain these expressions of the most ardent affection! 'Tis nature, 'tis affection that com

mand our tears to flow." While they still embraced their mother's knees, and their tearful eyes were tenderly fixed upon her, Adam said: "My beloved! let us no longer delay to fulfil the command of the Most High; let us restore this faded form, the object of our tears and lamentations to its native earth. The lenient hand of time will soften our grief; and reason will assist us to conquer our sorrow; it will then be as the longing of a bride for the day which is to give her to the arms of her beloved."—"Restore this precious dust to the earth whence it sprang," said Thirza, fixing her weeping eyes on Adam. "But, dear father! suffer me once more to bathe it with my tears, and then consign it to the earth!" She said, and sank with extended arms upon the corpse.

Adam now began to prepare the grave, while Eve and Mehala stood weeping beside him. In the mean time, the two innocent children of Cain, leaving their cottage, with timid step advanced hand in hand. "Josiah! my beloved!" said the golden-haired Eliel, "what lamentations are those? Let us approach nearer. Look how Abel lies there —how pale, and how his hair is stained with blood! He looks, brother, just like a lamb that has been slaughtered for a sacrifice." "Beloved Eliel!" answered Josiah, who was the youngest, "see how Thirza weeps over him, and he does not even look at her. Let us go away: I tremble, I shudder at the sight; let us run to our mother, who is weeping too." The children now hastened to Mehala, and clung around her. "Mother!" said they, "why do you all weep? Why does Abel lie there like a lamb for the sacrifice?" Mehala embraced the lit-

tle innocents, and weeping over them replied: "Death, my dear children, has separated the soul of Abel from his body; he is gone to enjoy eternal happiness in the company of the angels." "Then he will never awake," said Eliel, sobbing, "he will never awake—he, who taught us such pretty hymns, who loved us so dearly, who used to take us on his knees, Josiah, and tell us about God and the angels and the wonders of nature—he will never wake more! O, how will our father weep when he returns from the field!"—Thus the children prattled forth their artless sorrow; they clung weeping to their mother and hid their faces in the folds of her garment.

Adam had now dug the grave. "Awake, Thirza! my beloved! awake! Let us not delay to commit this dust to the earth; let us, Thirza, no longer delay to fulfil the command of the Lord!" He said, and approaching, took her tenderly by the hand. She had lain motionless upon the body, and now awoke from a holy vision. "Yes," said she, "I have seen him; arrayed in celestial splendor I have beheld my beloved! 'Weep not, Thirza! weep not, I am blessed; thou wilt soon rejoin me, where death shall never separate us more!' Thus he addressed me, a heavenly smile beamed on his countenance as he retired, and celestial radiance marked his footsteps." While Thirza spoke, sublime consolation illumined her face. "Commit, my beloved father! commit this mouldering dust to the earth." She said, arose and placed herself beside her mother and sister. Eve and her daughters covered their faces with their flowing tresses, while Adam, weeping, wrapped the corpse in skins,

placed it in the grave and threw the earth upon it. "Now, my beloved wife! now, my dear children!" said he, "let us address our solemn supplications to the Most High; let us kneel around the grave!" They obeyed; and Eliel and Josiah knelt beside their mother. The father of men, folding his hands on his breast, pronounced this prayer:

"Thou, who dwellest in the highest heaven, God! Creator! whose justice and whose mercy are alike infinite and eternal; prostrate before the grave of the first dead, we sinners, humbled in the dust, address our supplications to thee! O let our prayers ascend to thy throne; deign to look down on this vale of death, this abode of sin! Great are our crimes, but still greater is thy eternal mercy. What are we impure sinners before thee? And yet thou turnest not thy countenance from us! We groan under the misery which we have brought upon our own heads, and thou lookest down with compassion upon our distress. Thou wilt still permit us to offer up our supplications to thee; for thou hast not abandoned the sinner. Not only the smiling spring and the serene sky proclaim thy praises; thy majesty is announced by the rolling thunder, bursting from the black clouds; the howling tempest and the jarring elements proclaim thy power. Let the smile of joy, let the tear of affliction praise thee! We have seen death, that child of sin; in a hideous form he has visited our dwellings; guilt, horrid guilt led him by the hand. My first-born—my soul shudders!—my first-born has murdered his brother! O turn not thy countenance from me, if I venture to supplicate for the offender. O, my God! cast him not off for ever! Look

down upon the sinner, that his soul may abhor his crime, that he may humble himself in the dust before thee, and with tears of repentance implore thy pardon. And when, overwhelmed with remorse and anguish, he supplicates thy forgiveness, then, O God! deign to shed a beam of consolation on his soul. Reject not! O Almighty Father! reject not my petition! I have fulfilled thy command; the earth, moistened with our tears, covers the body of the slain! O listen to our prayer, which ascends to thee from the grave of the first who has returned to his parent earth. O Lord, hear our prayers! hear us, when in the sleepless midnight hour they ascend to thee; when at the rising and the setting of the sun we supplicate thee for him.—Praise, eternal praise be to thee who hast taken to thyself the soul of the departed. Death has seized his first victim; like him we shall follow each other to the silent grave, to immortality. O thou, whose nod created the heavens, and at whose command the world arose from nothing! the heavens and the earth shall pass away, but thou art eternal! We dwell in bodies of dust, and this dust shall be dissolved; but thou art unchangeable. Thou wilt bestow eternal bliss on the repentant sinner, on him who mourns because his virtue is so inadequate to his wishes, because it is still sullied by human frailties. Such thou wilt gather from the dust, thou wilt elevate them to eternal happiness, to purity, angelic purity; for—O, cheering promise! the seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head! Rejoice, O earth! praise him, all nature! We will glorify his name, even when overwhelmed by the weight of misfortune. Man has fallen—O how is

he fallen from the original dignity of his nature; but God hath not cast him off for ever, and even in his judgments he remembers mercy. He fell—he, whom the Almighty created perfect; and after his fatal transgression, the sinner, trembling before his Maker, awaited in unspeakable anguish, the sentence of an eternal curse, an everlasting punishment. What less could he expect? But all nature celebrates the great, the glorious mystery, that he shall crush the serpent's head; though it is true, this gracious promise of the great atonement is yet enveloped in a sacred obscurity, impenetrable to every created being. Shall we then prophanely mourn in the dust, if the dream of life be checkered with joy and affliction, till the soul is freed from the fetters of mortality? Then those who, while clothed in dust, pursued the paths of virtue, and loved God, who, by his infinite goodness and the wonders of his grace, kindled in their hearts the sacred flame, shall assemble in the abodes of bliss. My prophetic eye penetrates the sacred veil of futurity; I see those whom death has removed from the earth, a countless multitude pure as the flames of the celestial altars. They are mingled with hosts of angels, and are engaged in chanting incessant hymns of praise before the throne of the Eternal. O how is my soul elevated; my spirit experiences raptures unknown before. Praise be to thy infinite goodness! I am lost in sacred transport—transport which I can only feel but am unable to utter!"

Adam ceased his prayer, but long continued in silent extacy, while his wife and daughters likewise remained kneeling in mute devotion round the grave. Nature in awful silence hallowed the so-

lemn scene; and not a cloud passed across the azure expanse of heaven.

Evening soon approached, accompanied with cool twilight and calm tranquillity. Cain, agitated by horror and remorse, had wandered through the wilderness; exhausted with fatigue, he cast himself upon the earth, and, fixing his eyes on the rising moon, his terrific voice resounded amid the stillness of evening. "Yonder, above the black hill, the full moon sailing through the dusky sky, sheds brightness and tranquillity around. All beneath the starry firmament of heaven breathes silence and repose, man only excepted; the voice of mourning and lamentation ascends from their dwellings. I—wretch that I am—have brought misery into their habitations. Those sighs, those groans that pierce the nocturnal air, call down vengeance on me. This day---hear it, ye stars! hear it O moon, turn still more pale and hide thy beams —this accursed day, thy sister earth has drunk the blood of the first slain—the blood of my brother, shed by my hand! O henceforth withhold from me your genial influence: withhold it from the field I cultivate and the ground on which I tread! I have murdered my brother!—Conceal me, gloomy darkness; hide me from the eye of nature! Shrouded in thy sable mantle I will flee—flee with my misery, to some desolate region where no human footstep was ever imprinted on the mouldering grass. I will dwell among craggy rocks, distilling putrid streams into the swampy abode of loathsome reptiles; where the branches of lofty trees thickly interwoven above my head, the retreat of birds of prey, intercept the light of heaven. There will I

pass my days amid solitude, anguish and remorse. When sleep seals my languid eyes, haunted by images of horror, I shall behold my murdered brother, I shall see his mangled head, and his blood-stained locks!"

Thus Cain poured forth his lamentations amid the darkness of night. He ceased; long he remained absorbed in silent misery; no bird of night interrupted the melancholy stillness; a gentle murmur only floated around. Shuddering he gazed on the landscape, and exclaimed: "Mourn for me, ye hills! ye groves, mourn for me! I am wretched, inexpressibly wretched—misery like mine surely deserves compassion. Mourn for me, beauteous nature! to me, alas! no longer beauteous! Weep for me, ye silent witnesses of the presence of an all-merciful God;—to me no longer merciful—to me only the Eternal Avenger!" He paused and again began: "Ah! I can now weep; that relief was before denied me. Flow—flow my tears, ye precious testimonies of my softened misery; despair is converted into plaintive sorrow. Deign, O earth! to receive my tears, though I am accursed on thy surface; refuse not these tokens of my inexpressible misery!—what a thought rises within my bosom!—My tears flow faster—Yes—now, shrouded in the veil of night, I will go to the habitation of the mourners; I will once more see and bless them—Bless them?—The angry winds would waft the intended blessings from my lips; wretch that I am! I cannot bless them! Yet I will go—I will go and bless them and weep over them, and then—ah! and then tear myself from them for ever!—tear myself from thee, Mehala! and from my beloved infants for ever!" Agony interrupted his

Abel's bower.

speech; he was silent and proceeded towards the cottages, watering the lonely path with his tears.

He now passed by a verdant bower, planted by his murdered brother on the gentle declivity of the hill. "Flourish," said he, when he had completed it, "flourish and spread a soft, refreshing shade, that in your twilight succeeding generations may relate—Here Eve brought forth her first-born, here with tears of joy she welcomed him into the world—him, the first comfort of her solitary days. She called him Cain; she hung over him with unspeakable rapture; she kissed his infant cheeks, and said: 'I have received a man from the Lord." With averted face the murderer passed the spot; dews of anguish trickled from his brow, and his trembling limbs were scarcely able to support their burthen.—Such horrors seize the wretch, who presented poisoned viands to his father, returning faint and hungry from the field; when he passes by his grave, and is pursued by the rustling and the fragrant perfumes of the garland with which his duteous sisters have entwined their parent's urn.—Cain had now passed the place and approached the huts. The moon shed on them a pale light through the thick foliage of the over-arching trees; an awful silence reigned around. He gazed and wept and wrang his hands; long he remained silent; inexpressible anguish racked his bosom, as he stood shuddering amid the dreary stillness. "How silent," he at length exclaimed in low accents, "is the voice of affliction! But hark—what sounds!—are they not sighs; are they not the groans of sleepless anguish, that issue from the cottages? Here—hidden in darkness, and pursued by hell, shudders

Thirza repairs to Abel's grave.

the wretch who made you the abodes of sorrow, who has chased from you peace and every social delight. And do I venture to breathe the air pierced by the sighs of the mourners; dare I to intrude on the spot sanctified by the sorrows of the pious, by sorrow for my crime?—Flee, wretch!—prophane not the sacred place!—Yes, I will flee—only a moment longer shall my despairing eyes gaze on you; permit me—permit a wretch to weep here a little longer—then will I flee!—Blessings, eternal blessings be upon you, ye——Ah! wretch!—Wilt thou prophane those sacred names—names that express the softest ties, the noblest sensations of the human heart? O that with the shades of night, your sorrow might depart from you and, uniting itself with the misery I already feel, accompany me in my wanderings through the earth, cursed for my sake! O that you could for ever forget him whose image fills your souls with agony—O that ye could for ever forget me! Dreadful wish of extreme misery!"

Cain, concealed in the dark shade, now wept and wrang his trembling hands, when he heard the footsteps of some one slowly approaching through the gloom. A cold shivering, like the chilness of death, seized his soul; he attempted, but in vain, to flee, and sank powerless among the bushes.

Thirza had, during the melancholy night, forsaken her solitary couch. Drowned in tears she pursued her way, and seated herself on the dewy turf beside the grave. She wrang her hands, and gazed with fixed eyes on the star-besprinkled heavens; then, sinking on the grave, she moistened the fresh earth with her tears. "Here, here," she

cried, " my peace, my every joy lie buried; here beneath this earth, which drinks my tears. Alas! is there no rest, no relief for me in the tearful hours of night? O, flow ye tears! my heart can experience no other relief than that of weeping over his grave, than that of sighing away the tedious hours on this spot, amid this death-like silence. It is true, my beloved! I have beheld thee arrayed in heavenly splendor! But can I refrain from mourning for thee? In this life of sorrow thou art torn from me for ever!—My grief had overpowered my senses as I lay beside the dear pledge of our love; refreshing sleep had sealed his eyelids; he smiled in his slumbers, ignorant, alas! of the miseries of mortality, unconscious of the loss he has sustained. In vain I sought repose on the forlorn, conjugal couch; dreary solitude and restless anguish now await me there, where in thy arms I found tenderness and sweetest rest. They, alas! are fled for ever—are torn from me—O misery! by the hand of a brother! Where is he?—Where is the wretch?—Whither has his guilt driven him?—O God of mercy! reject not my ardent prayer, when my unwearied supplications ascend to thee in his behalf. O reject not his repentance, when, humbled in the dust, he mourns his crime, and with tears implores thy forgiveness!"—Grief and emotion here deprived her of utterance. At length, raising her eyes to heaven, she continued: " How often! O how often!—thou placid moon! wast thou the silent witness of our endearments, when arm in arm we wandered alone in thy silvery twilight, while his dear lips taught me the sacred precepts of virtue Here now lies his mouldering form; thy melancholy

beam illumes his grave; here lies his father's hope—his mother's joy—here, alas! lies my Abel—my husband!" Long she paused absorbed in deep, in silent sorrow; at length her melancholy eyes wandered over the still landscape. "How lovely gleams the moon-light on yonder bower!" she exclaimed, "what cheering reflections penetrate the gloom of my affliction—bright, O moon! as thy beams piercing through the darkness of night. How gleams the bower where thou, my beloved Abel, embracedst me, amid the radiant twilight of evening! 'What happiness,' saidst thou, pressing me to thy bosom, while tears of tenderness and devotion bedewed thy cheeks—'what happiness it is to be virtuous! what felicity to love him, from whom all these beauties emanate! what felicity when all our actions are approved by surrounding angels! What pleasure is equal to the sensation of the presence of God in this creation replete with beauties, to the consciousness of virtue, which draws tears of transport from our eyes! To him whose life is devoted to the practice of virtue, death, in any form, is not terrible; for we know—O God, how inexpressible is thy mercy to sinners!—that the immortal soul, separated from its frail habitation, shall ascend to the regions of everlasting bliss.'—'O my Thirza,' saidst thou, pressing me more ardently to thy bosom; 'if I quit this habitation of dust, if I attain eternal happiness before thee, weep not long over my mouldering relics! What is the period of life allotted thee by the Creator, compared with that eternity, in which we shall enjoy together never-ending felicity!' 'My beloved,' I replied, clasping thee more fervently in my em-

brace; 'and if the angel of death should summon me first from this dust, mourn not long over my inanimate corpse; we shall meet beyond the grave in the abodes of eternal bliss.'—O sink not, my soul, beneath the weight of thy misery! Reject not the sublime consolations that are offered thee; remember thy immortality, and looking beyond thy present affliction, fix thy steady gaze on that bliss, which approaches to chase the gloomy, the varying scenes of mortal life. If, indeed, the soul were to perish when the body sinks into dust—O whence could I then derive consolation? I should mourn in despair over thy grave, and implore the Almighty in mercy to annihilate me; but our spirits are immortal. No; I will not ignobly sink beneath the weight of my grief! Ye angels! who, unseen, hover around me, ye shall witness my efforts to conquer my sorrows—my soul is immortal like yourselves! My tears still flow! O flow, ye tears! sacred to his mouldering dust, who is gone before me to the regions of eternal bliss! Over thy grave, my beloved!—my tears again flow faster!—O sink not my soul, into comfortless sorrow!—over thy grave will I raise a verdant bower; there will I indulge my tears sacred to thy memory; there will I pass my most solemn hours, and contemplate in holy extacy the moment when we shall be re-united to part no more!" She said, and rose from the grave. "Now," she continued, "my soul had found relief, but—O, horrid thought!—his brother murdered him!—O Almighty!" she cried, sinking again on her knees, "hear, O hear my supplications! Let the sinner find mercy. This, my fervent prayer, shall ascend to thee, when the star of

evening glows amid the twilight, and at the ruddy dawn of the rising day!"

In the mean time the wretched Cain lay trembling in the thicket, the prey of agonizing despair. "I will flee!" he exclaimed. "Begone vile wretch! away from this sacred spot! Alas! I cannot flee! —Crowd not around me, ye—O ye forms of hell, suffer me to escape!—Suffer me—suffer me to flee —to flee from the sacred spot, ye infernal furies! —I cannot flee—wretch that I am!—How she mourns!—and yet I cannot flee!—Her lamentations cease. O virtue, virtue, what hopes, what consolations are thine—by me, alas! forfeited for ever. No hope, no shadow of hope remains for me!—Now, now I feel the full extent of my wretchedness—torments—new and nameless torments. Hell in its deepest abysses, knows not torments keener than mine.—She prays—ah! she prays for me, for me!—and dost thou not hate me, dost thou not curse the fratricide?—Unspeakable goodness—O what do I feel at this bright display of virtue!—My guilt appears more horrible; gloomy and black as the deep caverns at the entrance of hell. I feel—I feel the aggravated horrors of infernal torments, of agonizing remorse!—And thou prayest for me, Thirza!—Vain, vain are thy supplications! No; God cannot listen to them—he is just!—She retires from the grave of her slaughtered husband.—May I—wretch that I am—dare to tread the same path; may I venture to shed tears of inexpressible anguish on her footsteps! No—begone—yonder hillock, gleaming in the moon-light, is his grave!—away from the sacred spot—flee, murderer!"—He said, and shudder-

Cain proceeds to his cottage.

ing retreated. He fled; but again he stood still, and in despair wringing his hands bedewed with tears, he exclaimed: "O, I cannot—I cannot flee! How could I leave you, Mehala!—my children!—how could I forsake you for ever, without once more deploring my crime before you; without humbling myself in the dust at thy feet, my beloved! Perhaps thou mayst shed tears of compassion for me, perhaps thou mayst bless me!—But how can I—accursed by the Almighty—how can I expect thy blessing! O hate me, execrate me, my crime deserves it! Then will I flee, laden with the curse of all nature—with thy malediction! O horror! infernal, inexpressible horror! no, I have not power to flee. My dearest wife!—my beloved children!—I come to mourn my guilt, to humble myself in the dust before you, and then—then, will I forsake you for ever!" Cain now passed at a distance from the grave, and proceeded towards his cottage. He approached his dwelling, he paused and shuddered. Pale as a corpse, he long stood trembling without, till at length with faltering step he passed the threshold.

Mehala sat by the pale light of the moon, herself pale as the moon veiled in clouds; she mourned and lamented on her solitary couch, and her weeping infants were sobbing around her. She beheld her husband, and uttering a piercing shriek, sank senseless on the bed; while the terrified children hastened to meet their father and grasped his knees. "Father, dear father! comfort her, comfort our poor mother! Alas! what affliction has come upon us! How we rejoice to see thee returned father! What has detained thee so long?"

—Thus stammered the children, clinging around their father. He stood shuddering in their midst, while his tears flowed in streams upon them. Overcome with inexpressible agony, he was unable to speak; he sank in the dust at the feet of his wife. The children now redoubled their cries; Mehala awoke and beheld her husband at her feet, moistening the dust with his tears. "O Cain! Cain!" she exclaimed, sobbing and tearing her hair. "Mehala," replied Cain, with faltering accents, "forgive, O forgive me! if—wretch and murderer as I am—I presume once more to weep, to humble myself in the dust before thee. O permit me this last, this only consolation in my misery. Now accursed by God, pursued by inexpressible torments, I will flee—will wander a fugitive on the earth. O curse me not—curse not thy wretched husband!" "Cain! Cain!" exclaimed Mehala, in a tone of acutest sorrow, "murderer of the best of brothers, my husband! O wretched, wretched Cain! what hast thou done?" Cain raised his eyes to her, and with a look expressive of the anguish which rent his heart, exclaimed: "Cursed be the hour, in which a dream from hell deceived me! I hoped, alas! to rescue these weeping children from future misery, and slew him—accursed be the hour—and slew my virtuous brother! And now—now the torments of hell will for ever pursue me for the horrid deed! Forget me, Mehala! forget thy husband! Curse me not, my beloved wife! O curse me not! Now accursed of God, I will flee—flee for ever from thee, from my children!" The children shrieked around him, they wrang their little hands over their curled heads, and Mehala sank beside

Mehala resolves to accompany her husband in his flight.

him. "Receive these tears, receive these testimonies of my pity," said she, weeping over him; "thou wouldst flee Cain—wouldst wander alone through the solitary earth! O how could I dwell in this hut, while thou, a houseless fugitive, wouldst languish in the solitude of the desert! No, Cain! I will accompany thee; how could I suffer thee to wander forlorn in the wilderness. What cruel inquietude would torment me! Would not every melancholy tone that struck my ear, fill my soul with anguish and terror? 'Perhaps it is he,' should I say to myself, 'perhaps he is groaning, helpless and forlorn, in the agonies of death!' She said, and Cain gazing on her with mingled transport and surprize, exclaimed: "O God!—what do I hear?—It is, yes, it is Mehala! it is not the delusion of a dream—O God! what words!—No, Mehala, it is consolation enough for a wretch like me, that thou dost not hate, that thou dost not curse me! No, thou virtuous woman, it is not fit that thou shouldst share with me the punishment due to the most heinous of crimes. O remain among the dwellings of the righteous, on which rests the blessing of the Lord! Thou shalt not share my misery. Forget the wretch, the outcast from all nature, who knows no place of rest; forget thy miserable husband—but curse me not!"—"No, Cain! no," replied Mehala, "I will accompany thy flight; I will follow thee with our children into the wilderness; I will mourn with thee, share thy misery, and perhaps help to assuage it. My tears shall mingle with those of thy repentance; my prayers shall ascend with thine to the throne of God; these children shall kneel around us and lisp

forth supplications for thee. God despiseth not the repentance of the sinner. Yes, Cain! I will flee with thee. We will unceasingly weep and implore the mercy of the Almighty till he vouchsafes to shed a beam of comfort to sooth and cheer thy despairing soul;—for, Cain, God listens to the prayer of the penitent sinner."

"O!" exclaimed Cain, "what shall I call thee? —angel of consolation! What comfort already beams on my darkened soul! Mehala! my wife! yes, now I may venture to embrace thee. O that I could express my emotions! Nor the most fervent embrace, nor all my tears can speak them!" Cain now bowed his head to her bosom; his soul was incapable of expressing the gratitude, the sensations that filled his heart. He then went from her side, embraced his children, and returning to Mehala, pressed her with ardor to his breast. This tenderest of wives now took her youngest infant to her bosom, and supported herself on her husband; another little one held by his father's hand, and Eliel and Josiah, wiping the tears from their cheeks, tripped gaily before them. Mehala looked around her with tears. "Blessed be ye, whom I leave behind me!" exclaimed she. "Soon will I return from our future dwelling to implore your blessing for myself and my penitent husband!" Fixing her eyes on the cottages, she paused and wept, as if irresolute; when suddenly balmy odors, like the perfumes of spring, filled the air. "Go, generous wife;" said the sweet voice of some invisible spirit; "in refreshing dreams I will inform thy mother of thy virtuous resolution, and that thou hast accom-

Cain and his family retire to desert regions.

panied thy penitent husband to implore pardon for him of the Almighty Judge."

They now passed through the moonlight, often pausing to look back and weep; and advanced into desolate regions, on which had never yet been imprinted the footsteps of man.

THE

FIRST NAVIGATOR.

THE

*FIRST NAVIGATOR.**

BOOK I.

MANY years of sorrow had passed away since the tremendous night, when Mylon's cottage and the little promontory on which it stood, were severed by the impetuous waves from the main land; the sea had buried in its bosom the plains which once united them. On a solitary island now stood the little dwelling, so far distant from the continent, that even when the winds and waves were hushed to the softest repose, the loudest lowing of the cattle on the blue shores could not be heard by the lonely inhabitants, cut off from all the pleasures which social affection and friendship had formerly afforded. Semira, whom death had long since deprived of the partner of her love, here lived in melancholy solitude with her daughter;

* This piece was composed by the author in a house near Zurich, in one of the most charming situations which that country affords. A small lake, overgrown with reeds, lay near his habitation, and on its banks he was frequently observed seated for hours, wrapped in pleasing reveries. There he doubtless conceived the idea of writing the First Navigator, which is universally admitted to be one of the finest productions of his Muse. T.

no society cheered their lonely hours but that of the birds of heaven or their little flock.

Unseen and unadmired by man, Melida, her daughter, bloomed in youthful beauty. Amid the gay sports or in the festive dance, she would have been the fairest of the fair; she was more lovely than the young peach-tree, when, for the first time it expands its beauteous blossoms.

Semira, fearful lest she should embitter the solitude of her daughter with unavailing regret, and awaken a desire of pleasures she was prevented from tasting, carefully avoided the mention of those social joys, which, on the distant shore, enlivened every meadow and every grove. Each day she went to weep away a melancholy hour at Mylon's grave. "O thou art gone! (thus she daily poured forth her lamentations) thou art no more! alas! thou comfort of my life, thou support in our misery! helpless, forlorn, encompassed by the raging ocean, what a dreadful fate awaits us! No sympathizing heart alleviates our sorrows and all human assistance is denied us. O that I could likewise behold thee expire, Melida! my beloved daughter! alas; such is my wretchedness, that this is my most earnest wish. O that I could behold thee expire! Should death summon me away, and shouldst thou—dreadful contemplation—be left alone, in the bloom of youth, surrounded by the dashing billows, with no companion but misery and unavailing sorrow!—never will human accents salute thine ear; never will it be cheered by the voice of a tender husband, blest in thy charms and in thy virtues, nor greeted by lisping infants with the fond name of mother. A stranger to the

sound of joy, the voice of thy own lamentations will alone echo amid this gloomy shade and these rocky cliffs. Slow care and sorrow will consume thy youth; comfortless wilt thou expire; the tender attentions and the tears of love will not sooth thy dying moments. Thy corpse will moulder unburied beneath the scorching sun, and be a prey to the birds of heaven. O echo not my plaints, ye cliffs! ye dark solitary shades! to you alone I can pour forth my sorrows; reveal them not to her, who, in happy ignorance, knows not the full extent of her misery." Such were the lamentations of Semira, who anxiously concealed from her daughter the griefs that preyed with incessant activity on her spirits.

In the mean time, Melida, with fascinating simplicity sported among the young lambs; (they needed no attendant, for the surging billows inclosed them within their little pasture;) or with the fragrant shrubs formed over-arching bowers. She was the protectress of the plants; every drooping flower experienced her kindly aid and every shrub flourished under her care. She taught a rill to wander among them, now murmuring over the pebbles and now collecting itself into little pools. Round the island she had planted a double row of fruit-trees, in whose youthful shade walked the solitary maiden, fair as Venus in the bowers of Paphos. She had likewise ornamented a cave in a rock on the shore, (for solitude affords full scope to the imagination); she had fancifully arranged on its walls the shells of various forms and colors, cast upon the shore by the sportive waves. The largest of them received the sparkling drops, which fell

with a pleasing murmur from the arched roof; and jessamines waved their slender branches before the entrance.

Amid these innocent amusements, hours flew rapidly away, and she felt not that she was alone. But now sixteen summers had passed over her head and she began to be sensible that she was in solitude. Pensive and dejected she wandered, or seated in her favorite shade, thus gave utterance to her thoughts: "Wherefore have the Gods placed us here in this solitude? More unfortunate than any other beings, wherefore were we created, and why do we still exist? O I feel—else whence this restlessness, as if I wanted something necessary to my very existence, something that I cannot name—yes, I feel that I was not created for a life of solitude; some peculiar circumstance must have placed us in this situation, some accident which my mother conceals from me. I can perceive that some melancholy mystery ever hangs over her brow, and when I question her she is scarcely able to repress the trembling tears that start into her eyes. She bids me trust to the wisdom of the Gods and calmly await the fate they have decreed us. I will cease my enquiries; in silent resignation I will await my destiny from their hands, however dark and mysterious it may at present appear."

Often would she fix her eyes in profound contemplation on the expansive sea. "O ye boundless billows! tell, O tell me! is this little point, this island—how small in comparison with your immeasurable extent—is it the only land which your waters surround? Do ye not wash other shores too distant for my eye to discern? My mother denies

it; but her silent grief awakens my suspicion. Surely, surely this is not the only land that diversifies your boundless plain; for what is that which, like a low cloud, extends in a long line on your extreme verge? My imagination may perhaps deceive me; but, amid profound stillness, I have thought I heard the sounds of distant voices. What else can it be? though it appears so small, 'tis but on account of its great distance. Have I not remarked that the distant waves too seem little, and that our cottage appears smaller when I look at it from the farthest point of the island? And if it be land, like this, with flowery fields and fruitful trees, there must likewise be animals for whose enjoyment they were created. But perhaps they are different from those we have here, perhaps there may be none like myself; none that could better serve me for society than my sheep do here. But if there were—ah! the very thought makes me sad!—if it were a land inhabited by beings like myself, and if there were many of them, as there are many birds and sheep on our island, and they could rejoice together as the numerous birds rejoice, or sport and play like my sheep in social harmony—O happy, happy creatures! Leave me, leave me, too charming ideas! Whither would ye lead me to plunge me into wretchedness? O ye waves! if ye break against that shore, whisper to the fortunate inhabitants that an unhappy maiden sighs on this solitary island. Fly me, ye seducing thoughts, ye but render me more comfortless!"

Often did she question her mother—"But tell me, why do we two remain but two, while all other creatures become more numerous? Around the

plants spring up young plants of the same kind, and our flock increases every year. How the young lambs frisk and sport and rejoice in their new existence! And the numerous birds! ah! I watched them and wept. Yonder, seated in the shadiest bower I observed them for several successive days. Two birds built a pretty nest, and then fondly sported among the branches. O how they caressed each other! Soon afterwards I observed in the nest little eggs, which one of them carefully covered with her wings, while the other cheered her with a song from a neighboring bough. At length instead of the eggs I saw little unfeathered birds in the nest; the old ones flew about with increased activity, and brought food in their beaks to the helpless nestlings which chirped for joy as they received it. By degrees they became fledged, and flapped their feeble wings; at length they raised themselves from their little nest, and perched on the surrounding branches, the old ones flying before as if to encourage them to make the attempt. O mother, how delightful it was to see them! They often spread their wings, as if they would fly, and as often closed them fearful to venture. The boldest at length flew away and alighted in safety: he sang for joy at his success and seemed to call his timid companions; they likewise ventured, and now they fluttered around and sang with general exultation.* Ah! what strange ideas arose in my mind! Why is this pleasure denied to us alone?"

* The observation of nature affords to every mind an inexhaustible fund of instruction and delight. The accurate delineation of her beauties and operations contained in

Her desire of companions.

Semira was at a loss how to answer questions so dangerous to her secret. "I am as ignorant," said she, "as thyself." Why wilt thou by fruitless enquiries and empty conjectures awaken wishes which destroy thy innocent repose? Why wilt thou presumptuously seek to investigate the mystery which the gods conceal from us? They alone know what will become of us, and will sooner or later direct our fate as it seems best to their supreme wisdom."

"But," replied Melida, "the gods will forgive my curiosity, excited by the observations and reflections for which our solitude affords such abundant leisure. But I am unable to suppress the wish that our species should increase like the other creatures. How that can take place I cannot discover, I must leave it to the gods. The plants are produced from seeds; some animals from eggs, some in one way and some in another. This I have remarked—for what else have I to do?—O if I could but find some little men, produced either in that or in any other way—O gods! what care I should take of them! how I should love them! But now I will consign all these fancies to the winds; the gods will govern my destiny according to their good pleasure. But yet, my dearest mother, I have

Gessner's compositions has without doubt contributed in no small degree to the popularity of our author's works, and has rendered him a deserved favorite with every description of readers.—The above artless, unornamented description of the loves of the feathered tribes, their affection for their young and the early efforts of the latter, will afford equal gratification to the lisping infant and the hoary sage, to the illiterate and the learned, to the peasant and the prince. T.

still another question to ask and then I have done. I know that I have not always been as I now am; that I gradually attained my present size, like the plants and the animals around me. I can still remember the time when I was not much higher than the stalk of a carnation; before that period I must have been still smaller than I am able to recollect, and must once have begun to exist, like the plants, and the birds, and other creatures. Tell me, for thou must have existed before me, how and where thou first foundst me, and how I entered into life. If thou wilt satisfy me on this subject, I may perhaps be enabled more easily to discover traces of them, or--But I know not myself what I mean—Thou canst tell me all." In this manner she tormented her perplexed mother with a thousand questions. "Thou makest me angry, child," said she, "with thy strange talk. I cannot tell how thou enteredst into life. When I was alone, quite alone, I prayed to the gods for a companion, and one fine morning I found thee, quite little, under the rose-bushes before our cottage. But once more, inquisitive child, thou wilt make me angry with thy unprofitable prattle. Go, tend our flowers, play with thy lambs, harass not the gods with thy vain curiosity and me with questions which I cannot answer. Since thou hast resigned thyself to these strange fancies, thou no longer strivest to invent the means of passing thy time agreeably; thou art now only industrious in tormenting thyself and me; thou leavest thy grotto unfinished, and the flowers droop for the want of thy accustomed care."*

* Such are invariably the effects of the tender passion,

Calamity which separated the island from the main land.

Thus Semira, the prey of secret sorrow and disquietude, lived excluded from all society but that of her daughter. The gods at length listened to her supplications, and resolved to convert her grief into joy. In the council of the gods, Cupid undertook the pleasing task; and who among them knows so well as he how to make a maiden happy?

On the continent, opposite to the island, dwelt a youth, whose graceful form might have caused him to be taken for a god when he wandered in the flowery meadow, or in the shade of the grove. Often had his father related to him the dreadful calamity, which, many years before, had overwhelmed the country. "Thou seest yon spot in the midst of the waters," said he, pointing towards the island, which he could distinguish from his hut that stood not far from the shore. "A long neck of land stretched like an extended arm into the sea, and at its extremity dwelt a virtuous pair, Mylon and Semira. Charming fields occupied the space between us and their hut, and numerous flocks and herds grazed on either shore of the promontory. Their greatest blessing and their joy was an infant daughter, a miracle of beauty and sweetness. From distant parts of the country the women came to admire the charms of the lovely infant; they brought her little presents and blessed the happy mother. But I still shudder when I think of their melancholy fate. At midnight a

which already existed in the bosom of this child of nature, and only waited the appearance of a proper object to be elicited and called forth into activity. T.

tremendous crash, like a thousand peals of thunder alarmed the whole country; the earth trembled, the sea raged and rose in horrid tumult above its shores; sounds of terror and lamentation echoed through the nocturnal air. Amid the darkness of night none could discover the cause of this distress. Trembling and full of horror, the inhabitants abandoned their dwellings, and anxiously awaited the return of morn. Twilight came, and disclosed a scene of dreadful devastation; the meads which once united that island with our shores were engulphed by the foaming billows. When the morning sun darted his beams on the settling waves, we discovered the island; and one among us whom the gods had endowed with stronger sight, imagined that in clear weather he could distinguish Mylon's cottage and the trees that surrounded it. Perhaps he still survives with his wife; perhaps Melida (that was the name of the beauteous infant) languishes in melancholy solitude, the fairest maid that ever human eyes beheld."

This narrative made a deep impression on the mind of the youth; he often wandered on the seashore, musing on the fate of the inhabitants of the island. Once when the murmur of the waves had lulled him into soft slumbers, Cupid, descending, stood beside him, fanned him with his downy wings that he might not be awakened by the noontide heat, and presented to him the following dream.—He imagined that he stood on the shore of the island; little cupids fluttered with melancholy gestures among the sacred shades, or mourned on the bending branches of the shrubs, or on the flowers. With slow step, and pensive attitude, a maid-

en advanced from the recesses of the grove. Every charm that imagination can conceive adorned her graceful form, and, with her eyes fixed on the ground, she passed along in careless beauty. Part of her light hair flowed over her shoulders, like milk on white, polished marble, and part was negligently fastened in a knot and adorned with a sprig of myrtle. A charming paleness overspread her cheeks, like roses withering on a maiden's bosom, and ardent desire beamed from her large blue eyes. She passed on, heedless of the gentle zephyrs which played around her; heedless of the beauteous flowers which embraced her feet, and exhaled their richest odors to engage her attention; heedless of the sweetest fruits, which in variegated splendor smiled upon her on either side from the bending branches. She advanced to the shore, and sorrowfully fixing her eyes on the blue, distant land, raised her snowy arms and seemed to implore assistance. He imagined that he passed over the water and hastened to her relief. Cupid received him on the shadowed shore, and led the maiden into his trembling arms; the little love-gods fluttered in wanton sportiveness, crowned them with wreaths of flowers, and, with their gentle wings wafted around them fragrant perfumes. The slumberer's heart beat quick, his cheeks glowed, his arms embraced the yielding air, and he awoke.* Long he lay overpowered with extacy.

* Without the interference of Cupid, it must be allowed, that nothing can be more natural than this dream. How often does the subject which engrosses our waking thoughts occupy the mind in the moments of slumber! T.

Passion of the youth for the unknown maiden.

"Ye gods," he exclaimed with trembling lips, "where am I? What! is she gone? is she fled from my embrace? Alas! here I lie on the shore —yonder, far distant is the island! A dream has robbed me of my peace, has deprived me of happiness for ever!"

He now loved more than ever to wander on the shore; he sighed as he walked with pensive steps, or seated on the sand, gazed over the dancing waves at the island. Often at night by the mild light of the moon, when silence reigned over the face of all nature, uninterrupted save by the murmuring of the sea, he stood on the extreme verge of the shore, and listened if no sound from the island broke on his ear. Often he imagined that he heard the sounds of lamentation or the tones of a lovely voice; (for how often does an ardent imagination deceive the wishes of the votaries of love!) Sometimes he called and thought he received an answer from the distant shore; and sometimes he fancied he saw the faint light of a fire on the island, when some star glimmered behind it on the verge of heaven. "Perhaps," said he, "perhaps the lonely maiden sits there by the nocturnal flame, musing on her forlorn condition, and vainly sighing away her youthful charms amid the stillness of night. O ye winds, had I but your wings!—Hasten, fly to yon solitary shore and tell her that an unhappy youth languishes on this distant coast."

"But whither," said he often to himself, "whither is my reason fled? Fool that I am, what is it that I love? A dream, an idle dream! I fell asleep on this shore, and my imagination placed before my eyes an image more beauteous indeed, far more

His reflections on his passion.

beauteous than any I had yet seen. I awoke, but, O gods ! it vanished not like a dream ; it is deeply, indelibly impressed on my imagination, and reigns over my whole soul. And yet a dream, a shadow, whose reality perhaps no where exists, is the object of my passion, and haunts me amid all my occupations ; wherever I go it wanders by my side, nourishes a continual flame in my heart and leads me with irresistible power to this shore. O shame ! seek to recover thy reason. Be again what thou wast, tranquil, contented and industrious. Go, smile at the victory gained over thy folly ; forsake the shore and thank the gods, that thou art not yet the ridicule of the whole country."

But in vain he struggled with his passion, in vain he resolved to avoid the shore. Amid the most agreeable occupations, the figure hovered before his sight and some invisible power seemed to draw him to the sea-side. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed, shall this passion for ever torment me, and shall a shadow overwhelm my youthful days with hopeless anguish ? But this is not such a dream as the warm imagination commonly engenders, my fancy never formed an idea of beauty so far exceeding all that my eyes had yet beheld. Though a dream it could not be the mere effect of fancy ; some divinity must doubtless have inspired it. But why, and with what intention I am unable to discover. If the fair creature really exists on this island, why did he present her to me in a dream ; why does he condemn me to pine with hopeless passion ; why abandon me to disappointment, without assistance, without the means of reaching the shore ? Since it is impossible to gain the distant land by swimming,

The youth contrives how to cross the sea.

what method, what contrivance can I employ? The gods have indeed endowed man with courage and invention, and leave it to him to employ his noble faculties for his own advantage: but, ye gods! what human art can teach me how to walk upon the waves of the sea, or, like a sea-gull, to swim fearless through the foaming billows?"

Often did he sit in profound contemplation on the shore; long were all the efforts of his mind in vain directed to the discovery of some contrivance which might enable him to accomplish his wishes; for, in those days the arts of navigation were still unknown. What inducements had men to visit distant coasts, when every spot that afforded grass for their cattle, that was shaded by trees bearing wholesome fruits and was watered by a limpid stream, furnished an abundant supply for all their wants? Long did he meditate, and many a plan did he invent and reject. At length, as with melancholy looks he was gazing on the waters, he discovered at a great distance from the shore, some floating object which the waves gradually brought nearer to him. Joy and hope flashed in his sparkling eyes; the object continued to approach, and he perceived that it was the hollow trunk of an uprooted tree, and that a timid rabbit, pursued by some enemy from the shore, had saved itself upon the floating habitation. It sat secure in the cavity; a leafy branch bending over it afforded an agreeable shade, and a gentle gale drove the trunk to the feet of the youth on the shore. A presentiment of success flashed upon his mind, and he leaped intoxicated with joy. Then musing, he attempted to develope the confused idea which, like a dubious sha-

He hollows out the trunk of a tree for that purpose.

dow of night, now vanished and now arose again in his imagination. He dragged the tree on the dry sand, resolving at early dawn to commence the plan which yet lay half-formed in his mind. Hope and doubt and restlessness were his companions till the morning; when, provided with a few rude tools—for at that time the happy simplicity of mankind required not many,—he hastened to the shore. "Have I not often seen," said he, "some hollow leaf blown from the shore, smoothly floating on the water? Did I not lately observe in the pool near our cottage, how the butterflies fluttering over its surface, settled upon the leaves, without wetting their delicate feet? I will attempt a similar experiment; nature has already done one half of the work; I will hollow out this tree so that I may be able to sit in the cavity with ease." Thus he spoke, and joyfully began his labor. "O thou!" he exclaimed, "whoever thou art, thou mild divinity who inspiredst the dream, indelibly imprinted on my mind, hear, O hear my supplication! prosper my undertaking!"

Often pausing from his labor, he gazed on the island and exclaimed: "O thou fairest of mortals! what is so difficult that love cannot accomplish? what danger so great that love will not overcome? O what delicious hopes hover before my mind! How canst thou, if I reach thy shore, how canst thou refuse me thy love—me, whose tenderness braves the abysses of the ocean? Did love ever inspire a bolder project?"

Often too in despondency he desisted from his work. "Fool that I am," said he, "how ridiculous is my labor. If some one passing by should

The youth's reflections during his work.

ask: 'Friend, what art thou doing?' what would he say if I tell him, 'I am hollowing this tree to place myself in it, and to swim in it over the wide ocean.' 'Who is the wretch,' he would exclaim, 'that, with careless indifference suffers his mad son to follow the suggestions of his phrenzy?' Thus spoke the youth, while displeased with himself he gazed on his work. "But," he continued, "even if I should not succeed, I shall only have wasted a few idle hours. Should I not risk so much for my love? Some human beings surely dwell upon the island; my father's relation renders this probable, and the dream which some divinity presented to my imagination makes it certain. And if they dwell there, ye gods! how helpless, how forlorn must they be! Or, if her parents were already dead, or should die, and she be left in cheerless solitude to pine away her youth and beauty in grief and despair! No, not love, compassion alone ought to urge me to risk every thing to rescue her!" In this manner he often lost and as often regained his courage.

Before many days had elapsed, the trunk was hollowed out and had assumed the imperfect form of a boat. He now dragged it with difficulty to a place where the shore enclosed a small portion of the sea and protected it from the winds. He pushed the vessel into the water, seated himself in the middle, and resigning his bark to the impulse of the waves, observed in what respects he had succeeded in his labor, and where he had failed. The waves carried him back to the shore; he again fell to work, made many alterations and many new experiments. "Now," thought he, "half of

His contrivance to guide his boat.

my labor is indeed, accomplished, but what means have I of directing my course as I wish? My vessel now floats at the mercy of the winds and waves, and it were madness thus to venture into the open sea, in the expectation of reaching the island." A hundred expedients presented themselves to his imagination and were successively rejected. "But," said he, at length, "the swan, and all the birds that swim upon the waters, guide their course by striking forward with their broad feet: one animal taught me to swim upon the trunk of a tree, and another may perhaps instruct me to overcome my present difficulty. Suppose I were to make myself feet of wood, broad as those with which the swan cleaves the water, and were to guide one with each hand, on either side of the hollow bark!" Delighted with the idea, he hastened to cut wood proper for the purpose, and had soon formed two oars. He then ran to the vessel, but his efforts were long unsuccessful; however, by observing the manner in which the aquatic birds employ their feet to direct their course, he daily made some advances in the art of steering his bark. For some time he confined himself within the little bay, but confiding in his skill, he at length ventured into the open sea, and guided his vessel in safety back to the shore. He sprang upon the beach, and exclaimed with transport: "O exquisite delight! I have succeeded in the attempt; with the first beams of the morning sun I will be upon the sea, and if the winds be favorable I will trust myself upon the wide ocean in my little bark. My undertaking is hazardous, but my passion inflicts insupportable

torture, and he must be a wretch who would hesitate to brave dangers in order to carry comfort and assistance to the unfortunate." He now secured his vessel in the little bay, and, night coming on, returned to his cottage.

Æolus the god of winds.

BOOK II.

JPID unseen had animated him to pursue his
ır, but now on rapid pinions he flew through the
y night, by the mild moon-light, to the island
hich dwells Æolus, the god of winds. From
the tumult of the winds, imprisoned in a vast
ern, burst on his ear, loud as the roaring of the
ng ocean. He alighted on a rock which tow-
l above the waves; the god of the winds was
ed on a cliff at the entrance of his cave. The
ds with a blustering noise flew in and out, like
s, humming around their hive. They came
dient to his commands, or issued forth to rage
he deep, to howl among the hills, or to collect
tempest over the heads of the guilty: while
zephyrs in obedience to his injunctions, fanned
tranquil cot and meadow, cooling the industri-
laborer as he toiled, or sporting amid the shades
he thickets and the groves. But now he heeded
the winds; pensively seated on the dew-drip-
g rock, one arm rested upon his knee, and his
ıd, around which his hair wildly played, sup-
ted his head. He sat oppressed with care, and
ed on the waves which danced in the moon-
ıns. Love was the cause of his care, love in-

spired by one of the nymphs of the ocean. Cupid, as he once passed by and saw him idly reclining on his rocky couch, had wounded him with one of his keenest arrows. Cytherea's son heard him complaining at a distance, and alighted on a neighboring cliff to listen to his lamentations. "O thou," he said, "who art the loveliest of the train of Thetis, fairest among the nymphs of the ocean, shall my sufferings never be rewarded with thy compassion and thy love? Alas, too long have I already been tormented by love: in vain obedient winds waft to thine ear my sighs and lamentations; thou heedest me not, as languishing I recline on my rock, and gaze with wistful eyes upon thee, when upborne by the crystal billows which reflect thy snowy bosom. What transport thrills me when thou risest high above the waves so that I discover the whole heaven of thy charms. What horror succeeds, when suddenly sinking into the circling flood thou retirest from my ravished sight; or when I behold thee sporting with thy sister-nymphs on the sparkling surface, till the sea foams around you, and the water distils from your wreaths of blossomed sea-weed! But what raging jealousy inflames my breast, when in wanton sport ye pursue the sedge-crowned sea-gods with rods of reeds, while the pursued suddenly turning round clasps thee in his nervous arms. Soon gliding from his embrace, and plunging beneath the waves, thou risest again with scornful laugh at a distance from him. But, gods! what fury transports me, when he pursues thee, and my eye is unable to distinguish either of you; or when a god, coming upon thee unawares from the watery abyss, with loud

bursts of laughter raises thy shrinking form on his dripping shoulders — I stamp, I rave — for thou smilest and art not angry at his presumption, but forgettest the torments which meanwhile consume thy miserable lover. My nervous arm has already seized the nearest rock to crush the detested wretch; already have I commanded the raging winds to shroud in furious tempests the hated scene; but, fearful of offending thee, the rock drops from my grasp, I recal the raging winds and sink down in impotent phrenzy. My longing eyes ever seek thee, and when at night the dashing of the waves awakens me, I imagine that thou art sporting near the shore; in vain I call thee and curse the darkness which shrouds thee from my sight. O that thou wert an earth-born nymph! the false waves prevent me from following thee into all thy retreats with my sighs and intreaties. Come, O come to my shore! Here are delightful caves; my softest gales shall fan thee; from every quarter of the earth they shall bring thee the most delightful perfumes, and beneath their enlivening breezes refreshing shades shall spring up around my shores. Come, be the queen of winds; come in the beauteous form in which I first surprised thee on my shore, when reclining on the flowery turf, thy snowy limbs glistened in the sun, and the sparkling drops distilled upon the grass around thee, as the morning dew trickles from the new-blown rose. Come, O come, never to leave me more; never to return to the waves, as thou didst that day, on my approach, when plunging into the foaming billows, I was abandoned to all the torments of unrequited love!"

Cupid promises to gratify the passion of Æolus.

Thus mourned the king of winds when Cupid approached him. "I have heard all thy complaints," said he, "mighty sovereign of the winds!" I am the son of snowy-bosomed Venus, and have power to relieve thy pains. I swear to thee by high Olympus, that if thou wilt grant me one request, my keenest shaft shall pierce the coy daughter of Nereus, that decked with the charms of blushing modesty she shall ascend thy shore, and repay with ardent passion all the pangs thou hast endured. With pleasing surprise Æolus replied: "Son of all-powerful Venus, what is thy request? Any service I can perform will be but a slight compensation for the felicity thou hast so solemnly promised me." "Listen then to my petition," said Cupid; "imprison all thy winds till the evening sun sinks beneath the waves, and give me a thousand zephyrs who shall till that time be subject to my command." With a voice of thunder Æolus instantly called the wandering winds; they came on sounding pinions from every quarter, and retired at his command to their rocky cave, while a thousand zephyrs fluttered around the god of love.

"Soon," said Cupid, "shalt thou see thy services rewarded and thy wishes fulfilled: I hasten now whither my presence is necessary." He said, and accompanied by his train of zephyrs, winged his rapid flight to the shore, where, in the early dawn, he found the adventurous youth rejoicing in the beauty of the morning and anticipating the success of his expedition. The first beams of Aurora sparkled on the tranquil, trembling waves, and he perceived the distant island more distinctly than ever. The shore echoed with the warbling of the

birds, and two wild doves steered their flight over his head towards the island. A gentle gale whispered along the shady shore. Such a silent calm reigned over the waves and the expectant shores, when Venus, in dazzling beauty, rose from amid the foam-white billows; the serene sky, the green sea and the earth gazed with solemn rapture; the winds reclined in mute astonishment on unmoving pinions; only the gentlest zephyrs fanned the goddess, and kissed every new-born charm.—Cupid re-animated his courage and his love, and he sprang into the boat. "Neptune, thou ruler of the ocean!" said he, "and ye deities who inhabit the sea, be propitious to my bold design! Not ambition, not presumptuous pride, but love, with which a god has inspired my bosom, and the virtuous desire of affording relief to the sufferer, have animated me to the hardy enterprize. Grant, O grant that I may reach yon shore in safety; and thou, who hast enkindled this passion, leave, O leave me not; it was thou who first excited in my mind the bold idea!"

Suddenly, while he was yet speaking, at Cupid's command, a tall mast rose from the middle of the vessel, and from its top wreaths of flowers streamed in the air towards the island. He had directed the zephyrs to blow against the wreaths and to waft the waves against the stern of the boat, while some were engaged in dividing the water before it and in smoothing its liquid course; and others he had commanded to fan the youth as he toiled. With awe and astonishment he now perceived that a god assisted him; full of courage he pushed off the shore, and Cupid unseen hovered above his vessel.

Song of the Tritons and Naiads.

From the deep recesses and the distant shores came the Tritons, the sons of Neptune, and the sedge-crowned daughters of Nereus; dashing the sparkling waves in wanton sport they swam in a wide circle around him; in joyful surprise they gazed on the bold mortal who first ventured in a little vessel to commit himself to their dangerous element. "Success attend thee," they sang, "prosperous be thy voyage, intrepid youth! Love shall reward thee; Love, who inspired thee with invention and courage to venture in the hollow trunk on the waves of the ocean. With streaming garlands thou pursuest thy course through the sparkling billows, fair as the majestic swan with oary feet. Cupid flies before thee; he must be happy whom love takes under his protection. Receive him unharmed, ye shades of the island! There shall he receive the sweetest reward of his bold invention. We behold, with prophetic eye we behold in future ages thy art completed. Nations shall with their vessels cover the waves of hoary Ocean, and shall pass over to far distant nations; people unlike in manners, separated by vast seas, shall meet astonished on the peaceful shores; they shall exchange the treasures of their respective countries and bring back wealth and new arts and sciences to enrich their native land. The mariner pursues his course through the trackless ocean, and fearless crosses the unfathomable deep. He boldly braves the threatening tempest, when the skies and seas rage and his bark is the sport of the mountainous billows. Such is the boldness and the ingenuity of the race of Prometheus; the fire of the gods glows

The youth reaches the island.

within their bosoms, and impending dangers only animate them with more undaunted courage."

Thus sang the nymphs and the sea-gods, in sportive dance around the vessel, blowing on their conches in harmonious measure to the song. The youth pursued his prosperous voyage, and safely reached the shores of the island, where cooling gales and grateful shades received him. He sprang enraptured from the boat, and drawing it securely on the beach, returned thanks to the gods who had so graciously befriended his hazardous undertaking. Filled with pleasing hopes he wandered through the shades of the island; at every step he beheld with transport the traces of human industry. The apple, the fig and the pear-trees were planted in fruitful rows; the vines glowing with their purple fruit formed an over-arching canopy; jessamines and myrtles were here and there woven into arbors; a clear stream was conducted through the embowering shades, and its banks were decked with all kinds of flowers. While with eager look, he thus wandered through the island, Melida sat with her mother in the hut; she had long remained silent with her head reclined on her bosom, when Semira said: "How thou art always musing, my child! What so deeply engages thee, my beloved Melida?"

Melida, tears starting into her eyes, replied: "Alas! I know not why I muse; I know not why my heart throbs with such violence; I know not what oppresses my bosom, and renders me unhappy, far more unhappy than any other creature."

"How, my Melida!" answered the anxious mo-

ther, "what, unhappy! It is thy strange fancies that have destroyed thy peace. What is wanting to thy happiness? Do not all thy plants flourish? Are not all thy undertakings crowned with success? thy bowers clothe themselves with the loveliest foliage to refresh thee with their shade; the trees planted by thy hand are all fairer than the rest. Thy flock was once thy favorite care, and every creature in this island strives with eager emulation, to give thee pleasure."

"Yes," said Melida, weeping, "ah! yes; formerly every object afforded me delight, but that is fled for ever. The cooling shades serve only to increase my melancholy; pleasure was once wafted to me from every plant and every flower; but, alas! they no longer delight me, and the animals are all more happy than I. When I observe the birds sporting together and singing on the branches of the trees; when I see my sheep assembled in the shade, rejoicing with wanton gambols in each other's society, or peacefully reclining by each other's woolly sides; then I am unable to suppress the melancholy wish—"

"Discontented maid!" exclaimed Semira, "art thou returning to the old subject of thy complaints? What fancies have taken possession of thy mind! a desire for thou knowest not what, for things which do not exist in nature. I might with equal reason murmur that this sea is not land, or because I cannot fly like a bird, or because these trees cannot converse with me. And none of these ideas would be by far so strange as thine."

"But yet," replied Melida, "I cannot think my wishes so very strange and unnatural. Why

should we alone be deprived of those enjoyments which all the animals possess, while in many respects we are so much like them. They eat, they sleep, they hear, they smell, just as we do; they rejoice and are sad, especially when separated from their companions. When we resemble them in so many points, why should we not in that?"

"Why not, unaccountable maiden?" exclaimed her mother in an angry tone, "ask the gods why they have given thee no other companions than thy gentle sheep and the sprightly birds. Since the gods have thus decreed, why art thou dissatisfied with their society?"

Melida, with soft and timid accents, answered: "Yes, but the sheep rejoices not in the society of the deer, nor does the dove take delight in the company of the duck; each animal only rejoices in the society of others of the same species as itself. Are we not a distinct species? Even my gentlest lamb takes more delight in the company of other lambs than in mine."

"But," said Semira, "am not I a companion of thy own species, and do I not love thee more than sheep can love their lambs or birds can love each other?"

"Yes, O yes, my beloved mother," replied Melida, affectionately. "But you are likewise sad; perhaps you would be more cheerful, if there were more creatures like us, for our pleasures would then be multiplied. O, if there were, how delightful would it be, when our united efforts were exerted to cheer and to amuse thee! O! if there were but one—only one more, to share all my little pleasures, to be continually by my side, to—Ah! I feel

Astonishment of Melida and Semira at the sight of the youth.

—though my heart loves thee above every thing; yet I feel as if it contained another love, a love for something, but what that is I cannot discover nor describe."

"Semira sighed. "What uneasiness," said she, "does thy unfortunate desire occasion me! The Gods will not fulfil thy wishes, because thou urgest them with too eager importunity. From the trees and from the stones they could create beings like thyself; but——."

"What!" exclaimed her daughter, interrupting her, "can they make them out of trees and of stones? O ye Gods! before every tree, beside each stone will I offer up sacrifices to you; the incense of the fairest productions of every season shall with my unwearied supplications ascend to you."—Suddenly starting back, she exclaimed: "Ye Gods! what do I see!" and stood motionless like a statue. The youth, in equal astonishment, paused at the threshold of the hut. "Gods! it is she!" at length he cried, "it is she, whom I saw in my dream!"

Semira, alarmed, looked behind her, and overwhelmed with confusion rose from her seat. "If," said she, "thou art one of the immortals, and art come to visit our humble dwelling, O, listen graciously to our prayers and—But, no, thou standest at the threshold, overcome with surprize like ourselves; whoever thou art, welcome to our habitation!" The youth entered the cottage and said: "O deign to receive me within your dwelling: I am not an inhabitant of Olympus. I have encountered many dangers on my passage to you, and supplicate your kindness and protection."

Joy of Melida.

Melida, in the mean time, stood motionless, her eyes wandered over the pleasing figure of the youth. "The Gods," said she at length, "have granted my wishes, they have formed this delightful creature for my companion. Come nearer, sit by my side; come, that I may touch thy hand and thy rosy cheek! But tell me, how did the Gods create thee? O how will I incessantly thank them for their kindness! What wast thou at first? a tree? a stone?" While she spoke, she pressed the youth's trembling hand to her throbbing bosom. He sighed: "My beloved! if I may call thee by that name—" "Me!" cried Melida, "O call me ever so! I hear thee with transport. Feel, feel how my heart beats with rapture, my hand trembles in thine; never have I yet felt such delicious sensations."

"Ye Gods! how happy am I!" exclaimed the youth. "Long have I loved thee above all things; how successful has been my dangerous voyage, how sweet is the reward of my hardy enterprize!" He said and pressed the maiden's hand to his lips.

"What art thou doing? What do I feel?" said Melida. "O I die with transport! All thou sayst, all thou dost pours into my heart streams of new, of unknown delight. But wilt thou always be my companion? wilt thou assist me in all my employments, and share with me all my pleasures?"

"How can I do otherwise, I who know no delight but in thy presence?"

"O my beloved mother!" said Melida;" how gracious are the Gods, thus to listen to my strange wishes, and to form this lovely creature for my com-

panion. This fair stranger is as tall as I am, not little as I was when thou foundst me under the rose-bushes."

Semira now said: "Let us recover from our surprize; seat yourselves near me. And thou, let me again welcome thee to our dwelling; no evil intention can have brought thee hither. Tell us whence thou comest, and by what means thou hast reached this solitary shore."

Hand in hand Melida and the youth now seated themselves; and he related to them how a God had in a dream presented to him the beauteous image of Melida; how he had loved her; what hopeless anguish had tormented him, because the wide ocean divided them; how he had at length formed a vessel, and providing it with wooden feet, had ventured across the sea, and with the assistance of the Gods had safely reached the shore of their island.

They listened in profound astonishment to the wonderful narration. When he had finished, Semira said: "The Gods inspired thee with the bold design of braving the raging billows. Once more welcome to our shores. I will offer grateful sacrifices to the Gods, who conducted thee hither for our happiness, and who have removed the weight of grief and anxiety which oppressed my heart."

"Then," said Melida, "there is another shore and other human beings beyond the sea. I always supposed so, though my mother concealed it from me. But never must thou return in thy hollow bark to that shore. O, stay with me; be mine, and mine alone! Methinks I could not endure that thou shouldst love any other companion, like me.

But tell me, how it is that thou dost not appear to be exactly like myself: soft hairs grow upon thy chin, but I have none?" "That is," replied the youth, "because I am a man and thou a maiden." "A man," said Melida, "that is extraordinary, and yet I could not love thee better, if thou wast just like myself. O how many things has my mother concealed from me!"

Semira smiled, and desired her to prepare some of the fairest fruits for their evening repast. She rose to obey, but insisted that the youth should accompany her. Amid frequent embraces and endearing conversation they forgot the purpose of their walk, and with heedless steps wandered to the spot where the little vessel lay. "See," said the youth, "see, my beloved! there is the hollow trunk which brought me over the wild waves into thy embrace." "O wonderful invention!" exclaimed Melida, running hastily to it, with delight and admiration. "O what courage! to venture on the wide ocean in such a vessel, a mere nothing, the sport of the waves, like the floating leaf of the blossom, which the gentlest zephyr wafts through the air. And love to me inspired the bold design! O my beloved! how, O how can I thank thee for thy love!—But tell me, what is it that is fastened on either side? They must surely be feet of wood, with which, like the swan, thou hast directed thy course. O welcome thou hollow trunk! welcome thou stranger from a distant shore! Thou art dearer to me as thou thus liest despoiled of all thy leafy ornaments, than those which spring has decked in the gayest attire! Blessed be the spot which thou hast shadowed; blessed be the ashes of him who

Union of Melida and the youth.

planted thee; may spring pour forth all her beauties on the place where he reposes! But thou, my beloved!" said she, and embraced the youth while tears of tenderness bedewed her cheeks, "I conjure thee, by all the Gods I conjure thee, forsake me not, nor ever ascend to the hollow bark to quit this shore! If thou dost, may the angry waves bear thee back to my arms, to my tender lamentations over thy inconstancy!"—"O my beloved!" answered the youth, affectionately kissing the tears from her cheeks, "how unjust are thy apprehensions! May the first wave bury me in the abyss if ever I leave this shore with that horrible intention! But how could I, thou, whom I love above all things, how could I leave thee, in whom alone centres all my happiness, and all my delight? On this blessed shore I will raise two altars; one to the beauteous Venus and her potent son; 'twas he who enkindled in my bosom the unextinguishable flame, and inspired the bold design. The other shall be sacred to the God of Ocean, whose waves bore me in safety to this shore." They returned to the cottage and placed the fruit on the table in neat baskets. Amid pleasing conversation the night advanced, and Cupid himself conducted them into a fragrant bower of jessamine and roses, beside which murmured a gentle stream. The little love-gods sported among the branches and softest zephyrs fluttered with perfumed wings around the lovers.

Their descendants improved the art of navigating the seas. On the shore of the island they erected a noble city, which they called Cythera. High towers and temples threw their lengthened shade

Description of the city founded by their descendants.

:r the Laconic sea; the fairest of all was conse-
.ted to Love; it was surrounded by a double cir-
of lofty columns. Happiness and abundance
'elt within its walls, and the richly-freighted
ps of the Ocean assembled within its secure
ven.

DAPHNIS.

Me juvet in gremio doctæ legisse puellæ,
Auribus et puris scripta probasse mea
Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confusa valeto
Fabula, nam Domina judice tutus ero.

FROM MADEMOISELLE ——

TO THE AUTHOR.

SIR,

IS it possible that you can remain in the town, now that the coming spring decks every tree with blossoms and every meadow with flowers? Come to us into the country; you will be welcomed by spring and me. If you do not come I shall be seriously offended with you; I am half angry already. Madam N—— tells me that you have been writing a pastoral; and so—most mysterious Sir!—I am to know nothing of the matter. And yet you have seen how highly your last song delighted me; I sing it continually. Madam von ——— compares me to Mr. B——'s bull-finch that has learned only one tune. I was lately singing it with great glee, by moon-light in the grove, when the nightingale began her strains, and I could not but pause, though I am a great admirer of my own music. Come next Thursday without fail; I shall expect you in the evening, in the bower; but bring Daphnis with you, or while I live I will never again subscribe myself

Your affectionate

THE AUTHOR

TO MADEMOISELLE ———.

WHO could brave such threats from you? I send you Daphnis, and in print; and the answer to your letter must even serve for the dedication. To whom could I inscribe it but to you, whose approbation is most precious to me, and to whom, I must acknowledge, that I owe all my success, if I have pourtrayed love in its natural colors? Yes, while I described Phillis, I thought of you, and imagined myself to be Daphnis. The idea of writing a little romance was a happy one for me: it kept me continually in a delightful dream, which sometimes rendered your absence supportable. What exquisite pleasure thus to lose myself with you in a waking dream!

Madam N—— has been very indiscreet: I took great pains to prevail upon her to say nothing to you; but I only intended to keep the secret, till I had read the piece to you, without acquainting you that I was the author, and had thus obtained your impartial opinion. I should then have known the sentiments of all those who possess genuine taste and true judgment.

The day after to-morrow, what happiness! the day after to-morrow, I shall meet you in the bower, I shall see you and spring. But you must not forget that a dedication is worth at least a hundred kisses. Adieu.

I am, &c.

DAPHNIS.

BOOK I.

IN the river Neæthus,* which rises in the Clibanic mountains and pours through the plains and verdant shades, and whose impetuous torrent sweeps away the trees and flocks in promiscuous destruction, the shepherds have consecrated to the Naiads a small island overshadowed by lofty pines and juniper trees. In the midst of it rises a rock, in which is the grotto of the nymphs; for there are placed their images expertly carved in linden-wood, reclining upon their urns and decked with sedgy wreaths. These goddesses are there seen wandering with their green tresses beneath the shades, or sporting in the waves near the shore, or drying themselves upon the rocks and slumbering in the sun-shine. The billows gently play over the foam-covered roots of the white poplar trees and willows that line the shore; their murmur is soothing as the tones of melodious music.

Oft as the youthful spring returns, the swains and maidens of the neighboring shores repair to this spot. They present the nymphs with the blossoms of the trees that droop over the tide, and of the flowers which bloom in the waters and supplicate the

* The river Neæthus discharged itself into the Ionic sea between Crotona and Petelia.

nymphs not to suffer the waves again to lay waste the shores and to sweep away the trees and the productions of the fields in their foaming torrent.

Once, in one of the cheerful days of spring, a whole fleet of boats from both the shores of the river, approached the island. Each boat was covered with a verdant canopy of fragrant shrubs and flowers which shaded the joyous swains and maidens within it; wreaths of flowers were entwined round the tall masts, ascending to the very tops from which ribbons and garlands streamed in the air. They sailed amid the soft music of the flute and the song, and landed on the island. Troops of youths and maidens ascended the shore; maidens, whose charms excited the jealousy of the immortals. Each drew from the other the wistful looks of the Gods, who had descended upon the clouds from Olympus, leaving the lonely Goddesses behind. One charmed by the slender elegance of her form; another by the snowy whiteness of her forehead and of her heaving bosom; this by the majestic beauty of the goddess of the chace, and that by the bewitching smile of Venus; here, tender youth unfolded its blushing charms like the unexpanded rose-bud; there, the ripe perfection of beauty resembled the full-blown flower. They approached in pairs, and entering the sacred grot, they poured forth the fragrant contents of their baskets at the feet of the nymphs; they entwined them with wreaths of flowers and decked their brows with garlands. The youthful Phillis now approached to present her flowers and her wreaths; she was lovely as the Graces; gaiety and innocence beamed from her face and charmed in every gesture; her dark eye

smiled modestly around her, an irresistible smile, potent as love itself. So stands the new-blown rose, the fairest of all the flowers by which she is surrounded; the bee flutters doubtful among them; in vain they offer their sweets, it perceives the rose and settles on her fragrant bosom.

The rapid glances of Daphnis, the fairest of the youths, roved among the troop of maidens; they met a thousand speaking eyes which smiled upon him and were then averted for a moment, but returned to greet him with a still more friendly smile. At length he perceived Phillis; a sigh escaped his bosom and a blush crimsoned his cheek. His eyes were fixed upon her, she looked at him and they sank to the earth. She retired, and her modest eye was again turned towards him; Daphnis trembled, his heart throbbed, his languishing looks pursued her, and his bosom was filled with alarm lest he should lose her among the crowd. But she still stood before him, conversing with her companions; her eye sometimes glanced on Daphnis, but with maiden modesty instantly sank on the turf at her feet. Sometimes in the throng a taller maiden stood before her; Daphnis murmured, and when she retired, his eager eyes smiled on Phillis with renewed delight: so smile the plains when the moon bursts forth from the clouds which concealed her.

All the flowers were now strewed at the feet of the nymphs, and the swains had decked them with garlands. The maidens and the youths divided into choirs and Daphnis placed himself opposite to Phillis. The choirs of maidens then sang responsive hymns in praise of the nymphs.

"Ye nymphs! who inhabit the recesses of the

flood and ye who, from your urns, pour the rushing waters down the rocky cliffs, O be propitious to the shepherds who dwell on the sedgy banks of the stream.

" We have stripped the trees of the blossomed spring, we have robbed the shore of its fragrant flowers; we have carried them into your sacred grot, ye nymphs in the stream and upon the high rocks!

" O be propitious to the swains who dwell on the sedgy banks! let not the waves rob them of their fruitful trees, or pour their impetuous torrent over their corn-fields and their pastures. Then may the flocks graze in safety on its banks; then may ye wander in the cooling shade, or recline upon the flowery turf, ye nymphs in the stream and upon the high rocks!"

Thus sang the choirs of maidens, and the sweet tones of the shepherds' pipes accompanied their voices. Daphnis listened attentively, to distinguish the voice of Phillis and forgot to play.

The moon now rose above the distant hills, and the youths and the maidens returned to their vessels. Phillis also returned and gazed at Daphnis; the twilight gave her courage. She fixed her eyes on him and sighed; slowly she walked to the shore, and oft looked back and sighed. Daphnis stood motionless and pursued her with looks of sorrow; he would have forgotten to ascend the boat, had not his companions roused him from his reverie. He seated himself in the vessel, and his eyes were fixed with tender melancholy on those who were sailing to the opposite shore. Every sound was that of mirth and joy; on either side of the stream

Daphnis returns to his cottage.

the sweet tones of female voices were blended with the soft melody of flutes, while echo repeated the sound from the stream to the distant hills. The youths and the maidens who accompanied Daphnis laughed and sported and sang; but Daphnis, in profound silence, sat gazing on the shore, and only joined them when the song was expressive of tenderness and love; with deep emotion he then accompanied the strain.

Thus, melancholy, he ascended the shore, and proceeded to his cottage. He entered; his aged father welcomed him with smiles of joy, and enquired concerning the festival. He then related how often he had seen the furious torrent overflow its banks, and beheld trees laden with ripe fruit borne along by the foaming billows, which had even carried away the boats and drowned the shepherds. Daphnis listened to his father in silence; he then went out of the cottage, and standing beneath the trees by which it was overshadowed, he gazed on the faint moon-light landscape. Absorbed in melancholy he stood and sighed.

"What is this," said he softly, "that I feel? Why does my heart throb and my bosom heave with sighs? Why was unable to withdraw my eyes from thee? Why did dejection seize me at thy departure, and why am I still so sad? Why, lovely maiden, does thy image still hover before me? Ah! I still see thee, I still behold thy dark tresses, half confined by thy garland, while the other loosely flowing, entwines thy arm—thy snowy arm, or flutters on thy bosom.—Ah, that youthful, that lovely bosom! and thy dark hazle eyes! I was wretched when they smiled on any other; but

when they were fixed on me, thy looks penetrated to the inmost recesses of my soul. Ah! I love thee! O what happiness if thou too shouldst love me! Our eyes often met, thine like my own were then turned towards the earth. Ah! if thou shouldst love me! But where art thou? Alas! perhaps far from me! Thy image will constantly hover before me. It will always accompany me, when I sleep and when I wake; it will follow me beside the stream and in the grove; alas! perhaps without the hope of ever again beholding the original!"

Thus spoke Daphnis; then reclining against a tree he gazed on the still moon and sighed. "She is lovely and beautiful as thou, O moon! as superior in beauty to all other maidens, as thou art in brightness to the luminaries that glimmer around thee!" He was again silent, and mused and sighed and spoke alternately, till sleep conducted him to the hut. His slumber was a dream of Phillis; he attempted to embrace her and awoke. He sorrowfully folded his deluded arms, and sighed. He had been used to salute the rosy dawn of morning with a song, but now he walked silently from the hut, and with pensive step drove his little flock before him to the pasture. He there found shepherds gaily conversing together on the festival of the nymphs. One shewed a ribbon that a maiden had given him, another a garland with which his charmer had entwined his brow; this displayed a nosegay he had stolen from the fair bosom of a shepherdess, and that repeated a song which a female companion had taught him in the boat. Daphnis, who now listened to them, and was now absorbed in silent thought, at length related in the

most passionate terms, that he had seen the fairest maiden his eyes ever beheld. The wanton youths laughed and said: "Daphnis! thou art in love with the maiden!" He attempted to deny it; the shepherds fixed their eyes on him; he blushed, and his confusion added to their mirth.

His passion daily encreased, and the society of the shepherds became irksome to him. He began to drive his flock into the most solitary dells, near brooks that murmured among the shades; the stream ceased to delight him, and he went to the grove, which he quitted for the banks of the river, where, gazing on the opposite shore, he wept because its waters separated him from his beloved. So cooes and complains the dove, while he flutters mournfully around the tree, at whose foot the unfeeling countryman has killed his mate. The swains missed Daphnis, whom they all loved: "Where is Daphnis?" said they. We are no longer so gay, since he has forsaken us; he gave spirit to our mirth; he, the gayest of the shepherds, who knew the most songs, and played the best on the flute." The maidens too enquired: "Where is Daphnis?" and when they heard of his passion many a bosom was filled with pain.

Often did Daphnis sit melancholy on the banks of the stream or in the shady grove, and indulge in sweet, waking dreams; he fancied himself in the company of his fair one, that he declared to her his passion; she blushes; he presses her hand and kisses it; she attempts to flee; he embraces her knees and weeps; she sighs and smiles and seats herself beside him; he imprints a thousand ardent kisses on her lips; she returns them with

equal warmth ; he presses her to his bosom—his visionary happiness vanishes before the melancholy idea that his charmer is far from him, and that he shall perhaps never behold her again. He would then shudder while the tears gushed in streams from his eyes. Hastily rising he would go to the shore, and seizing a boat, cross the stream to seek his beloved: with eager eye he gazed on the valley, wandered through the meads and by the streams; but always returned cheerless and unsuccessful. "Shall I ever seek thee in vain, (he would then exclaim) ever in vain! I will wander through every meadow ; in every grove and by every stream will I seek thee. O gods ! what happiness if I should at length discover my beloved!"

"What tree now overshadows thee, fairest of maidens!" he often exclaimed ; "what gentle zephyr cools thee and wantons with thy tresses? Dost thou slumber by a stream? Softly flow, ye waves, disturb not her repose, if she dreams of me ; but if she dreams of some other shepherd, awaken her, O stream, with the loud roar of thy waters ! Heavens ! if she should dream of—should love some happier swain, if her lovely arm should encircle another, and her beauteous cheek be pressed by any lips but mine!—Gods ! what would then become of me ! I would flee ; in a solitary cave would I bury myself and my sorrows, and then—alas!—then expire in comfortless despair !"

Already from the blooming spring-time to the harvest he had endured the torments of love ; all nature was gay, and Daphnis alone was sad. The brown reapers now repaired singing to the waving corn-fields, and Daphnis assisted them ; for in har-

vest-time it was customary to leave to a few shepherds the care of the flocks. Part of them in long rows cut the yellow corn with their glistening sickles, and the rest bound it up in sheaves. At noontide and at even they assembled under the shade of the neighboring trees, to refresh themselves and to quaff the cooling beverage, and sang harvest hymns in honor of Ceres, while the capacious bowl passed merrily round. The reapers and those who bound the sheaves seated themselves in opposite rows and began thus to sing in chorus:

"Thou wheat-crowned goddess, fair-haired Ceres! thanks for the rich harvest and the ripened grain!" The binders of the sheaves continued: "Ye merry reapers, recline not on your crooked sickles, nor let those who bind up your sheaves stand inactive in the field!" The reapers then sang: "Ye cooling zephyrs! cease not to fan the reapers as they toil; let your refreshing breezes wave our flowing hair, amid the sultry summer-heat!" The binders of the sheaves rejoined: "Sing thy shrill and cheerful song, thou merry grasshopper,* that sportest around us, and O reviving bowl, be never empty during the scorching heat of noon!" Then the row of reapers sang: "And when, cool evening! thou arrivest, mayst

* The grasshopper, whose song is so often praised by ancient writers, was not the insect known among the moderns by that name. It was called by the Latins *Cicada*. The hissing note of our grasshopper is very different from the song of the cicada, which was much louder and more musical; and unlike our insect, it either walked or flew, for it had not the power of hopping through the long grass, from which the latter derives its appellation. T.

thou find the field naked and bare, and may we, amid joyful songs, return over the short stubble to our peaceful homes !" All the swains then joined in the chorus: " Thou wheat-crowned goddess! fair-haired Ceres! thanks for the rich harvest and the ripened grain !"

Thus sang the reapers. " Daphnis !" said they; " thou art not merry, thou dost not sing." But Daphnis sighed, and was silent.

The fields were now bare; the ploughman and the sower repaired to them, and the shepherds had returned to their flocks. One day as Daphnis reclined by the river, he heard at a distance the tones of two flutes; the music was sweeter than any he had ever heard, and his bosom heaved with tender transport. The nearer the soft tones approached, the more exquisite was his delight, his heart throbbed with rapturous emotion; his sheep forgot their pasture to listen; the birds were hushed upon the trees, and all nature was wrapped in silent attention and delight. Daphnis listened, and a little boy advanced towards him, playing on two flutes. He was lovely as the bud of the rose; no vest concealed his beauteous form or shaded his round and snowy limbs. His little face was fair, as one of the graces, and roses were entwined among the golden locks around his head.

A gentle awe thrilled Daphnis as the boy approached. " Come, shepherd," said he, " ferry me over the stream." Daphnis unloosed the boat and the boy entered. The waves which used wildly to beat against the vessel, now gently dashing against the boat and kissing its sides, glided smoothly away. They had soon crossed the river,

when the child springing on the shore, said to Daphnis: "Shepherd! I am Cupid, the god of love; go yonder where the stream murmurs through the thicket; follow its winding course and thou shalt meet the reward of thy love."

He said, and vanished; and where he disappeared a blooming rose-bush suddenly sprang up. Daphnis trembled, and remained lost in astonishment. At length he left the sacred spot, hastened to the stream, and full of anxiety and emotion pressed through the thicket. "If I should find Phillis!" said he. "Ah!—how else could Cupid reward me?—But I dream! Ah! if I should find my beloved!" He said, as swiftly advancing he tore asunder the entangled branches that opposed his passage. The thicket, now receding on either side, enclosed a little plain, through which the stream pursued its tortuous course among beds of the fairest flowers.

His eye had not long wandered over the scene, when he discovered his Phillis; she was reclining beside the stream; her arm supported her head. "If he were here!" she exclaimed in plaintive accents, "if he were here, I would entwine this wreath around his brows. Ah! how I love thee! I would say to him; but where is he? Alas! far, far away; I will destroy the garland." She scattered the flowers in the wind, and wiped the tears from her eyes. She heard a rustling among the bushes; she looked round and beheld Daphnis. "O gods!" she exclaimed, springing up. Daphnis, overwhelmed with confusion, stood trembling like the aspen-leaf in the gentle breeze. He flew towards her; she drew back; he seized her hand, and

pressed it to his lips; he sighed, but could not speak; his languishing eye was fixed upon her, with a look in which the unutterable rapture of his soul was pourtrayed. Phillis stood motionless; her heart throbbed, and deep sighs heaved her youthful bosom. "Phillis!" he at length sighed, "Phillis!—Ah!—I am too weak to support this rapture!" — "Daphnis!—Ah!—Daphnis!" she replied in trembling accents; and was again silent and sighed. "Ah Phillis!" he exclaimed; ah! what have I not suffered since I first saw thee! Ah! I have beheld but thee—have beheld but thee in the plains, but thee in the groves; thy image hovered over me while I slept, and accompanied me when I awoke. I am blessed as the immortal gods, if thou but lovest me!" "Daphnis!" sighed she, while tears flowed from her downcast eyes, "ah! how I love thee!" She sighed, and reclined her blushing face on his bosom. Daphnis kissed her cheeks; he kissed the tears of transport from her eyes and pressed her, speechless, to his breast. Long they remained unable to speak; she, reclining on his bosom, and he with trembling arm encircling her. These violent emotions gradually subsided into soft rapture. So subsides the furious tempest; the raging winds cease to roar; the roses and carnations agitated by the blast, cease to tremble; again they exhale their balmy odors; the zephyrs return and flutter around and kiss them. Thus they recovered; and seated beside the stream, he related to her how often he had passed over the river, how he had sought her on the shore and by the streams and on the hills, and had always returned comfortless and unsuccessful. Phillis then confessed that

ever since the festival of the nymphs she had loved him; how often she had wandered sighing on the solitary shore, and had poured forth her lamentations beside the streams and in the dark sequestered groves. Daphnis told her how he had ferried Cupid over the river, how roses had sprung up on the spot where he disappeared, and how the god had directed him to the brook.

Thus they sat indulging in mutual caresses, and conversing on their love, till the moon-beams glistened on the surface of the stream: they promised to meet at the same place the following day. "Ah! and must we part!" said they sighing. "Farewel Daphnis! farewel! I must—I must leave thee!" cried Phillis, embracing him. She would have gone, but was unable to tear herself from his side. "Alas!" I must—I must go," repeated Daphnis, again embracing her. They each went a few steps, and looking back, paused, and again rushed into each other's arms, "Farewel Phillis!"—"Farewel Daphnis!" said they and parted, each looking back to gaze on the other, till they were out of sight. The enraptured Daphnis proceeded to the shore, kissed the rose which bloomed on the spot where Cupid vanished; and entering the vessel he sang with joy as it floated across the stream. Never had his heart so perfectly accorded with the strains; he felt such extacy that his voice was far too weak to express his delight.

Daphnis was once more gay; he no longer shunned the society of the shepherds; he sang them merry songs, he played on the flute and joined in all their sports; but soon as the evening had succeeded to the sultry noon, he resigned his little flock to

the care of a trusty swain, ascended his boat and repaired to the lonely stream where his Phillis was always impatiently waiting to receive him.

The more they saw of each other, the greater was the delight they experienced at meeting, and they believed themselves the happiest of mortals. A thousand times they told how much they loved each other; yet they were never weary of hearing and repeating the declaration of their love. Sometimes they taught each other new songs; Phillis sang, and her voice seemed to Daphnis sweeter than the notes of the nightingale; Daphnis played on the flute, and Phillis doubted if Pan himself could produce more harmonious sounds. Sometimes they related stories to each other: when Phillis was speaking, Daphnis listened attentively, or played with the ribbons that fluttered at her breast, till forgetting himself, he interrupted the narrative by his kisses. When Daphnis spoke, Phillis stroked his rosy cheek, or entwined a garland round his brows, or gazed on him so archly that he entirely lost the connection of his story.

Often did they repair to the rose-bush, which they regarded as the most sacred object: they carefully protected it from caterpillars and other insects; they supported with sticks its straggling branches, and amid endearing caresses sang hymns in praise of the god of love.

Daphnis had one day caught a little bird,*

* This subject has been a favorite with pastoral writers. Shenstone's lines are familiar to every one:

"I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:

The bird.

which he presented to Phillis: she received it with delight, and kissed him in return. She placed it on her hand, holding its slender legs between her fingers; the bird flapped its variegated wings against her hand and chirped as if to call its companion. "Wouldst thou leave me and return to the grove?" said she. "Whom dost thou call? Thy companions? Shall they nestle in my bosom? How sad thou appearest! Perhaps thou art calling thy mate. Yes, he is calling his beloved, he mourns his separation from her, and perhaps she is anxiously seeking him. Ah! Daphnis, I will let him go." Thus she said with accents of compassion, and opened her hand; the bird flew singing from tree to tree, and Phillis looked after him, as if fearful lest he should not find his mate. Daphnis looked at his Phillis, and observed that her eyes were mournfully fixed on the ground; alarmed, he caught her in his arms and embraced her. Phillis sighed. "Ah! Daphnis!" said she, "if I should ever lose thee! if I should ever lose thee, what unspeakable anguish would be my portion! I am sure I should die!" Daphnis felt his heart sadden at the thought.

But let me that plunder forbear,
She would say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,
That could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love." T.

The grotto.

One day when they were seated beside each other, the clouds gathered over their heads, and a shower began to fall. They rose hastily, and driving Phillis's flock before them, took shelter in an arched grot; the entrance was concealed by creeping ivy. In the midst of the cave Daphnis perceived a cypress, near which gushed forth a little stream. He gazed with astonishment, and imagined that it must be the grot of some nymph or divinity; but they smiled at each other, when they observed another shepherd in the grotto; he sat among the rushes that waved over the stream, and was employed in making flutes and pipes of reeds. He looked up and saluted them. "Welcome fair maiden, and thou young swain! Perhaps you would have preferred to be alone here. Many a frolicksome trick has love played in this cool recess! But kiss on, children! I will not look at you."—"No, shepherd," interrupted Phillis, while a blush crimsoned her cheeks, "we only took shelter here from the rain, and"—Daphnis now approached him and said: "Art thou making pipes?" "Yes," replied the shepherd, "and the best in the whole country; every swain is eager to have one of my pipes: a shepherd yesterday gave me two sheep for one; I can imitate the song of the birds and even of the nightingale so well upon them, that forsaking the distant trees they all perch upon the branches of that beneath which I play." Daphnis took up one of the pipes: "I will play the song of Chloe," said he, "and do thou sing it, my Phillis."

"Thou sun-burnt shepherd!" sang Phillis, with smiling lips and a voice sweeter than the tones of

the pipe; "thou sun-burnt shepherd, who keepest thy lambs in the beech-shadowed valley; ah! when I pass by thee in search of a sheep I have not lost, when I steal a side-glance at thee from under my garland, and salute thee with a tender smile, why, O why, dost thou not understand me? To day as I beheld myself in the limpid stream, and glanced sideways from under my garland as I glance on thee, and smiled as I smile at thee, I could not help owning to myself, that sweet is the smile which plays upon my lips, and that my dark eye might tell thee much, very much; and yet, thou bashful shepherd! and yet thou dost not understand me. Tell me, ye nymphs! tell me Cupid! how can I better explain to him that I love him?"

"Thou hast sung that song incomparably," said the shepherd to Phillis, "and thou hast played—by Pan! I could not have played it better myself. I will give thee this pipe; it is worth more than a goat with kid. But," said he to Daphnis, "dost thou know the song: 'Ye maidens! who feign yourselves coy?' It is an old song, and is now known to very few shepherds. It is called the song of Neæthus; for it is the history of the river-god; and this grotto is named the grotto of Neæthus, because the circumstances happened on this spot." Daphnis requested the shepherd to play the tune for him; and he taking the pipe produced notes sweet as those of the nightingale. "Now I can play it," said Daphnis; "I will play, and shepherd! do thou sing the song." They began, and the shepherd thus sang:

"Ye maidens! who feign yourselves coy, while

your hearts and your bosoms tremble with love: hear how a nymph was punished by the gods; listen to the song of Neæthus.

" Neæthus reclined beneath the billows on his watery urn, when roused by the rapid undulation of the waves, he raised his dripping, sedge-crowned head, and rubbing the water from his eyes, beheld a nymph who had just stepped into the stream. ' How beautiful,' said he softly, ' how beautiful art thou, nymph! how round are thy snowy breasts, how fair thy polished limbs; how the waves sport around thy delicate knees as if desirous of ascending still higher! Ah nymph!' he sighed and ascended the shore. The nymph beheld him and fled: he pursued her swift as a roe, she passed light as a zephyr over the flowers. Panting for breath he could scarcely exclaim: ' Ah nymph! why dost thou flee me?' The nymph took shelter in the grotto. Wherefore didst thou not pursue thy way through the grove, coy nymph?

" Ye maidens! who feign yourselves coy, while your hearts and your bosoms tremble with love; hear how a nymph was punished by the gods; listen to the song of Neæthus.

" Neæthus already fancied that he had clasped her slender waist. ' Gods!' cried the nymph, ' save me; let me become a cypress!' Scarcely had the wish escaped her lips, when ten roots shot from her feet into the earth. Her heart shuddered with horror and dismay, and the advancing bark soon enclosed her bosom. ' Alas!' sighed she, raising her sprouting arms above her head; alas! ye gods! why did ye so instantly listen to my wish? Ah, Neæthus!' — ' O nymph!' sighed the river-god,

throwing his arms around her trunk; she attempted with her branches to embrace him, but in vain; her leaves shook with a dying tremor. Enraged at his disappointment, the river-god stamped on the earth; he stamped, and a stream gushed forth beneath his feet.*

* For some of the ideas expressed in this beautiful little song, Gessner was doubtless indebted to Ovid's description of the transformation of Daphne into a laurel, which, in Dryden's translation, concludes with the following lines:

" He gathers ground upon her in the chace,
Now breathes upon her hair with nearer pace,
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labor of so long a flight;
And now despairing cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
' O help, she cried, in this extremest need,
' If water-gods are deities indeed:
' Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb,
' Or change my form whence all my sorrows come!'
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs.
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found,
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind,
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: ' Because thou canst not be
' My mistress I espouse thee for my tree:
' Be thou the prize of honor and renown,
' The deathless poet and the poem crown.'—
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said
And shook the shady honors of her head." T.

Sorrows of the lovers.

"Ye maidens! who feign yourselves coy, while your hearts and your bosoms tremble with love; have ye heard how the nymph was punished by the gods; have ye profited by the song of Neæthus?"

Thus sang the shepherd, while Daphnis and Phillis listened with rapture. "Is this the grotto, this the cypress and this the stream?" said Daphnis. "Yes," replied the shepherd, "this is the very cypress and stream." "I fancied," said Phillis, "I fancied that while you sang, the cypress waved its leaves with greater violence." While they thus conversed evening stole upon them before they were aware.

Once when Daphnis repaired to the stream, he found his Phillis not yet there; to beguile his impatience he carved their names in the bark; he played on his pipe, and at length climbed the loftiest trees and attempted, but in vain to discover her. He then descended and wandered anxiously musing around. At last she came; no garland decorated her hair which floated dishevelled over her shoulders; with slow step, with melancholy, downcast eyes and altered features she approached. Daphnis started, a deadly paleness overspread his cheeks, his heart throbbed; he advanced trembling to meet her, and took her hand which sank languidly into his; his tongue failed him, and he had not the courage to enquire what accident had befallen her. Her tearful eyes were languishingly fixed on him, with a look of mingled sorrow and tenderness. "O Daphnis!" said she in soft accents, interrupted by her sobs, "Daphnis!" She was again silent, and a flood of tears gushed from her eyes.

Daphnis trembled. "In the name of all the gods," exclaimed he, "what misfortune has befallen thee, Phillis? Speak I conjure thee by our mutual affection, speak!" "Daphnis!" she at length replied, "I must—alas! I must love another!" Chilled with horror, like one who stands beneath the rending crag, cold dews trickled from his brow; he stood pale, trembling, and motionless. "Yes, Daphnis," she continued, "I must love Lamon, the swain whose herds and flocks cover whole pastures. Him, alas! I must love! He has offered my mother his vast flocks and extensive meadows, and demands me as his bride; and Daphnis, my fond mother who thinks herself happy only when I am so, imagines that this match will complete my felicity, and insists, alas! she insists upon my loving him!" She paused, and mingled her tears with those of Daphnis. "Daphnis," she again began, "do not weep. How could I love another? And if his flocks covered whole vallies, would this render him amiable? No, Daphnis, no! It is thou who, though poor, art worthy to be loved; thy mildness, thy virtues make thee so. I will love thee, Daphnis, and none but thee!" She said, and embraced him. "But ah!" she again exclaimed, "I shall then be disobedient to the best of mothers! I shall then disturb the repose of her age by sorrow and vexation! Alas! Daphnis, I am unhappy; miserable if I obey, and wretched if I do not obey. Weep not so Daphnis; I sink beneath the weight of my sorrows!" "O Phillis, be obedient," cried Daphnis, overcome with inexpressible anguish; "the gods punish disobedience; obey, and they will be propitious to thee. I will go—I will behold

thee no more, and drag on the remainder of my life in misery and despair!"—Such was the struggle between love and virtue. A long silence ensued, their grief and sighs prevented their speech; at length, pressing him to her breast, and gazing on him with the fondest affection, Phillis exclaimed: "Daphnis! O Daphnis, embrace me! I will love thee. I will throw myself at the feet of my mother, when she again mentions the subject; I will throw myself at her feet and embrace her knees and weep; I will not loose her from my embrace, nor shall my tears cease to flow, till, moved with compassion, she sanctions our attachment." "Yes, Phillis," said Daphnis, with transport; "embrace her knees; weep, bathe her feet with tears; and leave her, leave her not till she approves our love; she will certainly mingle her tears with thine, and touched with compassion consent to our love."

Hope now filled them with delight; they smiled and embraced each other with all the ardor of lovers after a long separation; they wept tears of joy and indulged in mutual caresses, till night at length parted them.

Daphnis returned home full of impatience and hope. Scarcely half the following day was past when he crossed the river. Phillis was already waiting for him at the brook; he ran to her and embraced her. The smile that played in her eye presaged good tidings; she seated herself on the turf; he sat beside her; one arm encircled her neck, and the other hand he placed in hers that rested on her knee. "Daphnis! we are happy!" said she, and embraced him. He returned her caresses and pressed her with transport to his bosom. "We are

Scene between Phillis and her mother.

happy," continued she; "yesterday evening, on my return, I found my mother in the vine-covered porch before our hut, employed, by moonlight, in binding up the straggling branches. I entered and saluted her. 'Welcome, dearest Phillis,' said she, and then enquired whether I had watered the flock. 'Thou wilt soon have a numerous flock,' continued she; 'Lamon possesses the largest among all the neighboring shepherds.' I started and wept; the branches fell from her hand and she fixed her eyes on me. 'Wherefore dost thou weep, Phillis?' said she. My tears flowed still faster; she repeated the question, and I replied sobbing: 'Ah, mother, dearest mother, be not angry! I weep because I cannot love Lamon.' I then threw myself at her feet, and embraced her knees. 'O, be not angry,' said I, while the tears streamed from my eyes; 'be not angry, my beloved mother! I cannot, ah! I cannot love Lamon! I love—ah! I already love a youth who lives on the opposite shore, the best, the most virtuous of shepherds.' I said and pressed my face against her knees and wept. 'His flock is small,' I continued, 'but indeed he is the most amiable, the most virtuous swain!' I was silent, and, raising my streaming eyes, I perceived tears in hers; she tenderly gave me her hand and desired me to rise. 'No, Phillis,' said she, 'no, I will not obstinately oppose thy affection. But, my child, love is apt to deceive; I cannot give my consent till I have seen thy lover, till I have enquired whether he is really virtuous; on this the happiness of thy whole life depends; virtue alone can impart felicity.' Thus she spoke and I promised her to bring thee to our cottage." Daphnis sprang

Phillis prepares to visit Daphnis's father.

up, and shouted for joy; he then kissed her and clasped her in his arms; she encircled him with hers, and they pressed each other in a fervent, in a mutual embrace.

"But hear me, my Phillis," said Daphnis, "now thy mother is acquainted with our love, art thou sure that I shall please her, when thou leadst me to thy cottage?" O yes," replied Phillis, "I am certain, quite certain thou wilt please her." "But," continued Daphnis, "my old father is still ignorant of our passion; I will go and mention it to him. But Phillis, thou must accompany me; I will shew thee to him; when he sees thee, I am sure he will say: Daphnis, I approve thy choice."

Phillis consented, and desired him to gather some flowers that she might deck herself with a fresh garland. Daphnis went and sought flowers on the banks of the brook and in the thicket; and in the mean time Phillis washed her fair face in the limpid stream. Daphnis soon returned with a hat full of flowers, some variegated like the bow of heaven, others white as snow; some blue, like the clear sky, or gold-colored like the stars, or crimson like Phillis's lips. He poured the flowers into her lap and seated himself beside her: she began to weave the garland and to place the many-colored flowers in the most pleasing order, while Daphnis arranged her auburn tresses and decked her snowy bosom with roses. The wreath was entwined around her brows, and Daphnis thought he had never seen her look so lovely; he leaped for joy, and conducted her by the hand to the shore; they entered the boat and soon crossed over the stream.

He led her to his hut. "I will go in first," said

he, " and do thou, Phillis, wait in the porch; I will soon return and conduct thee to my father."

He entered the cottage, but stood with downcast eyes, blushing and silent. " Dear father!" he began, and paused. " What wouldst thou, Daphnis?" asked the old man. " Dear father! I —I love."—Again he paused, and again a burning blush crimsoned his cheeks. " And whom dost thou love?" asked the old man, holding out his hand to him. He now approached his father, and taking his hand, " O, father," said he, " I love a maiden, the best, the fairest maiden of the whole country. " Thou art fortunate, Daphnis," said the old man, " if her beauty has not blinded thee; if she is virtuous thou art fortunate; the Gods will look down from Olympus and bless her. But Daphnis, love is apt to deceive." " No," exclaimed Daphnis, " no, it has not deceived me." He sprang to the porch and led Phillis by the hand into the cottage.

She stood, the image of innocence; her smiling face was overspread with a deep blush and her modest eyes were fixed on the ground; she scarcely dared to steal one rapid glance from beneath the garland that encircled her brow. Daphnis now looked at his father, and observed with delight the fixed attention and pleasure with which the old man surveyed her; now gazed on Phillis smiling at her embarrassment. He led her to his father and tenderly kissed his hand. " Come, Phillis!" said he, " come, do thou too kiss the hand of the best of fathers." Phillis pressed the old man's hand to her lips.

The old man who still continued to survey her

with silent attention, at length exclaimed: "Ah, what traits are these I discover in thy innocent face? My child, are they not the features of Palemon, of the most virtuous of friends? Yes, just such a smile played on his youthful face; he died, and alas! with him expired the half of my happiness. O child, child, speak! Art thou not Palemon's daughter?"

"I am," answered Phillis, "I am Palemon's daughter. These eyes, alas! never beheld my father. He died before I saw the light: my mother went every day to weep beneath the cypresses which the shepherds had planted around his grave, she watered it daily with her tears, and on that sacred spot she brought me into the world."

The old man rose, and fell trembling on Phillis's neck. "My daughter!" he exclaimed in broken accents; "my daughter!" and sank powerless on his seat; he sighed, and, raising his eyes to heaven, took the maiden's hand, but, overcome by the mingled emotions of melancholy and joy, he was unable to speak. Daphnis gazed enraptured; at length he hastened to prepare some refreshment for the old man and for his Phillis. He brought a basket filled with raisins, almonds, oranges and apples; he knew not how to express his joy; and danced and sang as he fetched the fruit. "Daphnis," said he, to himself, "how blest art thou! No human being was ever more happy!" He hastened back, and laid the basket on the table. He placed Phillis next to the old man, and seating himself beside her, he employed himself in breaking the shells of the almonds and selecting the finest apples for her. He wished her to have only such

Palemon the father of Phillis.

as resembled her cheeks when she entered blushing into the hut.

"Ah! how happily," exclaimed the old man, "how happily passed the years in which I was blessed with Palemon's friendship; he was the sincerest, the most virtuous of friends. Though poor, he yet shared every thing with me, and none offered to the Gods more valuable sacrifices: he had scarcely any sheep but such as he had won as the prize of song; for in those days none could sing like him; the singers from all the country round came to contend with him, but always returned disappointed. Though his flock was so small, yet he yearly offered to Pan two young goats, even if he was obliged to part with the most indispensable necessary to purchase them. Sincerity was imprinted on his brow; gaiety and content sparkled in his eye; these never forsook him, even in adversity; he only wept over the misfortunes of others, with sorrow he then felt his poverty, when it prevented him from relieving their distresses. Thus virtuous, thus amiable was Palemon; he died, alas! he died in the summer of his life. The whole country mourned, for each had lost his best friend. Never had such a concourse of shepherds assembled, as on the day when his urn was placed on the little hillock: all pressed mournfully about the urn, and each planted his cypress-branch in the earth around his grave; Pan blessed them, they soon shot up and formed a shady grove. I have still a goblet, which he had likewise won as the prize of song, and presented to me; a wreath of fern and thistles is carved upon it; a serpent is coiled round its sides; he rears

himself up, bends down his head and fixes his teeth in the rim to form the handle. Ah! it is a precious memorial of my best friend; and I never fill it but on solemn festivals."

Thus spoke the old man, and Daphnis and Phillis listened with sorrowful attention. Mild evening meanwhile advanced and Phillis was obliged to return. The old man imprinted a tender kiss on her white forehead. "Tell thy mother," said he, "tell her that Amyntas is still living; tell her that it will restore youthful vigor to his feeble age, if she will consent that Palemon's daughter shall be the wife of his son, and shall call him father." Phillis now gave her hand to her shepherd, who conducted her out of the hut: the old man accompanied them to the door of the cottage and pursued them with joyful eyes till he lost them among the distant trees. "Surely," said he, enraptured, "the pleasures of a virtuous son are the father's highest gratification, and his happiness his father's greatest felicity. What a recompence, what a delightful recompence for the pains of planting the seeds of virtue in the youthful mind! What a joyful harvest; what sweet fruits!"

He said, and returned into the cottage. In the mean time Phillis and Daphnis had entered the boat; he steered it carefully over the stream and lifting out the maiden, he fastened it to a willow. They sang, as they pursued their way, a tender song; echo repeated the strains, which were often interrupted by fond caresses. They now arrived at the open plain where they were to separate, and he promised to accompany her the following day to

the cottage of her mother. They took a tender leave of each other, while the nightingale soothed them with her song.

Daphnis returned through the thicket, and was about to unloose the boat, when some one called to him from among the willows: "Daphnis, come to us, beneath the willows!" Daphnis went and perceived two shepherds seated in the shade. "Thou shalt be the judge between us," said they, "we are going to sing for a prize." "I will decide between you," said Daphnis, seating himself opposite to them.

The first shepherd thus began: "Ye Muses and thou O Pan, be propitious to my strains! grant that I may sing more sweetly than the linnet, more sweetly than the nightingale! It is Menalcas who sings; Menalcas who never yet failed to obtain the prize. When I sing, the maidens often stand in mute attention around me. 'Menalcas!' they exclaim, 'how sweet are thy notes!' But when shall I see thee, beauteous Daphne, pause to listen—when shall I hear thee exclaim: 'Menalcas! how sweet are thy notes!"

"I know a maiden," sang the other shepherd Alexis, "I know a maiden who has seen only sixteen summers. How slender and how delicate is her form, how brown her hair, and how snowy white her forehead! What dazzling lustre darts from her eyes, and how lovely is the smile that plays upon her lips. Where dost thou now bound over the flowers, like a young lamb, sportive as in that cool, autumnal evening when I first beheld thee and peace fled from my bosom? O whither dost

thou now wander, child! light as the bird that hops among the branches?"

Menalcas. "When my dark-eyed Daphne sings, let the birds cease their melodious strains; wherever she goes may light zephyrs flutter around her; may the fragrant clover spring up in her footsteps to afford the most delicious pasture for her flock."

Alexis. "I drive my flock every evening into the brook, to bathe them in its waters. My sheep are white as the swans of the river and I am young and comely, thou bounding maiden!"

Menalcas. "How the soft breezes sweep over the willows! How lovely, how tranquil is the rising moon! O climb not thus on the brink of the precipice, ye goats, and ye sheep! Here too on this secure shore grow poplars and ivy!"

Alexis. "How I envy thee, thou lambkin, that gambolest around her, and eatest the clover out of her hand;* how I envy thee little sparrow that hoppest on the ledge of her window, and seest her morning sleep, and delightest her with thy song. On the spot where I find my beloved, on the spot where I impress the first kiss on her lips, there, (I swear it,) will I yearly sacrifice to thee a sheep, O Pan!"

Thus sang the shepherds, and Daphnis said: "Alexis, thou hast won the prize; thy singing is sweeter than the murmuring of the brook." Alexis

* Thus our great dramatic poet makes Romeo exclaim:
"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!" T.

took the goat which had been allotted as the prize. "Daphnis," said he, "I am told that thou art a good singer; I will give thee the goat I have won, if thou wilt sing me a song." Daphnis joyfully accepted the goat, and thus began:

"Dart thy beams, O moon! dart thy bright beams on my fair-one's path as she returns to her cot! May no terrors of the night alarm thee, on the lonely way; may stillness and soft moon-light alone attend thee, and nothing, nothing divert thy thoughts from me. May the gay notes of the grasshopper alone be heard from the mead; may the nightingale alone pour forth her tenderest strain from every bush by which thou passest; tender be her song, as thy thoughts when they rest on me, and sighing thou gazest on the silent moon. Where thou art, my love, there spring ever smiles, the meads are clothed in richer verdure, and the flowers exhale sweeter perfumes. But when thou pressest me to thy bosom, when thy rosy lips imprint kisses on mine, ah! how my heart then throbs! I no longer see the beauties of spring; I no longer perceive the fragrance of the flowers; I feel only that I love thee—I feel only thy kiss!"

Thus sang Daphnis. "I would give the half of my flock," said Alexis, "that I could sing like thee."

Daphnis is carried away by the current.

BOOK II.

DAPHNIS took the goat, and driving her into the vessel, pushed off the shore; but his thoughts followed Phillis. He was so absorbed by his contemplations, that he observed not how impetuously the current rushed along; he was already in the middle of the stream, when the fury of its waves dashed his vessel against a rock, broke his oar and bore him rapidly away on its foaming billows; the goat, springing out of the boat, swam to the shore. As trembles the tender lamb, when borne in the strong fangs of the lioness to her hungry whelps, which meet her bellowing at the mouth of her den —so trembled Daphnis: he was every moment in danger of being driven by the current against some rock, round which the wild waves break. But the waters dashed him not against any rock; they bore him forward till he could no longer discover either bank amid the darkness of night. He often perceived the glimmering of a lamp in some cottage on the shore, and called loudly to the people for assistance; but in vain, the impetuous waves bore him too swiftly by. He at length perceived a great light, and as he approached it, he discovered that it proceeded from a vessel on the stream. He called for help, the boat advanced to meet him, and stopped his vessel.

Hospitality of the fishermen.

Two men who were fishing in the river, and who employed this light to dazzle and stupify the fish, received him kindly into their boat, conveyed him to the shore and led him to a neighboring cottage, the walls of which were hung with dripping nets. Daphnis found there a venerable old man in the habit of a stranger. "Truly," whispered the fishermen to each other, "we are fortunate to-day; the Gods have sent us two guests, and have twice granted us the pleasure of succouring the distressed." One of them then went to prepare for their guests some of the fish they had taken, while the other brought bread, wine and fruit. The old man courteously invited Daphnis and the benevolent fishermen to seat themselves beside him; and at his request Daphnis related how he had been carried away by the current, and had in vain called for assistance; he described his terror and the joy he felt when he perceived the light in the vessel. They sat engaged in friendly conversation, till the other fisherman, with a smile of pleasure, brought the fish he had dressed and placed it on the table. He seated himself among them and pressed his guests to eat. "Father," said one of them to the old man,* "thy dress is costly and strange, and thy manner of speaking differs from ours; thy misfortunes must have brought thee from a distant country."

* Among the ancients whose primeval simplicity of manners the author proposed to delineate in this pastoral, hospitality and reverence for old age were regarded as the most sacred of duties. Even at the present day we find that those virtues are held in high esteem by almost all the nations, that are yet strangers to the European arts of refinement and civilization. T.

The old man sighed, and was at first unable to reply. "No, my friend," he at length said, "my misfortunes have not brought me from any great distance; I am a native of Crotona,* and once had a seat in its senate. But alas! the legislators of that place, who ought to cherish religion and virtue and justice, have abandoned themselves to voluptuousness, have corrupted the morals of the people, and sacrifice justice and virtue to their selfishness and their vices. The infatuated people perceive not the danger; their deluded minds revere those who are undermining their happiness. I stood forward in the cause of virtue and justice, and incurred the hatred of them all. The calumnies which they propagated among the people, excited their persecutions, and I was banished from my native town. Ye righteous Gods! if ye have placed over their heads some pending calamity, O, let your indignation be appeased and avert the misfortune that approaches their walls!"

The old man sighed and maintained a melancholy silence: touched with compassion, the others were likewise silent; they were shocked to hear of a place where piety and virtue were despised; for it is painful to the good to hear that the world is wicked. The fishermen at length strove to comfort the old man, and to cheer him with merry stories and gay conversation, till the hour of sleep summoned them to repose.

Daphnis did not pass the night without inquietude; he thought of his father, and felt for his anxiety;

* A town of the Ionic Sea, near the promontory of Lacynia.

Daphnis returns home with Aristus.

he reflected how uneasy his Phillis would be, if he could not meet her the following afternoon. "As soon as the morning dawns," said he, "I will return."

The morning sun had scarcely beamed on the mossy roof, when they were all assembled. The old man took his staff and embraced the two fishermen. "The Gods will reward your benevolence," said he, with tears in his eyes. Daphnis likewise embraced them, and accompanied the old man along the banks of the river. With slow and cautious step he walked by his side; the stranger grew weary, and Daphnis besought him to lean upon his shoulder. Noon-day came; he looked round for some shady spot where the old man might repose, and conducted him beneath some spreading elms, where he left him, while he went in search of some fruit for his refreshment. As soon as they had finished their simple repast, they pursued their way, and when the shades of evening began to fall, he pointed out to his companion the distant dwelling, where the lonely Amyntas, filled with painful solicitude, sat by the glimmering light of a lamp. The tender father started up enraptured when Daphnis and the stranger entered his cottage. "Welcome, my son!" said he, falling on his neck; O what a melancholy night and day have I passed!" He then greeted the stranger with cordial hospitality and pressed his hand; and Daphnis told how his little vessel had been carried away by the waves, and how the fishermen had rescued him: he then related the history of the old man, and how carefully he had conducted him along the banks of the river. The

father listened with delight to these proofs of the feeling and of the virtue of his son.

"Dear friend!" said Amyntas to the stranger, "all that the Gods have bestowed on me shall serve for thy comfort and refreshment; make my cottage thy dwelling." With these words he led him to a seat covered with soft skins, placed his staff in a corner, and begging him to rest his weary limbs, he sat down beside him.

"Ah! what a delight it is," exclaimed the stranger, filled with astonishment and joy, "what a delight it is to dwell among the virtuous. Benevolent friend! beneath your roof, I find the virtues which I in vain sought in my native city." "My friend," answered the father of Daphnis, "consider it not so great a merit to succor the distressed, none but a monster could refuse to do so. Why do the Gods protect my cottage and bless my trees? Is it that I alone may dwell in comfort beneath its roof, where there is room and shelter for many? Is it that I alone may enjoy the profusion of fruit which bends the loaded branches of my trees to the earth?" While they thus conversed Daphnis had covered the table with milk, bread and fruit.

They soon retired to enjoy refreshing repose. Daphnis dreamt of his Phillis, till he was awakened by the early sounds of pipes played by the shepherds, as they drove their flocks to the pastures. Grieved that it was not yet noon, he almost forgot to take his pipe, and went with his little flock to the meadows: but, avoiding the other swains, he seated himself beside a lonely brook, overshadowed by willows. Here he sat, full of anxious impatience, while his flock grazed around him. Sometimes he

Delight of Aristus on surveying the country.

played a tender air, then sighed and gazed on the sun; now he sported with the sheep that wandered near him, caressing and enticing them to eat out of his hand; now he seized his pipe, and sighing, again gazed on the sun, impatient that he had not yet run the half of his daily course.

Aristus, (that was the name of the stranger, from Crotona,) had in the mean time wandered from the cottage to survey the country; he ascended a neighboring hill, and gazed on the extended landscape, brightened by the morning sun; he beheld tufted hills, the blue, distant mountains, spacious plains and meadows filled with fruit-trees, and scattered woods of tapering fir, and tall oaks and pines. He heard at a distance the loud rushing of the river, pouring with a majestic noise between fields and hills and groves and rocks; nearer, winding brooks pursued their silent course through the grass, or murmured in gentle falls. The cheerful warbling of innumerable birds from the dewy branches, or aloft in the brilliant atmosphere, was blended with the tones of the shepherds' pipes or the maidens' voices, who jointly tended their flocks on the hills or in the verdant plains. With unsteady gaze the old man's eyes wandered now over the remote distance, and now over the fragrant herbs and flowers that smiled at his feet: his bosom expanded with delight.

"What pleasure!" he at length exclaimed; "what streams of pleasure! my beating heart is scarcely able to support it. O Nature! Nature! how lovely art thou! how beautiful in innocent simplicity, undisguised by the art of discontented man! How happy is the shepherd, how happy is

the philosopher, who, unknown by the world, enjoys in smiling plains, every pleasure that simple nature affords, and unobserved does greater deeds than the haughty conqueror or the renowned sovereign. I salute thee, peaceful valley; I salute you, fertile hills! and you, ye murmuring brooks, ye meads, ye groves, the solemn temples of silent rapture and of serious meditation, I salute you! How lovely ye smile, gilded by the morning beams! joy and innocence sport on every hill, in every mead; tranquillity and content dwell in the peaceful cottages, repose on the hills or the tortuous streams, and slumber in the pleasing shade of fruit-laden groves. How little do ye want, ye shepherds! how near are you to happiness! Ye who, dissatisfied, forsake the simplicity of nature, to seek more diversified pleasures; ye fools! who stigmatize as rude the manners of smiling innocence, and despise the poverty of those whose few wants nature's abundant sources are able to satisfy, ye always weave such webs of happiness as are destroyed by every breath of wind. Ye pursue your course to happiness through labyrinths, in which ye wander ever toiling and ever discontented; ye imagine you have attained the summit of felicity, you sink on its seducing bosom and dream; you awake. In your slumbers you fancied the smiling face of the harpy surrounded with the radiance of the Gods; ye perceived not her black wings or her ugly back, which now inspire you with horror and disgust. Ye sovereigns, who, with haughty look, survey, from the towers of your palaces, your wide-extended domain, and proudly think—'all that I see is mine;' this busy multitude

of inhabitants are subject to my pleasure, and tremble before me, their master'—what bosom is filled with soft rapture by the smiling landscape, the fruitful fields, and all the charms of nature? Who receives the greatest delight from the murmuring stream; who is most refreshed by the shade of the groves; who feels most powerfully the sun's genial influence—you, ye monarchs, or the humble shepherd reclining on the grass, surrounded by his flock? He there reposes, breathing delight; contented and unconscious that he is poor; and were he even the master of the universe, would his contented mind enjoy superior pleasure? The charms of nature are to him an inexhaustible source of pure delight; nor pride, nor ambition, nor lust of dominion renders him dissatisfied with his lot; his tranquil mind and his virtuous heart diffuse pleasure around him—as thy beams, thou glorious morning sun! shed innumerable splendors over the dew-besprinkled landscape. Forgive me, ye Gods! if I wept and repined when I left Crotona; if I wept as I took the last farewel of my paternal abode! Ye have conducted me by a rugged and a dreary path into the plains of happiness and peace. O ye streams! I will repose on your banks; ye trees! receive me beneath your cooling shade; ye cottages! admit a stranger who desires to spend in peace the remainder of his grey old age with your inhabitants, who are more to be envied than kings. Flow, ever flow, ye streams of delight; I bring you a joyful heart, a mind serene and unspotted; serene as the sky when not a cloud passes over its azure expanse; calm as the smooth lake, when not a wave ruffles its surface reflecting the whole

smiling landscape. Yes, ye charming streams! ye peaceful hills! on your banks, and in your shades, I will meditate on my past life, filled with soft transport, and with gratitude to the Gods; pleasing will be my meditations and soothing the recollection uninterrupted by guilt or remorse. Here my life shall glide away like a placid stream; gently shall it decay like yon fading rose, which exhales its latest perfumes; a gentle zephyr flutters over it; the withering leaves fall, and the rose is no more."

Thus did the old man pour forth the effusions of his transport; he once more surveyed the landscape, his eyes overflowed with tears of pleasure, and descending the hill with slow steps, he returned to the cottage.

Daphnis and his father received him with open arms; their simple noon-tide repast was ready, and they seated themselves at the table. Daphnis had soon appeased his hunger, and leaving them engaged in friendly converse, hastened across the river to his Phillis. He repaired to the stream, but found her not; he looked around, and how great was his consternation when he perceived that the names he had carved in the bark of the trees had been erased. "Gods!" he exclaimed, trembling, "is this an omen of misfortune? O may at least no evil threaten my Phillis!—But where is she? Terrors seize me—I tremble. O may no evil threaten our love!" Daphnis thus spoke, and stood trembling with apprehension, when Lamon advanced from the thicket. "What wouldst thou here, Daphnis?" said he, "whom seekest thou? Phillis, I suppose. But in vain thou expectest her; Phillis no longer loves thee. Thou turnest pale. No, the

Lamon's artifice to separate the lovers.

inconstant fair-one no longer loves thee; I have at length gained her heart. I have given her my numerous flocks and all my meads, and now she loves me; yes, yes, the charmer loves me. Seest thou under the trees the bark on which your names were engraved? Phillis and I were here yesterday at sun-set, and erased them. 'Farewel, Daphnis,' said she, as she destroyed the letters, 'I will erase every memorial of thee!" Daphnis had heard scarcely half that Lamon said; he stood overwhelmed with agony; his knees trembled, cold perspiration bedewed his limbs; he would have fallen, had not Lamon supported him and led him to the shore. "I will conduct thee from the dreadful spot, Daphnis," said he; "here, enter thy vessel, good shepherd: the Gods have perhaps some other happiness in store for thee. I pity thee from my heart, poor swain!" He said, and returned.

Daphnis long stood senseless, like one who, waking from the most horrible dream, shudders as yet ignorant that it was but a dream; his heart throbbed, and deep sighs burst from his heaving bosom; streams of tears flowed from his eyes, and he threw himself on the earth. "She is faithless," he exclaimed, "she is faithless, ye Gods! and I am miserable for ever! She who wept in my arms, when her mother had spoken to her of Lamon's passion—she is faithless! O that I had died in the hour when I first embraced her! Unhappy the day, on which I first beheld thee and was undone for ever! But no, not for ever! The passion thou hast so cruelly rewarded, will be gradually eradicated from my heart, and contempt will take its place—contempt

and aversion for a maiden, who sacrifices the tenderest of youths for a flock of sheep." Filled with indignation he thus spoke, and imagined that his passion would easily be subdued; but melancholy and tender sensations soon overcame his resentment. "Alas! how happy should I have been, cruel Phillis! how happy should I have been, hadst thou not proved inconstant. I should have been the happiest as I am now the most wretched of mortals! Every object around me will become dreary and disgusting; the murmuring of the brooks will no more delight me; the gay songs of the birds will but increase my sadness; the scorching heat of the sun and the coolness of the shade will be alike indifferent to me, and my flock will wander forsaken by their shepherd, who will never more care even for his own life.* I will return to the stream, where, pressing thee in my arms, I imprinted burning kisses on thy lips, and where with equal ardor thou, cruel Phillis! returnedst my embrace! Ah! I will go and shed the last tears on that fatal spot!"

Thus mourned Daphnis, and returned to the brook. "'Twas here," said he, "alas! here, that in thy company I spent so many happy hours. 'Twas here, thou cruel fair-one, reclining beside the

* The reader will find a striking resemblance between the lamentations of Daphnis, and the sentiments expressed in the fourth part of Shenstone's celebrated pastoral ballad, entitled Disappointment, beginning:

"Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep." T.

stream, that I first found thee! And here, here lies the bark which bore thy name, now erased by thine own hand! But—ah! if it were not true? If Lamon should have deceived me? O transporting thought! I fear, alas! I fear it is but a false hope! I was not worthy of thee, Phillis! Is not Lamon more deserving than I? I was not worthy of thee! O forgive me, Lamon, forgive the fond hope that would unjustly make thee a deceiver!" A rustling among the bushes drew his attention; he looked round and beheld Phillis. He trembled; she turned pale, and casting a side-glance on him: "What wouldst thou here, Daphnis?" said she, "I should not have come, had I expected to find thee here. I will go; I can look for the ribbon I have lost another time." "Dost thou regret, cruel maiden, that thou seest me once more?" said Daphnis. She now stooped, as if to seek the ribbon, and Daphnis likewise began to look for it. "It is the ribbon thou gavest me," said Phillis, "which I used to wear with the garland in my hair; keep it, if thou findest it, thou mayst present it to thy new love." "My ribbon was too plain for thee, Lamon can give thee richer;" replied Daphnis; "perhaps it is covered by the bark at the foot of that tree." Thus they spoke, as they looked for the ribbon; but Daphnis was unable to utter another word; the most passionate grief choaked his voice, and both still continued their search in silence. He had imperceptibly approached Phillis, when he heard her sigh; he looked up, and perceived that her face was bathed in tears. "Thou weepest, faithless maiden! thou weepest!" And Daphnis. Phillis raised her streaming eyes: "said

thou weepest, inconstant swain," said she, in accents interrupted by her sobs, "thou weepest. But well mayst thou weep at the sight of a maiden whom thou hast rendered wretched, for ever wretched." She now concealed her fair face with her hands, while deep sobs burst from her agitated bosom. Daphnis approached her; he took her hand, pressed it with fervor to his lips and bedewed it with his tears. "O Phillis!" said he, sighing, "my dearest, my faithless Phillis!—thou weepest; O weep over my wretchedness!" "Cruel swain!" said Phillis, in a tone of inexpressible distress; "thou callest me faithless—me who love thee above all things, whom thou hast rendered unhappy and hast deserted for another!" "I!" exclaimed Daphnis, in astonishment, "I faithless! Ye Gods! if I am untrue let your punishments descend upon my head! And Phillis—is it possible that thou art innocent? Dost thou not love Lamon? Deceive me not, Phillis! didst thou not erase our names from the trees? Lamon found me to-day by the stream. 'Whom dost thou seek?' said he. 'Phillis?' Poor swain, she no longer loves thee; I have gained her heart. She herself this morning erased your names from the bark, to destroy, as she said, every memorial of thee!"

Phillis stood fixed in astonishment: at length falling on Daphnis's neck: "We have been deceived!" she exclaimed, "cruel Lamon! how we have been deceived! Yesterday, dearest Daphnis, I was weeping on this spot to find that thou didst not arrive; I looked round me, and perceived that the bark on which our names were engraved had been cut from the trees. O how I shuddered! I

was ready to sink, when Lamon advanced from among the bushes. 'Poor Phillis!' said the deceiver, 'in vain thou waitest for Daphnis. Thou art alarmed to find the letters erased; thou art yet ignorant of the melancholy intelligence, which—painful task!—I am obliged to communicate to thee. Thou knowst not yet that Daphnis is inconstant. Yes, Daphnis is faithless to thee; he came yesterday with another maiden and erased the names. I will forget thee, Phillis, said he, I will forget thee for ever. He then kissed his maiden, and departed.' I heard it and sank senseless to the ground. The deceiver assisted me to rise; 'unhappy Phillis!' said he, 'I will conduct thee to thy hut; grieve not; thy faithless lover is not worthy of thy tears. Ah, Phillis! if thou lovedst me thou wouldst be happy; my flocks, my fields, all I possess should be thine.' So spoke the deceiver, and led me to my cottage. I wept, Daphnis, I wept the whole night; and O! what have I not suffered! 'I will go,' said I to myself, 'I will this evening repair to weep by the brook, where the faithless youth has so often pressed me to his bosom.' I came and found thee here; I was filled with emotions of mingled resentment and delight when I beheld thee. I pretended I had lost my ribbon, and feigned myself angry: alas! how painful was the deception. I began to weep; thy tears likewise flowed, dearest Daphnis! O what happiness, thus to be restored to each other!"

"Cruel deceiver!" exclaimed Daphnis, "how fortunate that we were not longer deluded by his arts, dearest Phillis!" "Dearest Daphnis!" she replied; and they tenderly embraced each other.

Daphnis relates the cause of his absence the preceding day.

"Ah, Phillis! canst thou forgive me for having doubted thy constancy?"—"O Daphnis, canst thou pardon me for having believed thee faithless; for having feigned myself angry?" Tears and a thousand kisses spoke the reply.

Phillis enquired why he had not met her the day before at the brook, and Daphnis related how he had been carried away by the fury of the current. Phillis trembled. He then told her how he had been rescued by the benevolent fishermen; Phillis returned thanks to the Gods and implored them to bless his deliverers. He related to her the history of the old man, who had been driven by his wicked fellow citizens from the place of his birth, and how he had conducted him to his father's cottage. Phillis, touched with pity for the old man and delighted with the compassionate sensibility of her lover, embraced him with transport. Had it been possible to feel for him more tender affection, she would now have loved him more than ever. Phillis told him that she had acquainted her mother with her visit to his father's hut, that her mother had wept when she heard of his father, Amyntas, and that she had charged her to bring him to her cottage.

"Come with me immediately, dearest Daphnis!" said she, pressing his hand. "My beloved Phillis!" he replied, "I am the happiest of mortals. Ah! how could I doubt thy affection! I am not worthy of thy love! no, I am"—Phillis hastily imprinted a kiss of tenderness on his lips and interrupted his farther self-reproaches.

They passed through the thicket to Phillis's cottage. Scarcely had they entered the verdant pas-

He accompanies Phillis to her mother's cottage.

age which conducted to it when Phillis exclaimed: "dear mother, here is my Daphnis!" She ran into the hut; Daphnis followed her, and the venerable matron advanced overjoyed to meet him. "O welcome," said she, "thou son of the most virtuous, of the best of friends; how fortunate is my daughter in having met with thee. The Gods have designed you for each other; they will bless you." She desired Daphnis to seat himself beside her; Phillis brought figs, pomegranates and grapes, and likewise placed herself by Daphnis. Phillis selected for him the finest fruits, while the mother gazed on them with a smile, and fixed that in three days, and before the vintage began, Hymen should unite them for ever: the leaves were already red and yellow and the ripe clusters smilingly invited the hand of the husbandman. Daphnis embraced Phillis: "O how joyful shall I be," he exclaimed, "when I perceive the dawn of the third morning!"

"My beloved children," said the mother, pressing their hands in hers, "the comfort and joy of my age! what delight it will be to me, in my few remaining years to witness your happiness! And how blissful is the union of the virtuous! Their love never expires, and they are continually discovering in each other new motives of affection. Ah my children! I cannot refrain"—Here her emotion deprived her of the power of speech. After pausing some time she continued: "I know, full well I know how delightful it is. In the affectionate embrace of the virtuous, even affliction is not bitter. Ah Palemon! Palemon! Yes, my children, the Gods watched over your destiny; ye met in a fortunate hour. Perhaps, child, out of love to me

thou mightest have listened to Lamon's suit, and perhaps thou wouldst have been unhappy, even though his meads had extended from the sedgy banks of the river to the blue distant hills, and though they had been covered by flocks and herds innumerable. I will tell you something concerning Palemon:—when once assisting Timetas in cultivating his vineyard, they dug up the earth round an ancient grave upon the hill, and discovered a treasure. 'See,' said Timetas, 'what I never could hope to find: half of this treasure shall be thine! what hardships we poor husbandmen endure! We labor from the rising to the setting of the sun, and to what purpose. We fatigue ourselves to procure a scanty subsistence?' 'I want none of thy treasure,' said Palemon, 'keep the whole thyself. O welcome poverty, if it be poverty; labor has inured me to hardship, and the noon-tide sun does not scorch me.' 'And Palemon, dost thou not rejoice at the discovery of the treasure?' said Timetas. 'No, Timetas,' replied my husband, 'I rejoice not at the discovery; had I found it alone, I should have buried it still deeper in the earth. For what should I have gained? could I have reclined in the meadows and in the cooling shades and listlessly watched my neighbor cultivating his fields or his vineyard in the sweat of his brow, or have beheld the shepherd carefully tending his flock? Or could I have eaten more, or with a better appetite? O shame on thee, let us bury the treasure!' 'Palemon!' said Timetas, 'I will not touch the treasure!' 'O,' continued Palemon, 'how joyful am I, when with recruited vigor I awake from sound slumbers; the birds welcome me with

their early strains to my labor, and the morning sun greets me with his lucid beams. I cheerfully commence the toils of the day and sing with joy while I tend my little flock in the mead, or cultivate my field, or assist my neighbor in the cultivation of his. Labor seasons my humble repast and secures to me the possession of health. O, what joy I feel, when I return in the evening weary to my hut, when my affectionate wife receives me with open arms, and brings me water from the spring, or wine when she has it, to quench my thirst, and places before me bread, cheese and fruits to satisfy my hunger. How happy am I! and if I possessed all the country between the Clibanic mountains and the sand-hills on the coast of the Ionic sea, I should not be more cheerful and more contented!' 'Let us bury the treasure,' said Timetas; 'it is of no use to us.' They left it untouched and again covered it with the soil."—She then told them that the good were always rich, and rejoiced with them till the setting sun shed a parting gleam through the verdant porch.

Daphnis at length rose to depart. "Go," said the venerable matron, "go, tell thy father that I am the happiest of mothers." Phillis went with him out of the cottage and accompanied him to the shore. "Daphnis," said she, incircling him with her snowy arms, "in three days we shall be united in the soft bands of Hymen. O how happy shall we be! What can then equal our felicity, Daphnis? How smoothly will our lives pass away!" "O Phillis," he replied, embracing her with fervor, "they will resemble a perpetual spring." "Or this stream," said she, "which glides among the flowers.

It is true, my beloved, a thistle or a thorn is here and there seen on its banks; gloomy days will sometimes intervene; but if we are virtuous in each other's arms, the thorns will bring forth roses, and the lowering sky will appear equally pleasant with the serene sun-shine." "Yes, my beloved," answered Daphnis, "and my father has often said: 'Be not impatient under adversity; it has sometimes visited me, but on the return of prosperity, I was the more deeply sensible of the happiness I enjoyed.' "Daphnis," said she, "when we first loved, and had no hope of finding each other, we were unhappy; but what transport we felt at our unexpected meeting! When each imagined the other faithless we were both miserable; but how sweet were our sensations when we discovered the deception."

Thus they conversed till they arrived at the shore. They embraced once more; Daphnis ascended the boat, and Phillis trembling, called after him, to take care the stream did not again carry him away. Her eye anxiously pursued him, till he had landed on the opposite shore.

Daphnis having crossed the river, observed a shepherd standing at the door of a neighboring cottage, conversing with a stranger who wept as he spoke. "Alas!" said the stranger, "poor as I am, I should not grieve were it not for the child that is playing at my feet. Ah! dear, unhappy infant! But, no—thou art not unhappy; cheerful and contented thou pursuest thy innocent sports, and only weepest when thou beholdest my tears. I see thy smiles, my child, and weep." "Alas!" he continued, "I dwelt on yonder mountain; last spring

Morning walk of Aristus with Daphnis and his father.

my trees were loaded with blossoms, and my garden was filled with flourishing plants; a tempest came, a torrent burst over the mountain, and swept away my hut and my trees and my garden; fragments of rock and sand now cover the spot where smiled the dawning prospect of abundance."

Daphnis sighed as he passed by. "Blessed be the man," he exclaimed, who succours the distressed; the gods approve his conduct and reward him. But, ye gods! why am I so poor? I beheld the unfortunate man, my bosom heaved with compassion and with sorrow because I cannot relieve him! Ah! I feel—I feel how happy I should be, if I were able to afford him relief. Alas! ye gods! why am I so poor?"

Thus dejected, Daphnis entered his hut; he scarcely mentioned to the old man and his father that he had been in Phillis's cottage, and that in three days Hymen would unite them for ever.

The returning sun found Aristus on the dewy turf before the cottage, where he was joined by Daphnis and his father: the old man requested them to accompany him to the meadows. They followed him, and he conducted them to a neighboring hill, that overlooked the whole country, and on which the fruit-trees that skirted it threw a verdant shade. Luxuriant grass overshadowed the little furrows that conducted through the meadows the limpid waters of a murmuring brook, which meandered down the hill between currant and blackberry-bushes. One side of the eminence was occupied by a cultivated field which extended far into the plain; half-way up the hill stood a cottage

and a wine-press; and a bower of elder-trees shadowed the verdant turf before the entrance.

Aristus embraced Amyntas and his son. "My friend! my son!" said he, "this cottage, these trees and this hill belong to you. I purchased them yesterday and I give them to you. I will dwell with you; in this cottage, beneath these trees, and beside that stream will I spend the remainder of my days, and when I die, my friends! when I expire in thy arms, Amyntas! inter me between those two shady trees, yonder where the blue lilies blossom." Amyntas, overpowered with rapturous emotion, was long incapable of making any reply. My friend!" he at length exclaimed, embracing Aristus, "how generous art thou! Ah! how peacefully will the remainder of my old age glide away in thy society! and when we die, Daphnis, inter us beside each other, under the lilies; and thou and thy children shall call the trees Aristus and Amyntas."

In mournful silence the duteous son listened to the command; they now ascended the hill and entered the bower. Daphnis looking round, discovered beyond the river, the cottage of his Phillis. The enraptured Daphnis leaped for joy, and calling the old men, he pointed out to them the dwelling of his beloved. He long gazed with eager attention, hoping to descry his Phillis under the verdant porch or between the branches which shaded the window of the hut, but in vain. In the transport of his joy he then sang a song with a voice so loud that she might easily have heard it in her cottage. He entered the house, which was clean and conve-

Joy of Daphnis on surveying his new habitation.

nient, unornamented, save that the morning sun portrayed on the white walls the flitting shadows of the boughs and rose-bushes that waved before the windows. "O Aristus!" exclaimed the delighted Daphnis, and ran to him and kissed his hand. He walked round the cottage, and found himself every where overshadowed by a wood of fruit-trees, whose branches were propped up to support the weight of the fruit which nearly bowed them to the luxuriant grass. Overarching vines passed from one tree to another. "O Phillis! what delightful news I have to tell thee! This charming spot is to be our abode! O kind Aristus!" he again exclaimed, and ran back a second time to kiss his hand. Aristus beheld the joy of the father and the son, and felt the godlike pleasure, known only to the beneficent. What bliss to witness the grateful transports of those to whom we have done good!

Daphnis now gaily descended the hill to drive his little flock to the field; while Aristus and Amyntas remained engaged in friendly converse on the sunny hill. As he followed his flock, he said to himself: "We have now a new habitation on the hill, and our hut will be vacant. Ye gods! ye have listened to my prayers, and now I can assist the unfortunate man I yesterday saw. I will intreat my father to give him the hut." He said, and soon joined the other shepherds. He joyfully related to them how the old man had purchased the hill for him, and that the following day he was to be united to Phillis, and invited them all to the festival. "We wish thee joy, Daphnis!" said all the shepherds, "thou deservest thy good-fortune; we will come to the feast crowned with fresh garlands;

Amyntas gives his former cottage to Philetas.

we will tune our pipes and bring our maidens along with us." They now began to tell each other how merry they should be; they tried their pipes and each fixed upon the maiden that was to accompany him. At noon Daphnis left them, and all the shepherds again promised to repair to his hill as soon as the morning dawned.

Daphnis returned to his old habitation, but Aristus and his father were not there. How great was his astonishment, when the unfortunate stranger whom he had seen the preceding evening advanced to meet him. "Ah Daphnis! Daphnis!" exclaimed the man, while tears trickled down his cheeks, "how shall I express my gratitude, my rapture? Nor words, nor these tears, can tell what I feel. Ye gods! how blessed is the man whom ye make the instrument of your goodness! Daphnis! thy father has given me this hut and these trees." Daphnis enraptured, embraced the man. "Tell me," said he, "tell me the joyful tidings; how did my father meet with thee?" "To-day," replied the man, "my child was gathering apples on your hill; thy father passed by, and taking the child on his knee, enquired who was his father. 'Philetas,' lisped the child. And where is your hut? The child wept: 'We have no cottage, and no garden, and no trees now.' Amyntas then asked where I was, and desired him to fetch me. The child sprang from his knee, ran to me, and conducted me to thy father, who made me relate to him my misfortunes. 'Philetas,' said he, 'yon hut across the meadow and the trees which shade it, shall be thy hut and thy trees. I now dwell here on the hill; be my neighbor and my friend!' I imagined I

heard the voice of a god; I feared lest I was dreaming. I could not thank him—I could only weep!" Philetas was silent, and raised his eyes to heaven. While they were conversing, the innocent child had entwined his little arms round Daphnis's knees, and smiled in his face as if to express his gratitude. "Mayst thou live happily in thy cottage, Philetas, and may thy trees flourish!" said Daphnis, and raising the smiling infant in his arms, he kissed it, while with its little hands it stroked his face or played with his hair.

Daphnis now went to the hill to acquaint his father with his agreeable surprise, and hastened, as soon as he could, across the river; but Phillis was not yet by the brook: he reclined under the shade of a willow, where the heat of the day and the murmur of the stream lulled him to sleep. He was suddenly wakened by a handful of flowers that were thrown over his face: he looked up and Phillis stood smiling before him. He would have clasped her in his arms, but perceived that they had been bound; he endeavored to disengage himself, but in vain; and Phillis laughed, till her nosegay fell from her bosom. "Thou mischievous maiden," said Daphnis, "only wait till I am at liberty, and I will be revenged on thee." "Thou must wait to be revenged, Daphnis," said the maiden, "till I please to unbind thee. How wilt thou revenge thyself?" "I will kiss thee," he replied, "till thy whole face glows like a rose." "Well, then, Daphnis," said she, "I will not unbind thee, till thou hast promised not to kiss me for a whole hour." "Phillis," he exclaimed, "how can I promise that?" She however refused to set him at liberty

on any other condition. "I promise not to kiss thee," he at length cried, and the maiden unbound him. "He will not be able to keep his promise," thought she; but he constrained himself in order to punish her, and seated himself without attempting to kiss her. They had not sat many minutes when she smiled invitingly upon him, but he persisted in his resolution. "Daphnis," said she at length, "I think the hour must be past." "Past?" cried Daphnis, "no, not the fourth part of it." Phillis smiled, blushed, and was silent for a short time. "Ah! now it has certainly expired," said she. "Thou art mistaken Phillis," said Daphnis, "not the half of it is gone yet." "O Daphnis," she exclaimed, "is it so easy for thee to abstain from kissing me?" She reclined in his arms, placed her cheek to his lips, and gazed on him with a languishing smile. Daphnis pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her cheeks.

"Ah Phillis!" said he, while his words were often interrupted by kisses, "ah Phillis! how painful has my revenge been to me! and, if my whole flock had been at stake, I could not have persevered a moment longer. But, Phillis," said he, with a serious air, "what delightful news I have to tell thee. To day my father has relieved an unfortunate man; this day, this happy day, I have seen and I have wept tears of gratitude and joy. O how sweet are the tears, with which gratitude and sensibility moisten the cheek! They are sweeter, far sweeter than the dews which besprinkle the flowers in spring! But, my beloved, I must tell thee all. Aristus, our venerable guest, has purchased for us an extensive hill, covered with

luxuriant grass, with a whole wood of fruit-trees, and a large cottage and a stream. O Phillis! how our hearts overflowed with gratitude! Aristus wept too. O what precious tears are those which the consciousness of having done good presses from our eyes! An unfortunate man passed by, whose hut and whose trees had been swept away by a mountain torrent; my father gave him our former cottage and trees. O the worthy man! he shed tears of joy in my arms." Phillis sobbed at the relation, and Daphnis kissed the tears from her cheeks, so that not one fell on her bosom. "How charming it will be, Phillis," continued he, "when our sheep lose themselves among the luxuriant grass on the hill, while I attend to the trees and thou to the garden; or when in each other's embrace we recline beneath the shade and return thanks to the gods!" "O Daphnis! Daphnis!" exclaimed Phillis, pressing him with tender transport to her snowy bosom, "how happy are we! It is true that with thee I should have been content amid poverty, in a narrow, mouldering hut, or in a solitary wood; the simplest flowers of the field would have been to me as fragrant roses; the fruits of wild shrubs and the roots of plants I should have considered as a delicious repast: but the gods have granted us competency, abundance. O how our happiness delights me, because it is also thine!"

"Come, dear Phillis," said he, kissing her and assisting her to rise; "come, we will ascend yon hill, on which the gourds stand; perhaps we shall there be able to discover our habitation." Under the shadow of the broad leaves of the gourds, Daphnis looked around. "Phillis," said he, "dost

thou see our hill yonder, where I point; that with so many beautiful trees?" "O yes, Daphnis," cried Phillis, "I see it, and the stream, winding through the grass and the bushes. I can distinguish the cottage too, Daphnis; it is large and handsome; how the trees join their arms above it! I also see a bower, a long, verdant bower before the cottage. How delightful it will be to sit in its shade and to survey the whole wide-extended landscape." "Dear Phillis, embrace me!" exclaimed Daphnis. "O how happy shall we be. Ah! I already see, I already feel our delight. I see thee sitting in the bower, playing with one smiling infant on thy lap, while the others frolic about us on the turf, pelt each other with flowers or sport among the young lambs. O what delicious hopes!" A crimson blush overspread the maiden's cheeks. Hastily interrupting him: "Tell me," she cried, "tell me who is that venerable, grey-headed man passing from the cottage towards the bower?" "O Phillis, it is Aristus," said Daphnis. "O Aristus," exclaimed the maiden with rapture, good Aristus! Father!"

"Dearest Phillis," said Daphnis, seating himself between the rows of gourds and taking her on his knee; "dearest Phillis, how happy am I! Thou lovest, O thou lovest me! This alone, yes, this alone renders me happy! O what joy, what transport do I derive from the possession of thy affection. If thou didst not love me, nor hills, nor flocks, nor the whole world could confer any pleasure. But in thy arms, my beloved! in thy arms I am the happiest of mortals! To-morrow

at the altar of Cupid I shall swear that I will love thee. Ah Phillis! when age has silvered my hair, when my heart for the last time throbs, it will still doat on thee as at this moment. "Ah Daphnis! dearest Daphnis!" said Phillis, and with a sigh pressed her cheek tenderly to his.

Filled with rapturous emotion, they sat in silence, interchanging mutual caresses. At length Daphnis began: "Phillis, all the shepherds and all the maidens rejoice at our union; all those who dwell around our hill have promised to come to the festival, and I will entertain them in our bower." "And the swains and the maidens near our cottage," said Phillis, "have likewise promised to be there." Thus they spoke and were delighted to think they had so many friends who would rejoice with them.

While they thus conversed, evening came on. Daphnis rose to return home: hand-in-hand they descended the hill. "Ah!" said Daphnis, "how happy shall I be when the morning dawns! How I shall welcome the day! with what joy! with what transport! Soon as the first beams of Aurora tinge the sky, I will be at thy cottage." "Long before the morning dawns," answered Phillis, "I shall anxiously, impatiently look for thee through the sprays before my window; and when I see thee coming, how my heart will beat with pleasure! I shall weep for joy, as if I had not seen thee for a long, long time. I shall call to thee like the young swallow to his mother, when she flies towards him with food in her bill." "Yes," said Daphnis, embracing her, "I will bring thee

food on my lips; I will bring thee a thousand and a thousand kisses."

Thus they conversed, till Daphnis had ascended the boat.

BOOK III.

BOTH the lovers passed the night in pleasing dreams. Scarcely had the early swallow greeted the serene, smiling morn, when suddenly the sounds of shepherds' pipes and maidens' songs roused Daphnis from his slumbers. The assembled swains and damsels hand in hand ascended the hill, and sang gay songs of congratulation before the cottage. Daphnis started up, enraptured. "Welcome," he often exclaimed, "thrice welcome, happiest of my days!" With a fresh garland entwined among the clustering locks of his auburn hair, and dressed for the festival, he joined the train of youths and maidens, who received him with shouts of joy. Aristus and Amyntas were already among them, rejoicing in the day that was to crown his happiness.

They descended the hill, while the old men gazed after them with delight; they repaired to the shore, and entered the boats, ornamented with green boughs and flowers for the occasion. They sang as they crossed the stream; on the opposite bank a great number of boats, likewise decked with boughs and long ribbons, were waiting for the youths and maidens of the other shore. They quitted their boats, and having secured them, proceeded singing to Phillis's cottage, where a large company of swains and damsels had already assembled.

They joyfully mingled among them; but Daphnis hastened into the hut, where Phillis welcomed him with a thousand kisses.

In the mean time the youths and maidens waited singing before the cottage. A handsome young shepherd, with long, golden ringlets conducted the swains and the maidens of the other shore: with a lyre of ivory under his arm he resembled the beautiful Apollo, when he lived among the shepherds; and many supposed him to be the son of the youthful God. He surpassed in beauty and in wisdom all the shepherds of the neighboring plains; he understood the influence of the stars and the properties of the plants; and notwithstanding his youth, he was the oracle of all the country round. He was the best poet, and his compositions were eagerly learned by the other swains; he chanted the praises of virtue, of youthful pleasures and of love, and his songs were sung on solemn festivals in the temples. When he sat by his flock in the meadows, the swains and the maidens collected to listen to his strains; they reclined around him, as the lambs, in the sultry heat of noon, encircle a tree whose spreading branches afford a grateful shade. Such was the melody of his notes, that forgetting all earthly objects they imagined themselves among the Gods. Nature had likewise endowed him with other talents; he possessed the art of carving images in wood, which he placed in the temples; the statues of the nymphs in the grotto were by his skilful hand, and in a neighboring grove he had placed the image of Pan at the foot of the highest oak.

He had also carved a statue of Cupid; even with-

out his arrows and quiver, it would have been easy to recognize the infant God; the winning smile of the boy and his animated attitude proclaimed the God of Love. This image he placed in a bower in his orchard: once as by moon-light the youth was singing in the bower an enchanting strain in praise of love, he heard a rustling, gentle as when zephyr sports among the flowers or as the hum of bees, and a perfume sweeter than roses was diffused around. Cupid descended on a silvery cloud, accompanied by a numerous train of fluttering love-gods, some of whom perched upon the sprays that waved around the bower, while others, like bees, alighted on the blossomed flowers. "Youth!" said Cupid, "I am the God to whom all mankind raise altars. I am honored even by the immortals. It was I who rendered the abode of Apollo among the shepherds enviable to the Gods; 'tis I who polish the understanding, who soften the mind of man, and who inspire even the good with a warmer love of virtue. I am honored alike by the monarch on his throne and by the shepherd in the mead: I fan the flame of the vicious, as a punishment; but on the virtuous I lavish the most transporting pleasures, soothing melancholy, voluptuous desire and languishing delight. But few have so feelingly confessed my power as thou hast done; I will shed on thee my choicest influence; thou shalt be blest above every mortal." Thus spoke Cupid, and disappeared.

Damon's bosom was now thrilled with more tender emotions; a soft desire for a beauty, as yet purely imaginary, cherished in the mind of the youth a delicious melancholy. When the joyous

birds greeted the early dawn, and when the moon darted her soft beam through the waving foliage, he repaired to the bower of the God of Love. Oft as the morn returned, he found his Cupid crowned with a fresh wreath of flowers; he beheld it with astonishment, and considered it as a happy omen. One evening when he was in the bower and mused on the circumstance, he resolved to watch all night by the image. Long he waited; but when the silence of midnight reigned around, he heard a rustling; and instantly concealing himself behind the statue, he perceived a maiden advancing through the bushes which skirted his orchard. With soft and timid step she hastened towards the bower. A white, loosely-flowing robe shaded her slender form; auburn tresses floated over her uncovered shoulders. Her figure was graceful as Juno's, but her gravity was tempered by a more engaging sweetness. She entered the bower and fixed her languishing eyes on the image. "Cupid!" said she, and sighed, "how long shall I feel only thy torments? How long shall I sigh; how long shall my heart be consumed with hopeless passion? O Damon couldst thou behold the tear of tenderness that rolls from my languishing eye, thou wouldst kiss it from my cheek! Thou wouldst sigh —thou wouldst love me! Ah! when shall I be blest in his embrace; when, Cupid, shall I, with tears of joy, express my gratitude to thee?"

She said, and entwined a garland round the brow of the God. Damon had listened with inexpressible transport; love had taken entire possession of his throbbing heart; he sighed, and advanced trembling from behind the statue. He clasped the

maiden in his arms; in silent extacy he sank upon her bosom and felt that he was the happiest of mortals. Such was the shepherd who conducted the maidens and the youths from the other shore.

The sun now rose from behind the hill, and poured his beams over the laughing meads. Phillis came forth from her cottage, and the swains and maidens greeted her with smiles. Daphnis, fair as ever-youthful Bacchus and gay as the God of Love, led her by the hand. Her mother likewise joined the train; pleasure and youthful smiles almost chased the marks of age from her brow. They proceeded in pairs to the fleet of boats, and passed over the stream. 'Tis said that little Cupids fluttered in the verdant canopies of the vessels; that the soft rustling of the leaves, the balmy perfumes, and the sportive waving of the ribbons and the flowers betrayed them. Each shepherd gently lifted his maiden out of the boat: Daphnis and Phillis went first and conducted them to the hill, where Amyntas received Phillis's mother with open arms and with tender transport. "Welcome," said he, pressing her hand, "welcome, O wife of the best of friends; what blessed days have been reserved for our declining years!" Aristus and Philetas hastened to meet Phillis, to bless and to embrace her.

The youths and the maidens ranged themselves in a circle, round an altar consecrated to love and chanted nuptial hymns. Daphnis and Phillis approached the altar; no pair more beautiful, more tender had ever sacrificed at Cupid's shrine. Crowns of white and red roses entwined their brows; a wreath of variegated flowers descended

from their shoulders and encircled their waists. Each held a dove; they strangled the birds, which, as they expired, flapped their hands with their downy wings. Phillis trembled as she deprived the innocent victim of life: they then placed them on the altar, covered them with fragrant herbs, and poured upon them oil and honey. Each youth and maiden advanced in pairs, and laid a garland on the sacrifice: it was set on fire, and a cloud of ambrosial perfume ascended with the hymeneal songs to Olympus.

"O Cupid!" began the song, accompanied by the soft notes of the pipes, "sweet God of Love! O how delightful it is to love and to be loved! The Gods of the groves and of the streams confess thy power; and the nightingale sings of thee amid the stillness of night! All nature owns thy sway, O Cupid, sweet God of Love!

"Thy spark lies dormant in the bosom of the lisping infant, that smiling sports in the blossomed mead! as the embryo flower is concealed in the bud of the nascent spring! O Cupid! sweet God of Love!

"The life of him who is a stranger to thy influence, is a dreary winter; he resembles a creeping brook that never yields a delightful murmur, a bird destitute of the powers of song, or a withered tree which never blossoms. O Cupid! sweet God of Love!

"O ye, who love and are loved! yield not the flowers to you more delicious perfumes? Do not the brooks murmur more sweetly and all the birds sing hymeneal strains for you? O Cupid! sweet God of Love!

The feast.

" May Pan protect your flocks, and Ceres and Bacchus prosper your fruits and your vines, and the friendly household divinities dwell in your cottages! And thou, O Hymen! wave thy torch over them, that their love may never know decrease; O Hymen! sweet God of Marriage!"

In the mean time the father of Daphnis, with Aristus and Philetas, had sacrificed to Pan the God of the husbandman and of flocks, a young ram, whose horns were entwined with ivy and pine-branches; and Phillis's mother offered up her silent prayers to the Goddess of domestic duties and of female mysteries.

All now assembled in the bower, where Phillis's mother had covered a long table with savory viands, and had decked it with fruits and flowers. They placed themselves round the table, at the head of which sat Phillis and Daphnis, like the rose and the lily in the midst of a tasteful garland of flowers. Beside Phillis was seated the little child of Philetas; pleasure and delight played on his cheeks, and he continually smiled on Phillis and kissed her hand. The next seats were reserved for venerable age, Aristus, and the mother of Phillis, and Amyntas and Philetas; their joy inspired them with the gaiety of youth. The chastened laugh and sportive tale went round, or the tender whisper breathed into the maiden's ear; but the joyous youth soon left the bower to engage in more active amusements. Sometimes holding each other by the hand, they danced in a lengthened row; Daphnis was the first and Phillis the last; then forming a ring, the lovers joined hands, kissed each other, and they all danced in a circle. Sometimes they made

Phillis and Daphnis dance alone in the middle, while the youths and maidens danced around them; or sometimes the best dancers came forward and performed the dances of the reaper, or the sower, or the vintager, or the sailor, imitating the motions of each, while the rest sang songs descriptive of the several occupations. The light garments of the smiling maidens floated in the air, as they deftly trod with their favorite youths the mazy windings of the dance. Fatigued with this diversion, they repaired to the bower, to refresh themselves with fruit in the cool shade, to sport, or to relate the merry tale.

'My shepherd once made a sad mistake," said a maiden, seated beside her lover, to Phillis. "I had promised to meet him at a certain hour in the thicket, but the good swain was obliged to wait a long, long time: at length I came running without a nosegay, my hair in disorder and my garland torn to pieces." "Yes," interrupted the shepherd, "and all her bosom bare," "I would have flown into his arms," continued the maiden, blushing, "but he started back. 'Shepherd,' said I, as I was hastening to thee, Damætus, the sweet Damætus ran after me; he jumped up at my neck, and the wanton rogue tore off my garland, snatched the nosegay from my bosom, and broke my ribbon. I said, and would have embraced him; but he turned inflamed with anger and fled from me. 'Do not run away, shepherd,' said I, 'he will bring me other flowers!' He now ran faster than before; I looked after him; he stamped on the ground, and—" "Yes," said the shepherd, again interrupting her, "I was angry, indeed. 'Cruel maid,' said I, she is faithless, perhaps, though she still

pretends to love me, she has long been inconstant. She now avows it and yet would have embraced me, as if it were to me a matter of the utmost indifference. I said much more and ran madly away. I wandered about, and unconscious whither I went, again approached the spot where I had left her. I trembled and wept with anger and vexation; I looked at her and observed a child sporting on her lap, playing with her ribbons, and fixing a fresh nosegay in her bosom. 'See, ill-natured shepherd,' said she, regarding me with a look of mingled sorrow and tenderness, 'see, little Damætus has brought me fresh flowers.' 'Is this Damætus, who tore thy ribbons?' cried I, with astonishment, and was overwhelmed with shame and with transport on discovering my mistake—'Yes, said I, yes,' continued the maiden, 'this is Damætus: why wast thou angry, my beloved? But indeed, indeed, nothing shall detain me another time, because thou wast so angry.' He then approached, pressed my hand, and weeping, concealed his face in my lap. The more I said, 'Raise thy head, shepherd, that I may kiss thee,' the more he wept and replied, that he was unworthy of my kisses." Thus the maiden concluded her story and turned to her shepherd and embraced him.

"O," said Phillis to Daphnis, imprinting a kiss on his lips, "how sweet it is to be thus reconciled." "Yes, my beloved," answered Daphnis, "I never was so transported, as at our reconciliation, after Lamon had deceived us."

"My maiden once deceived me," said a shepherd, while his beloved, seated on his knee, smiled at his narration. "As I once lay slumbering by

the stream, a voice suddenly wakened me. 'Ah shepherd!' said the lovely voice, 'as often as thou passest by this stream my sighs pursue thee; and when thou leavest its banks, O what pain can equal mine! But, how joyful am I, when thou slumberest by the stream! I steal to the shore and kiss thee. I can no longer conceal that I love thee; a nymph loves thee—a young, a beautiful nymph. Wilt thou not return my affection, youthful shepherd?' 'I cannot love thee, nymph,' said I; 'my heart is already engaged to a lovely maiden.' 'But,' continued the nymph, 'if thou couldst see me, if thou couldst behold my sea-green locks floating down my snow-white back and encircling my slender waist; if thou couldst see my rosy cheeks, my smiling lips and my blue eyes, thou wouldst willingly exchange thy maiden for a nymph.' 'I cannot love thee,' I again replied; 'nymph, be not offended; but if thou wert fair as one of the Graces, or as Venus herself I could not love thee. I love my Chloe and would not resign her for the whole world. I pity thee, poor nymph, and will forsake the stream till thou hast conquered thy passion.' 'Cruel shepherd,' replied the nymph, 'I will follow thee into the meads; the Gods of the woods shall steal away thy sheep and they shall carry thee to the stream.' 'Ah,' answered I, 'and if the wood-gods were even to take my life I could love none but my Chloe.' 'They shall rob thee of thy Chloe,' the nymph would have continued, but the words were drowned in a loud burst of laughter, and Chloe holding both her sides, advanced from the place of her concealment." "Yes," interrupted the maiden, "I could no longer contain myself; he

was going to be in a passion with the nymph; but how delighted I was to receive this proof of thy constancy and affection!" She said, and pressed him to her bosom.

Amid such pleasures evening approached; the mild moon began to shed her silver light, when Daphnis and Phillis again assembled all the maidens and shepherds in the bower of elder. The tables were spread with delicious fruits; the melon in its green net surrounded with purple grapes; rosy-cheeked apples and pears; the pomegranate with its verdant crown and cloven breast, the luscious fig and every fruit mild autumn yields, fruits in smooth and silky rinds and those inclosed in hard shells were placed in dishes, and strewed with flowers and fragrant shrubs. Bowls filled with wine and encircled with ivy, sacred to Bacchus, sparkled among the dishes.

While they were seating themselves round the table, Damon, the youth with the ivory lyre, advancing to Daphnis, presented him with an ample goblet. "Friend," said he, "accept this goblet; I carved it for thee; let it be a memorial of our friendship; fill it with wine, let it pass round the table, and each who drinks shall sing a song." Daphnis joyfully accepted the goblet. "Damon, thy friendship is precious to me," said he, turning it in his hand, to admire the skilful workmanship. On its sides was represented the joyous Bacchus drawn on his car by fawning tigers; next came the wildly-laughing Silenus sitting on an ass and supported on either side by merry fauns. A mingled train of nymphs and satyrs and fauns wantonly followed him with thyrsi and cymbals and pipes, or

bearing full vine-skins on their shoulders. Above them, on the wreath that encircled the goblet, fluttered little love-gods, who scattered flowers on the joyous train. Cupid hovered in their midst, and aimed his shafts at the nymphs, some of whom wantonly smiled at him, while others pretended to run away, but cast a longing glance behind, fearful lest they were too far distant to be observed by him.

Daphnis now filled the goblet with the foaming beverage, and sang: "How delicious is the purple draught, in the arms of my charmer; and when accompanied by her kiss, I quaff only copious draughts of pleasure; for the kiss of my fair-one opens my heart to joy. At the foot of the hill I will plant a bower of vines sacred to Bacchus and the God of Love; beneath its shade, on the bosom of my beloved, I will return thanks to Cupid for my raptures and to Bacchus for my joys."

He sang, and gave the goblet to Phillis. She took it smiling, and thus began: "Sweet is thy perfume, O rose! plucked by Daphnis's hand; and when amid tender kisses he fixes thee in my bosom, pleasure overpowers all my senses, for the sweet kiss of my shepherd opens my heart to joy. Plant, shepherd, plant a bower sacred to Bacchus and the God of Love; I will plant roses beside thy vines, and in thy arms I will return thanks to Cupid for my raptures."

Thus the goblet passed round the table, and increased the mirth and the joy of the company. Each in turn sang a merry or amorous strain. A wanton youth thus began: "I had nearly become enamored of thee, thou coy, ill-natured maiden!

Thou mayst be coy, thou mayst be ill-natured, but slight not, maiden, the tender passion. Thou mayst shun me, since I saw thee drawing water from the deep well for thy sheep, when stooping low with thy bucket I saw, poor maiden! I saw—what I will not mention."

A young, delicate maiden, with a voice sweet as the young lark, sang: "I will not love—so I always say. If I see the birds billing on the boughs, I always say: 'I will not love.' If I see the shepherd, the sun-burnt shepherd, I say: 'Shepherd! I will not love.' Ah! tell me, ye maidens, who know what 'tis to love, have I aught to fear, though I always sigh when I say: 'Thou sun-burnt shepherd! I will not love?"

The goblet had now come to Damon. "Damon!" cried all the maidens and all the youths, "thou must play to thy song! Where is thy lyre?" "I cannot—cannot play; I will sing without the lyre," said he; but a smiling damsel placed the lyre on his arm. All the maidens and swains clapped their hands and cried: "thou must, indeed thou must play." He took the lyre, and rose from his seat. All was mute attention; not a ribbon or the leaf of a garland rustled, and he thus began, singing to the notes of the lyre:

"Ye youths and maidens; resign yourselves to the soft influence of love and wine, that your hearts may throb with rapture, that joy may sparkle in your eyes and smile on your glowing cheeks! For, believe me, ye swains! I beheld Bacchus, the jovial, the youthful Bacchus, reclining half covered by the shade in yon verdant bower: he lay stretched on a full vine-skin, fanned by the

waving branches. Cupid leaned with one arm on the knee of the smiling God, while with the other he entwined a garland of vine-tendrils round his own brows. Inebriated Fauns frolicked around the bower and danced with the nymphs; stooping, they lifted the struggling nymphs in their arms, and kissed their heaving bosoms. 'Cupid!' said Bacchus, 'O Cupid! without thee wine possesses no cheering influence. How empty, how gloomy is the heart that does not throb with love! Even nectar, nectar itself without thee is tasteless and insipid. Never, never, O Cupid! suffer the sacred flame to expire in my bosom! 'Tis only when I love that I feel that I am Bacchus, the god of wine and of joy.' 'Bacchus,' said Cupid, 'O Bacchus! what do I not owe to thee! Thou inspirest the timid with courage; thou revivest the passion that was expiring. Even on the hoary sage, as he drains thy potent bowl, love smiles like the departing sun amid the mild radiance of evening. 'Tis thou that heightenest every joy, 'tis thou that givest transport to the amorous kiss. Yes, 'tis only when I drink, that I feel that I am Cupid, the God of rapture and of love.!' Thus spoke the Gods.

"Ye youths and maidens, resign yourselves to the soft influence of love and wine; that your hearts may throb with rapture, that joy may sparkle in your eyes and smile on your glowing cheeks."

Thus sang the youth, and drained the foaming goblet. The swains and the maidens sat long after he had finished, absorbed in silent attention. They sported and sang and drank and kissed, till the moon had ascended high in the heavens: when leaving the bower they led Daphnis and Phillis to

The youths and maidens conduct the lovers to the nuptial chamber.

the nuptial chamber, dancing, singing and playing like Bacchanals in the vineyards. "O Hymen!" they sang, "sweet God of marriage! O Hymen!" The Dryads repeated the harmonious sounds in their bowers, and the nightingales sang hymeneals from the surrounding sprays.

END OF VOL. I.

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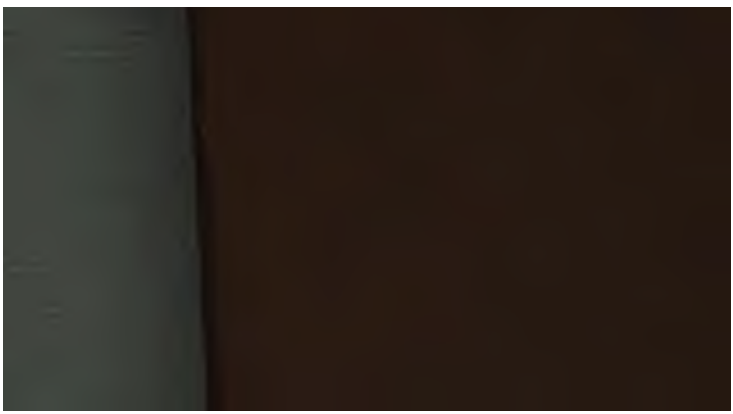
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